Why Our Firemen Won't Collect Their Pensions

Back From Schizophrenia: A Case History

Holy Cow! How I Got Beefaloed out of $10,000

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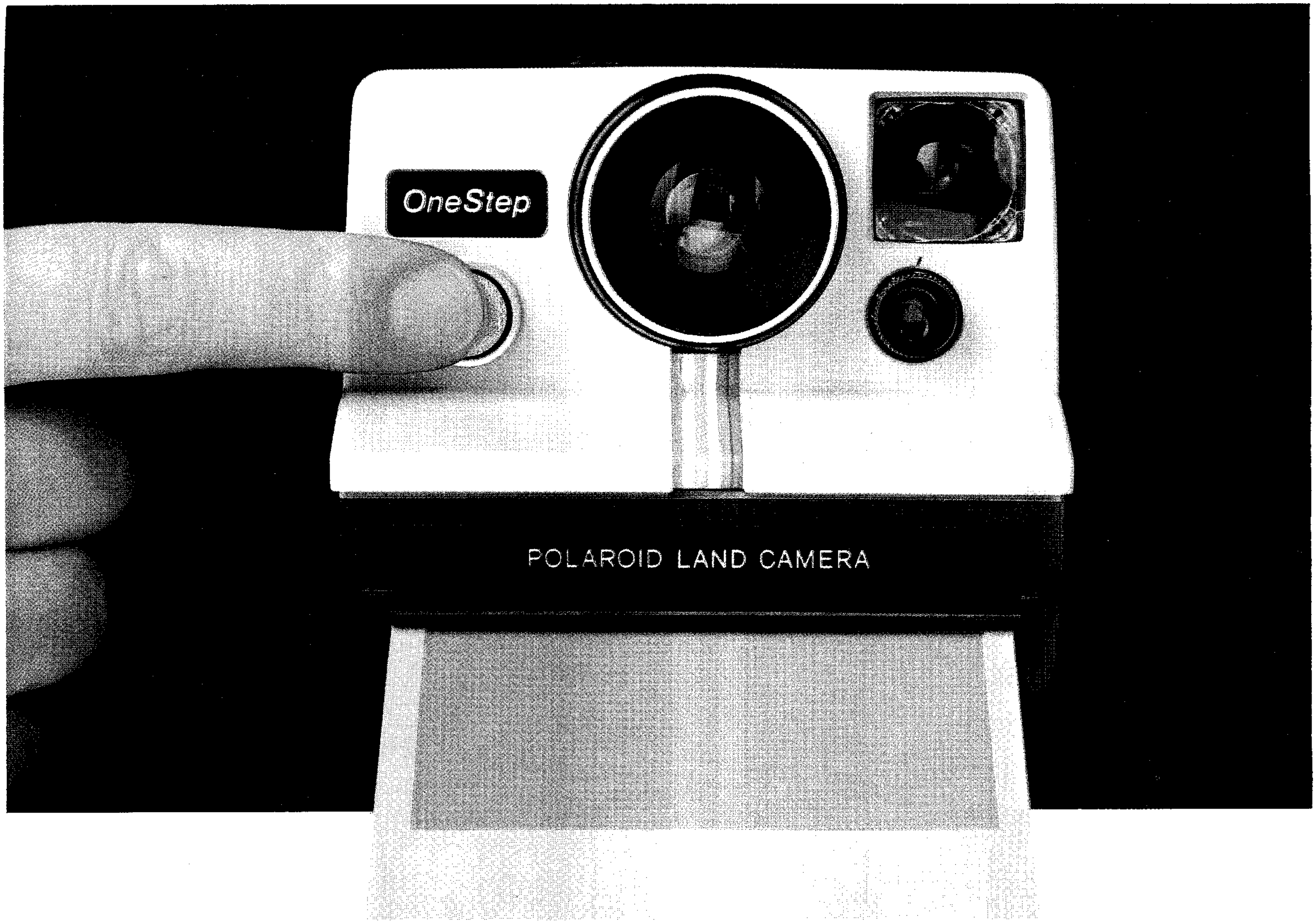

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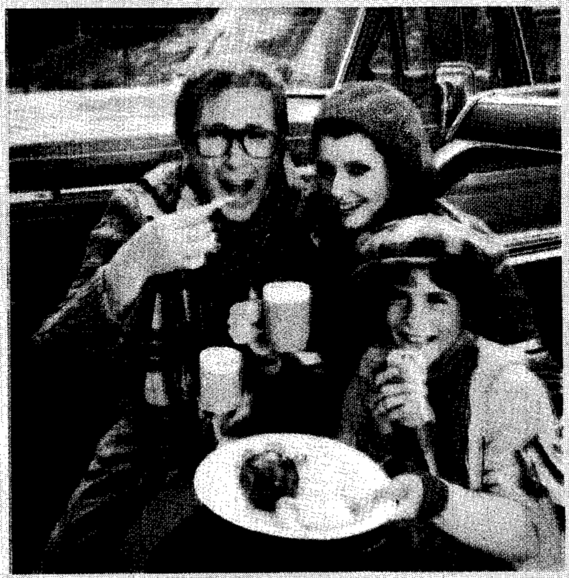

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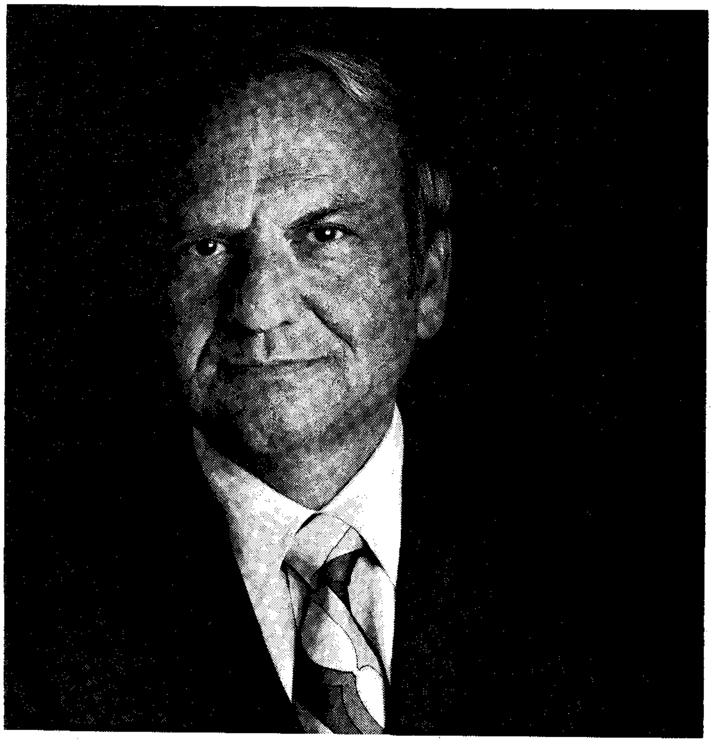
“Not funny.”

LEE A. IACOCCA, PRESIDENT, FORD MOTOR CO.
A READER SINCE 1961.



“No trivia.”

BELLA ABZUG, N.Y. MAYORAL CANDIDATE.
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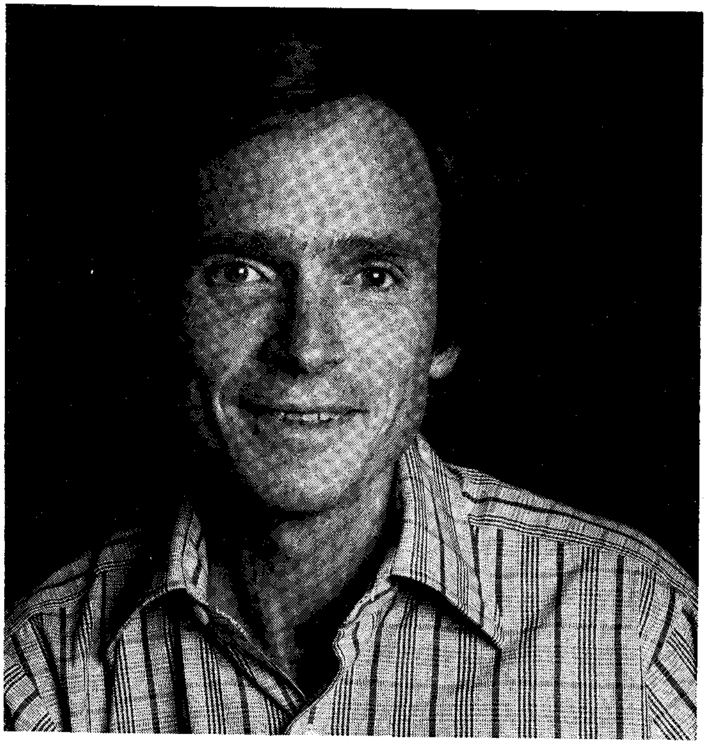
“No cute writing.”

DICK CAVETT, TALK-SHOW HOST.
A READER SINCE 1953.



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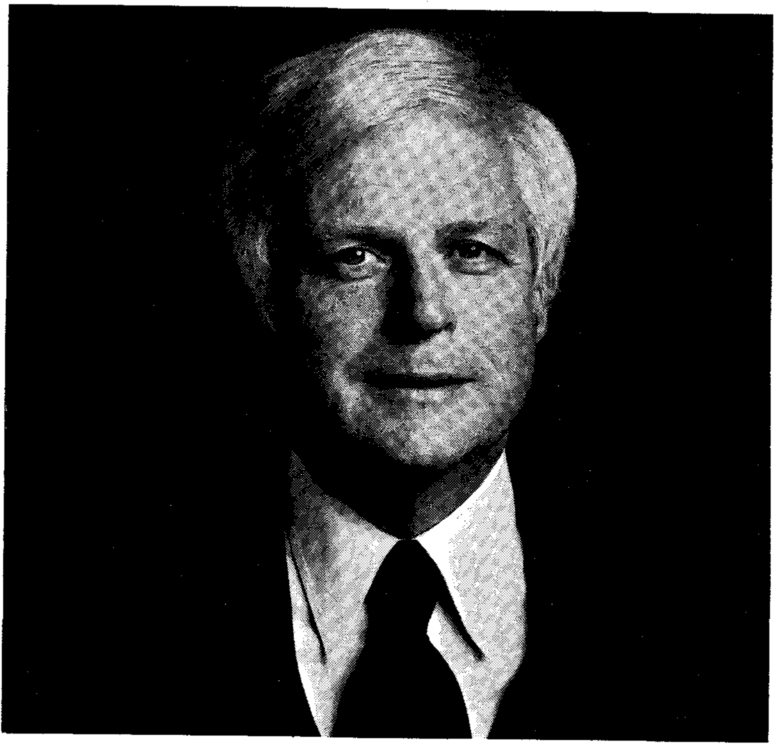

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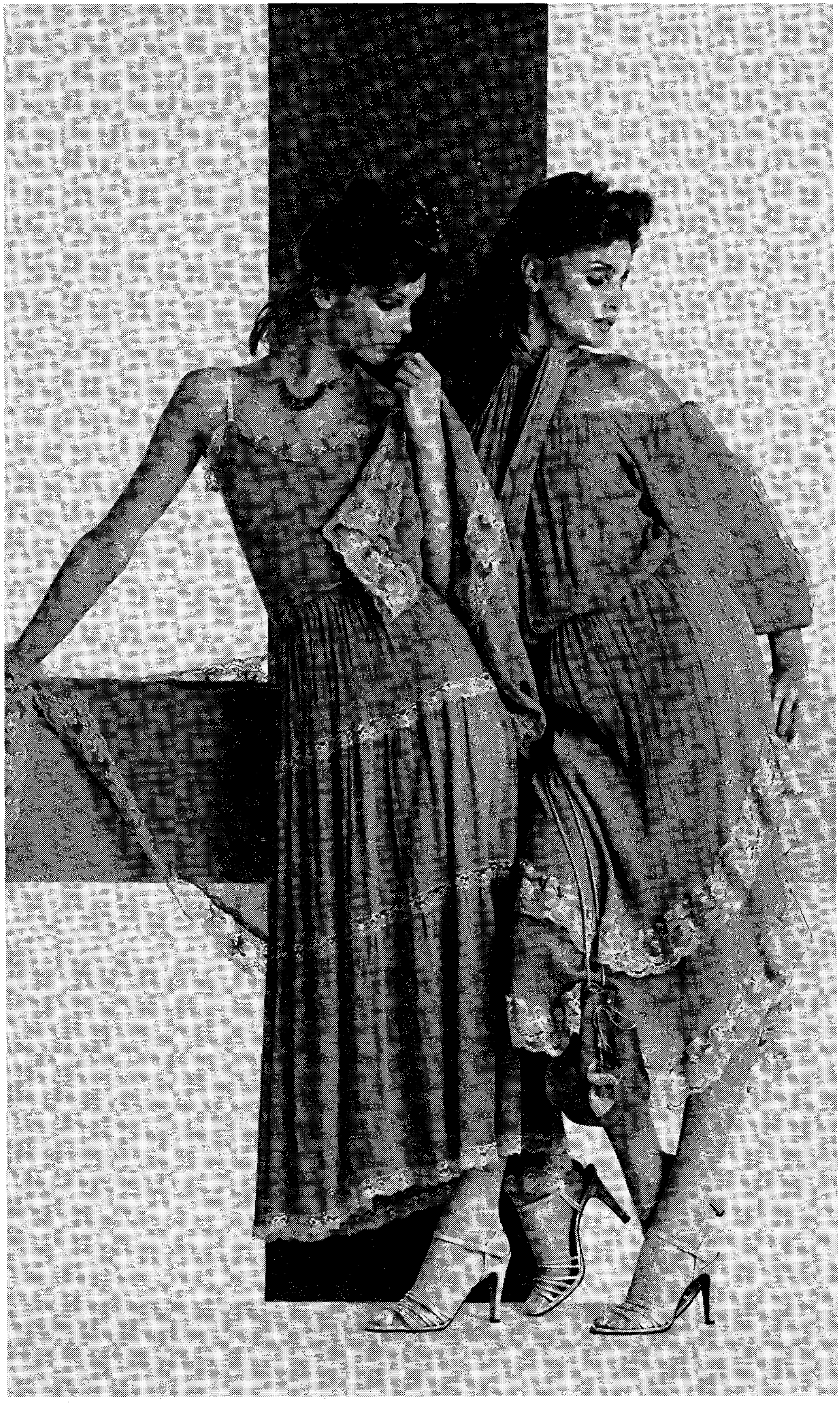

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VOL. 10 NO. 44

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A brilliant young clinical psychologist disappears from his home. Later, he is found, a mute derelict in a trash-strewn park. His mother takes him to experts for treatment, but hears that his sanity will never return. She searches on, until she finds a Dr. Honig, to whom "never"—or drugs, or isolation —has no meaning. The young man is now on the way to recovery, as are many other patients, once judged "hopeless," of this remarkable doctor.

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By T George Harris
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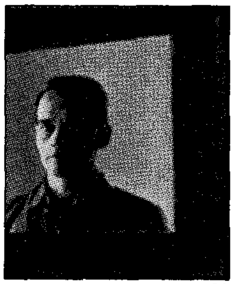

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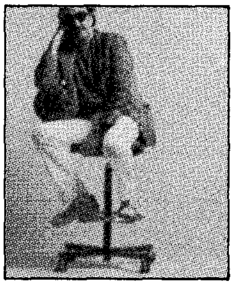

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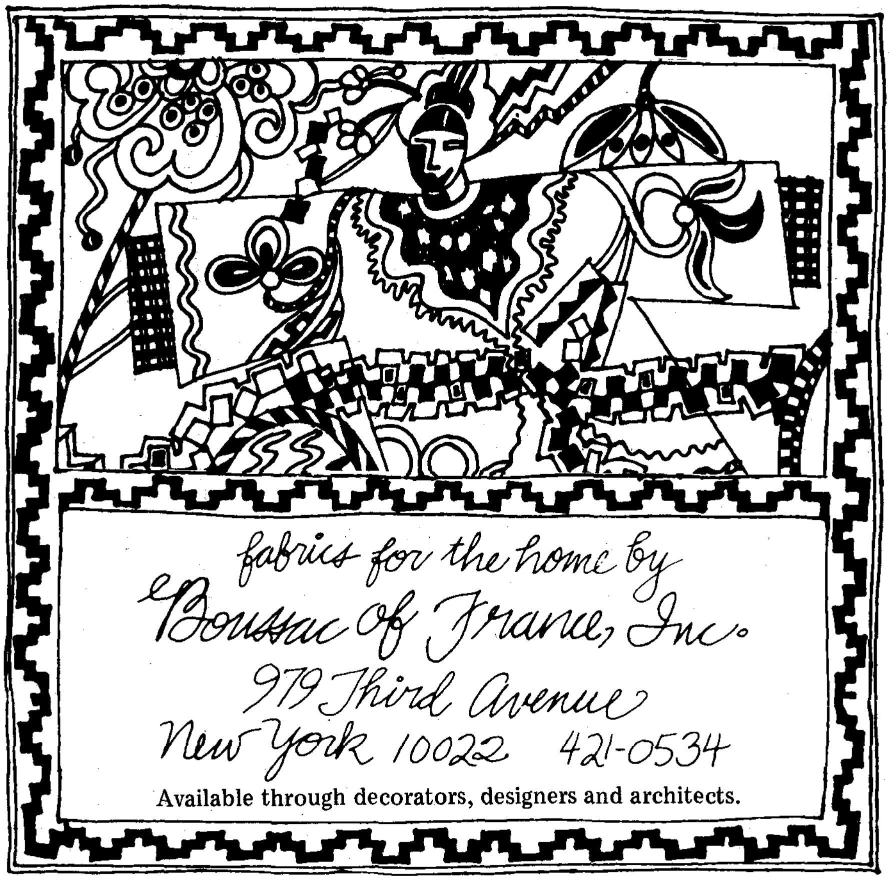

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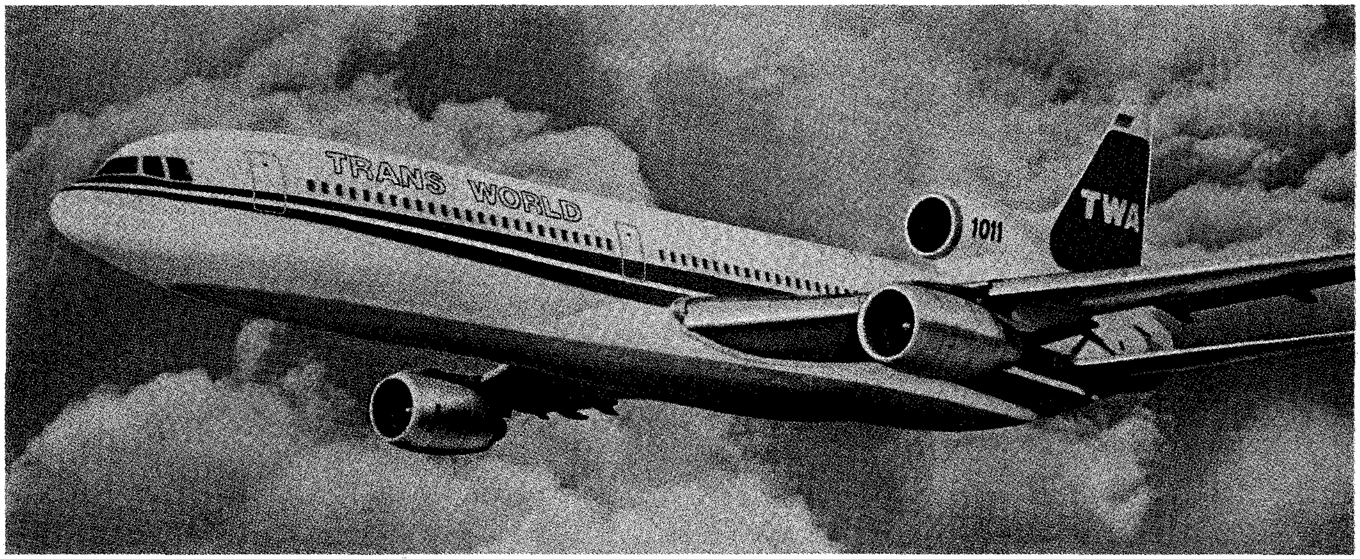

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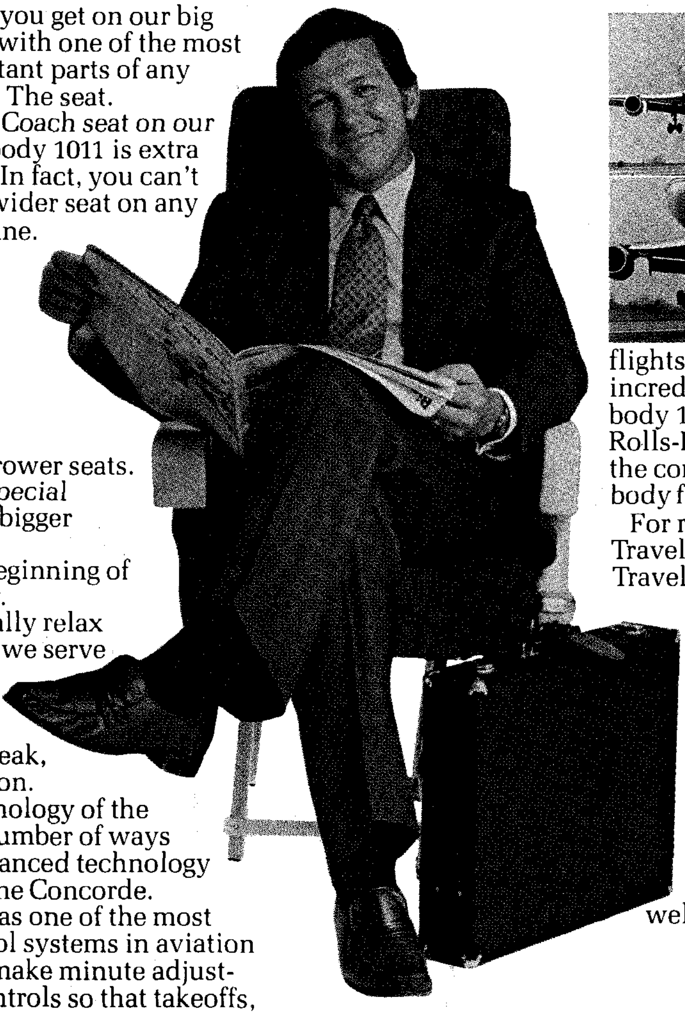


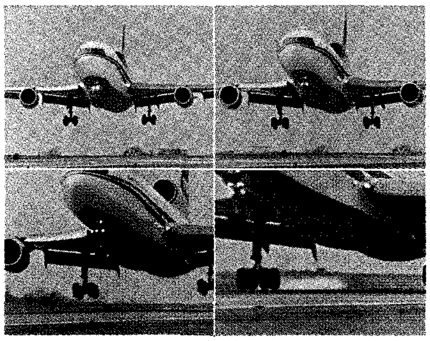
The unusual comfort you get on our big widebody 1011 starts with one of the most important parts of any flight. The seat. Every Coach seat on our widebody 1011 is extra wide. In fact, you can't get a wider seat on any plane.

And most have narrower seats. Our seats even have special thick cushioning and bigger armrests.

But that's just the beginning of the 1011 comfort story.

Next, so you can really relax and enjoy your flight, we serve you a big hearty steak in Coach on most long meal flights. Not just any steak, mind you—filet mignon.

Then, take the technology of the widebody 1011. In a number of ways the 1011 has more advanced technology than the 747 or even the Concorde. The widebody 1011 has one of the most advanced flight control systems in aviation today. Its computers make minute adjustments in the flight controls so that takeoffs, flights and especially landings are incredibly smooth. TWA's widebody 1011, with its luxurious Rolls-Royce engines, delivers all the comfort you fly a widebody for. And then some.



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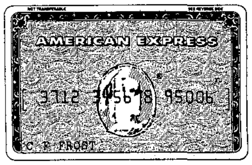

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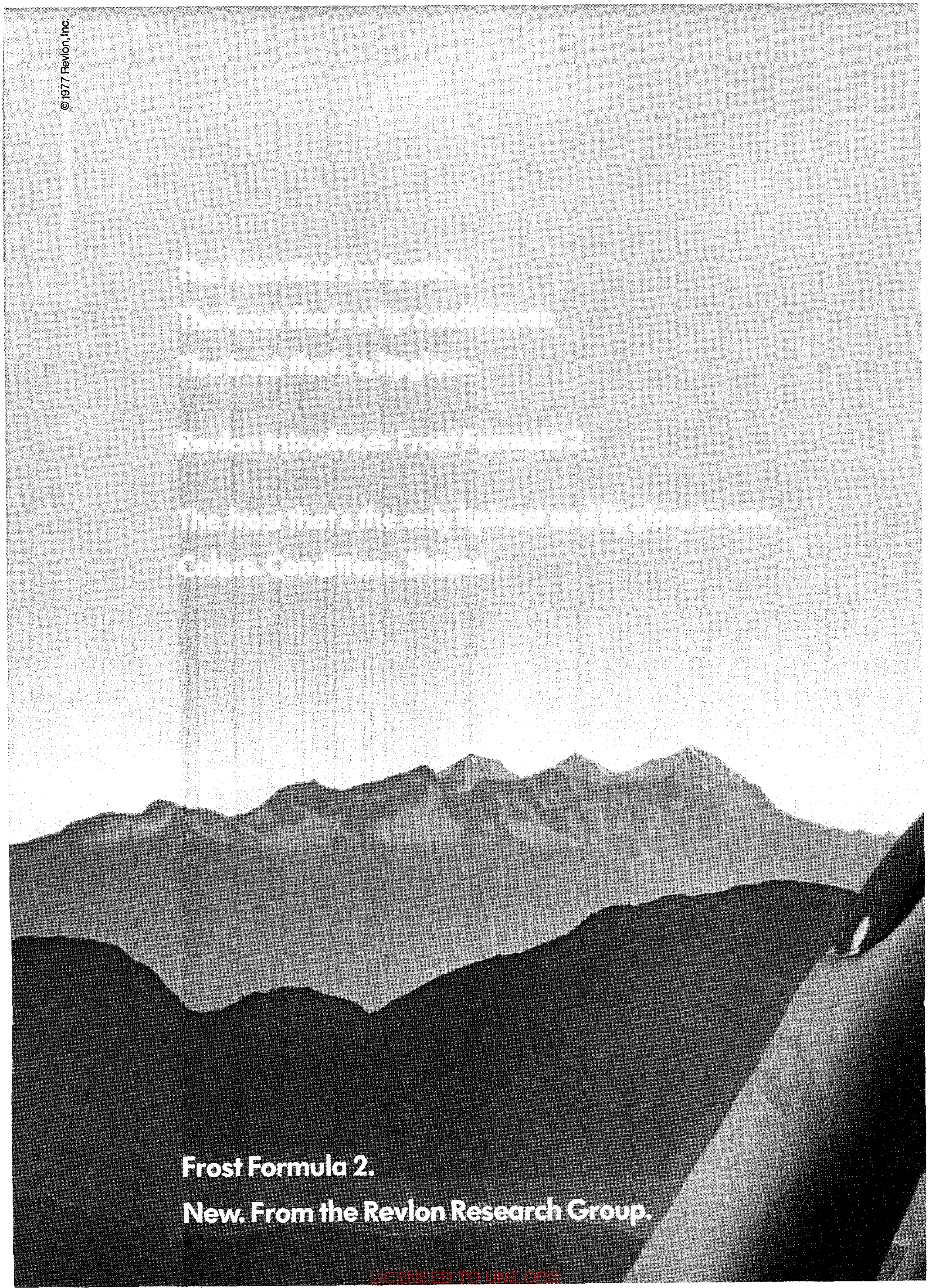
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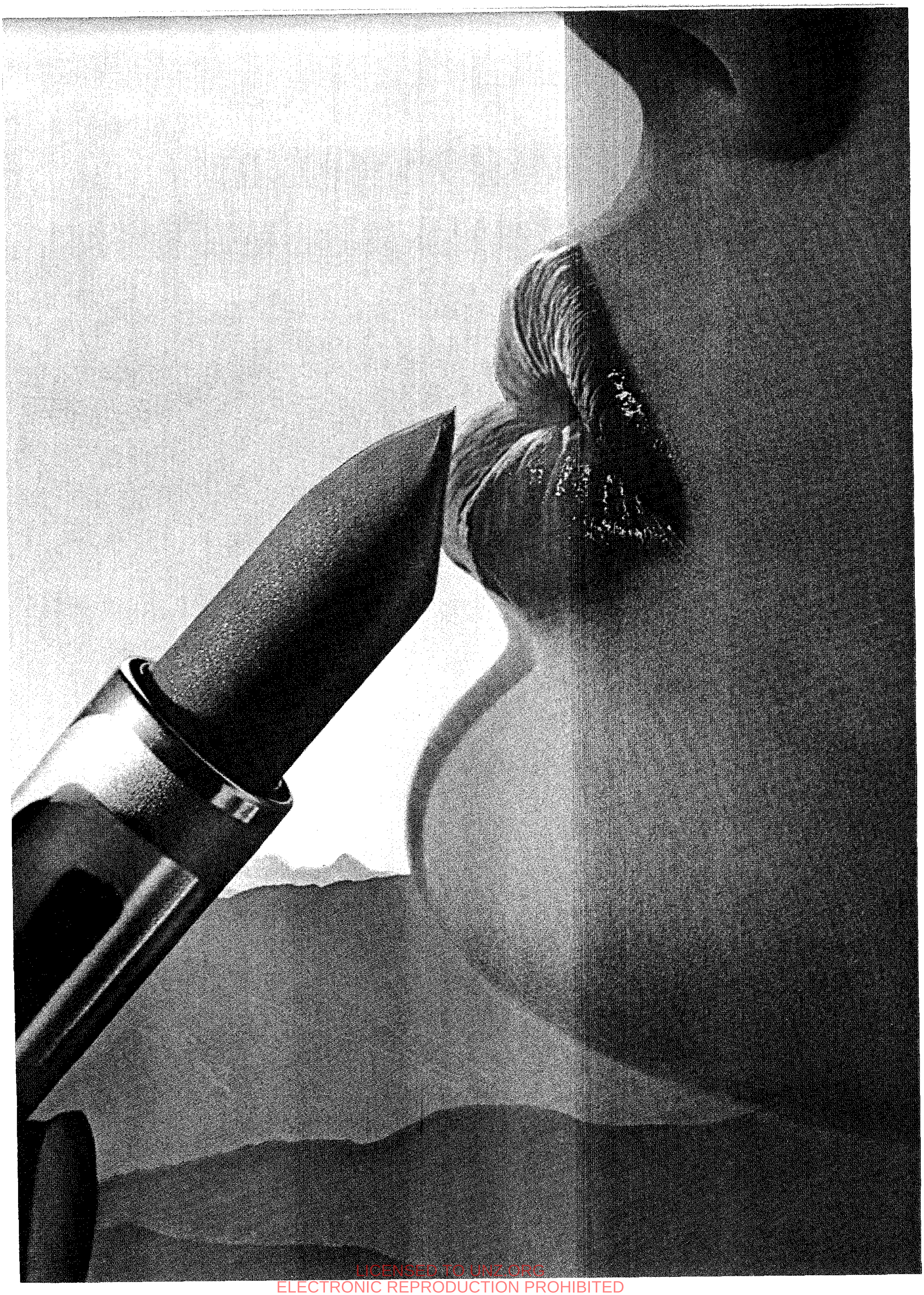
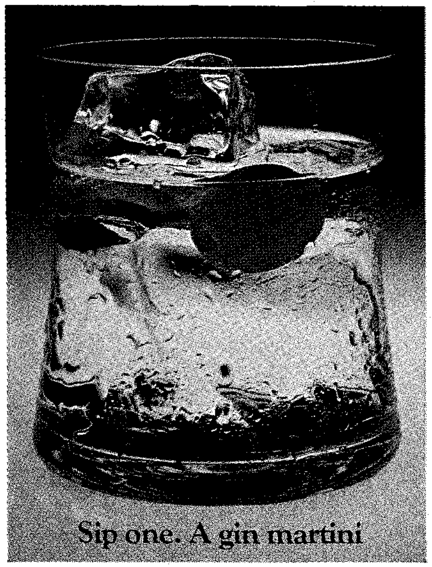
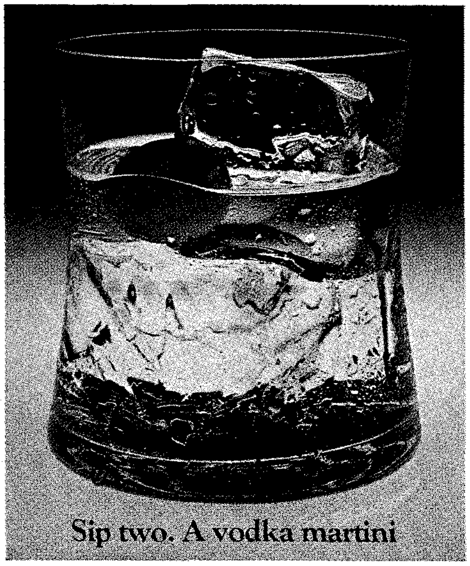
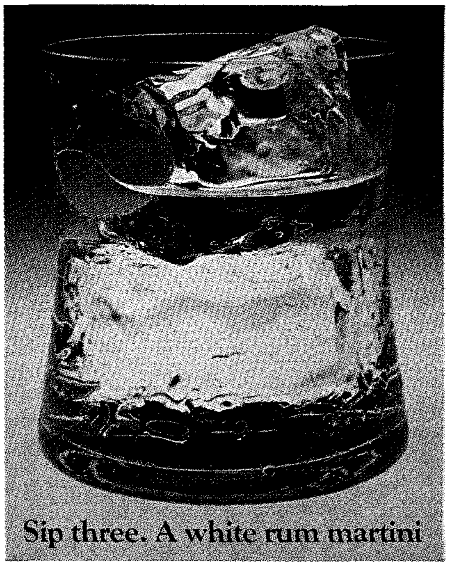


How to switch to a white rum martini in 3 easy sips.


Sip one. A gin martini


Sip two. A vodka martini


Sip three. A white rum martini

A sip of a gin martini reveals the flowery presence of juniper berry oil and herbs.

A sip of a vodka martini usually reveals nothing. Vodka has no taste.

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If you're not a creature of habit, take the 3-sip test at home with friends.

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LETTERS

Stand Up and Fly Right!

Hasn't Blair Sabol ever flown before ["Is This Any Way to Run an Airline? No!," October 10]? Her vitriolic complaints about Laker's Skytrain apply to every scheduled airline: All planes from DC-10s up have ten-across seating in coach; it is a federal regulation that carry-on luggage must fit under the seats; everyone always heads for the toilets at the same time; and you don't need Craig Claiborne to tell you that airline food is junk.

And the poor dear missed the Concorde by ten minutes. That would have landed her in Washington where she would have undoubtedly taken Eastern's shuttle to La Guardia: no frills, no reservations, a mini-version of what Freddie Laker now offers across the Atlantic.

Lola Cherson
Manhattan

The Nose Knows

The "Nose Touch" referred to by Desmond Morris ["Nonverbal Leakage," October 17] does indeed occur because of an increase in the speaker's tension. The cause, however, is the Pinocchio effect, an unconscious dread that one's nose is lengthening when one is telling a lie.

Robert Blinder
St. Louis, Missouri

The Price of "Success"

In his article "How to Succeed Face to Face" [October 10], Michael Korda recommends avoiding looking the other in the eye in two-person confrontations. I am an experimental social psychologist and, in my research on two-person confrontations (*Psychology of the Persuader*, General Learning Press, 1973), I have found that the person who looks the other *in* the eye is the one who wins the argument.

Harvey London
Brooklyn

Michael Korda has succeeded in confirming my meanest thoughts about a great number of my "superiors," at the office, in government, and even at my local bank: They really don't give a damn.

This was no article on how to succeed face to face. It was a story on how to fire a person without recognizing him as an individual, without looking him in the eye . . . without getting involved in all those emotions that might soften an otherwise hard shell. This was a story on how to stay hard.

If consistent insensitivity is Korda's definition of success—no thanks.

R. Siegel Furie
Warwick, R.I.

Schorr Encore

I saw Sam Jaffe's letter only after it had appeared in your October 17 issue. I have no quarrel with it, and do not understand why he seems to have a quarrel with me.

I did not suggest ["The CIA at CBS: Cloak-and-Camera at Black Rock," September 26] that he had accepted service with the CIA any more than I suggested that Wayne Phillips of the New York *Times* accepted service when the CIA attempted to recruit him. Which reporters served the CIA wittingly, unwittingly, or half-wittedly can usually not be established with certitude. My point was manipulation at the top, which, as far as I can make out, is also Mr. Jaffe's point.

Daniel Schorr
Washington, D.C.

More on Stein and Kennedy

For the sake of the record, it should be noted that the story appearing in your edition of October 24, 1977, is inaccurate and was not checked with Senator Edward F. Kennedy or his office. The senator freely endorsed and reaffirms his endorsement of me for Manhattan borough president, and the story which you published obviously was ill-founded and little more than vicious gossip.

As the New York *Post* accurately reported the same day: ". . . A spokesman for Kennedy said today that the *New York* Magazine account of the endorsement was based on pure conjecture . . . Stein came down [to Washington] and was endorsed by the senator. . . .

"Kennedy administrative assistant Ken Feinberg did confirm the endorsement today. He told the *Post* that the senator 'stands by his endorsement of Stein, he reaffirms that support.'

"Feinberg said there were no unusual circumstances or tricks attached to the Stein endorsement."

Andrew J. Stein
Manhattan

Editor's note: *New York* Magazine stands behind its story.

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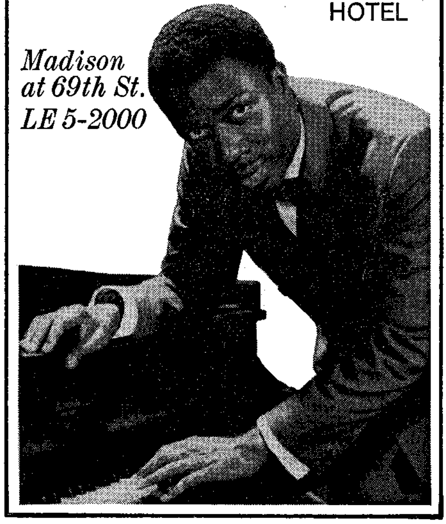

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NEW YORK INTELLIGENCER

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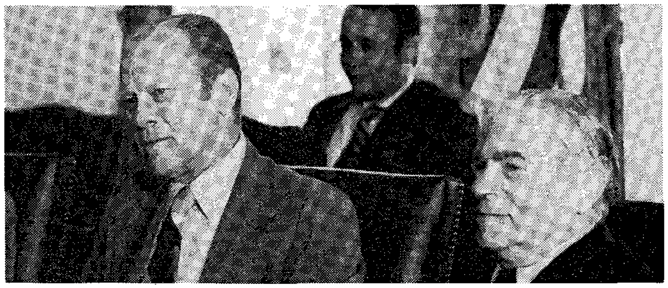

Beame, Ford: An embarrassing request.

Two years ago, when Mayor Beame appealed for emergency federal aid to stave off a financial collapse by the city, Gerald Ford's initial response was essentially: Drop dead! But now the ex-president has written to Beame asking for money. In a form letter addressed to the mayor, Ford requested a contribution to enable the Republican party to make a survey on issues. "I'm sure you want to see more Republicans in office as much as I do," Ford said. "Your willingness to send a contribution of $15 or even $25 in the next few days would mean a great deal to me." Beame's response? "He's too polite to tell Ford to drop dead," one mayoral aide said, "but if I were Ford I wouldn't hold my breath waiting for the mayor's check."

Channel 2 Sees the Light

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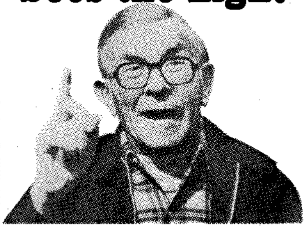


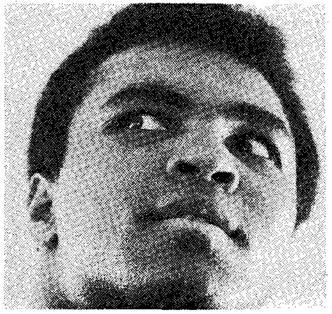
Burns: A matter of taste?

The WCBS-TV censor apparently had a revelation. Recently, Channel 2's manager of continuity acceptance rejected a 30-second ad for the movie *Oh, God!*, with George Burns. The commercial begins with the words *Oh, God!* on screen, and then God is introduced: He is George Burns and He tells jokes. In withholding approval of the ad, the station righteously proclaimed that there were "taste problems inherent in a broad humorous presentation of 'the voice of God.'" Then the ad was submitted to CBS network, which accepted and aired it. The bolt of lightning must have struck: The offensive ad has been accepted by Channel 2 for immediate airing.

Ali Court Fight

World heavyweight champion Muhammad Ali is out of the ring and into federal court here. He's KO'd a merchandising contract with Rope-A-Dope, Inc. In 1976 The Greatest agreed to lend his name and likeness for an endorsement of a jump rope marketed under the trade name Rope-A-Dope, a phrase used by Ali to describe one of his ring maneuvers. The boxer was to get 12 to 18 percent of the net sales of the jump ropes. But in a dispute Ali terminated the endorsement agreement, claiming a "failure to provide the necessary payments and statements." Ali's received only $7,000 to date.

CAMERA 5



Ali: All business.

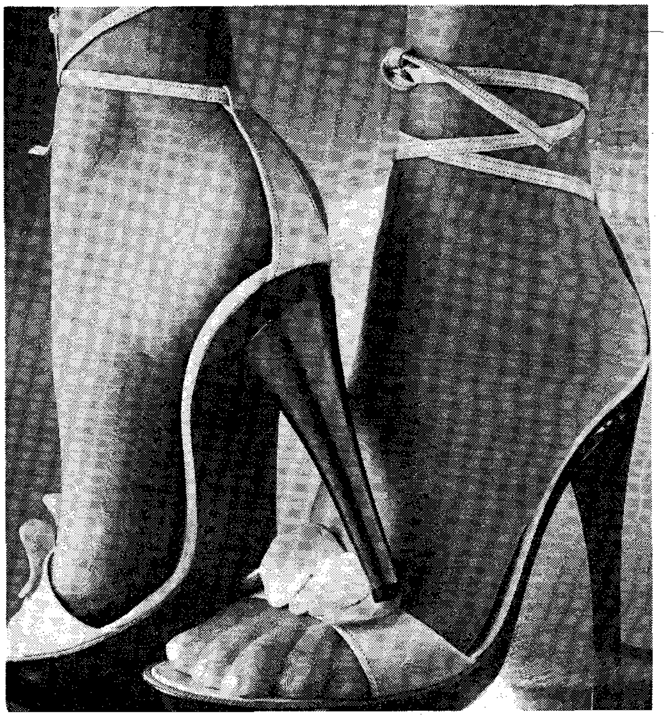
'Today' Song Focus of Lawsuit

Is the theme music on the *Today* show really just another version of "Day by Day"? The copyright owner of the *Godspell* musical hit thinks it is. Music of the Times Publishing Corporation has brought suit against NBC and Ray Ellis, author of "This Is Today," claiming that the song is substantially copied from composer Stephen Schwartz's familiar melody. NBC, it's alleged, once asked for a license to use "Day by Day" for the show and was rejected by the copyright owners.—**John Kennedy**

Irony at WOR

In June, George Meade, WOR helicopter pilot, created a furor, noticing that traffic jams were developing on the city bridges and tunnels because the New York *Times* was being hawked at the toll plazas. Meade said, "It's crazy for the MTA to allow private enterprise to affect the flow of traffic." The shoe is now on the other foot. In a publicity stunt beginning soon, WOR (710 on the AM dial) will have station personalities at tunnels and at bridges hawking 710 free tokens to the first 710 cars entering the city. Meade won't be there.

Case of the Missing Shoes



Jourdan shoes: Appealing . . . to a thief.

It was an unlucky thirteenth for the superchic French company Charles Jourdan, which designs alluringly elegant shoes. Planned was a lavish fashion show at Studio 54 to feature the latest shoes and accessories in its spring-summer collection. However, as the models were preparing for the show, a good part of the collection was found to be missing: 85 pairs of shoes, numerous bathing suits, and pocketbooks. Apparently, someone hotfooted it out of the disco with the sexy shoes, which sell for around $70 a pair. However, the models put their best feet forward with the remaining several hundred pairs, and the show did go on. The stolen goods have not been recovered.

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"Vantage is changing a lot of my feelings about smoking."

"I like to smoke, and what I like is a cigarette that isn't timid on taste. But I'm not living in some ivory tower. I hear the things being said against high-tar smoking as well as the next guy.

"And so I started looking. For a low-tar smoke that had some honest-to-goodness cigarette taste.

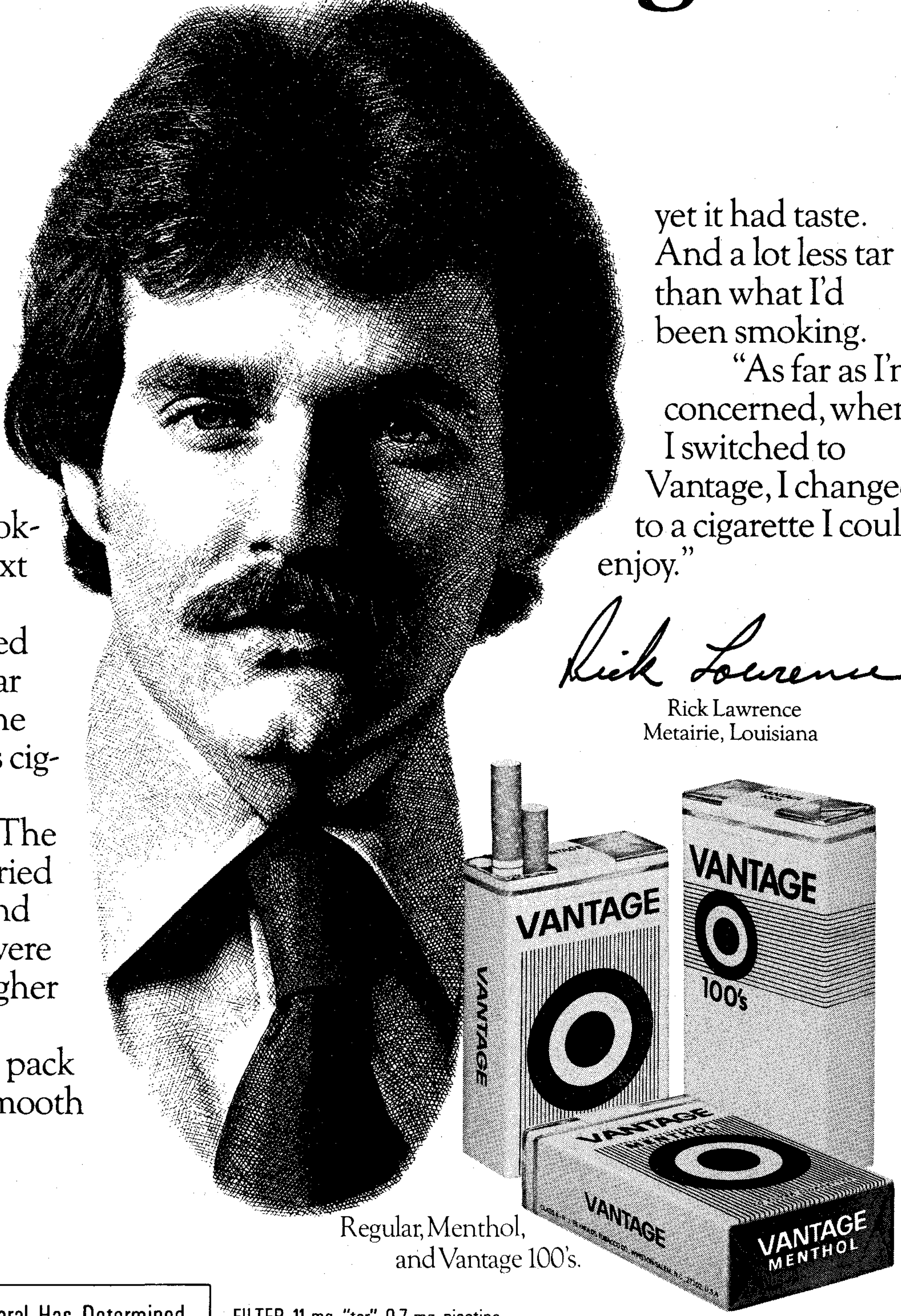
"It wasn't easy. The low-tar cigarettes I tried tasted like chalk. And high-tar cigarettes were starting to taste rougher as I went along.

"Then I tried a pack of Vantage. It was smooth yet it had taste. And a lot less tar than what I'd been smoking.

"As far as I'm concerned, when I switched to Vantage, I changed to a cigarette I could enjoy."

Rick Lawrence

Rick Lawrence
Metairie, Louisiana



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FILTER: 11 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine,
MENTHOL: 11 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report AUG. '77;
FILTER 100's: 11 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

The City Politic / Ron Chernow

THE FIREMEN'S PENSION FUND: A BURNT-OUT CASE

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Cathy Hull

The pension fund of the New York City Fire Department is going bust.

Starting next year, it will plunge into a disastrous fiscal slide that will leave it bankrupt by the early 1990s. Money will be flowing out of the fund to retirees much faster than the city and present fire fighters can make up the difference. The present $500 million in assets will completely evaporate in fifteen years.

Unless something is done very soon—and the track record is not encouraging—about 6,000 retirees and widows will find their checks drying up at some future date; some of the 11,600 active fire fighters may find *no* retirement checks in the mail when they leave the force; and firemen who leave the department before qualifying for a pension will find it impossible to recover all the money they've paid into the fund over the years. The only people immune from this crisis will be the 5,000 old retirees—those who joined the force before 1940—who are paid out of the current budget.

The men who sit on the pension board are painfully aware of these realities. Their secret crisis no longer sits easily with them. At the trustees' August 31 meeting, for example, Edwin F. Jennings, president of the Uniformed Fire Officers Association, solemnly had this to say to his fellow board members about the fund's financial deterioration: "I don't know that what we are doing is subject to indictment but I, for one, am concerned about my own skin."

So far, the city's firemen have been kept ignorant of this situation. But in the panicky discussions now going on between city and union officials, the unthinkable is being pondered: What will happen to retired firemen if the fund goes broke? Some fire officials feel that when the assets are finally exhausted, City Hall will bail out the fund and keep it solvent from the current budget. Others aren't so confident.

"That's fine as long as you're dealing with a city whose solvency is beyond question," one source said. "But you've got a situation where the city of New York was a hairbreadth away from bankruptcy a couple of years ago. And if one looks at some of the budget statements coming up for fiscal 1979 and years thereafter, you infer that the city could very well be going to the brink again in the not too distant future."

Up until last year, the other four city pension systems—covering police, sanitation, transit, teachers, Board of Education employees, and municipal workers—were also on a shaky footing. Then in March, 1976, Mayor Beame assigned a special task force to advance proposals for cleaning up the pension mess. The so-called Shinn report documented the use of archaic actuarial tables and other fiscal devices that were being used to camouflage the real cost of pensions. The Shinn report prompted legislation that will ultimately boost city contributions to the other four funds by $175 million a year.

Unfortunately, the fire fund was excluded from the Shinn legislation because of a baffling legal wrangle that has kept the system underfunded since its inception in 1941. A legal Catch-22, which freezes the contributions from both the city and the firemen, has now led to a deficit projected at $700-million. This means that there will be a shortfall of $700 million between what the fund will need to pay retirees and what it will actually have on hand in the future. The $700-million deficit dwarfs the fund's $500 million in assets.

In a recent interview, City Actuary Jonathan Schwartz telescoped the looming crisis. Schwartz warned that this would be the fund's final year of fiscal equilibrium, with it taking in and paying out about $80 million. Starting in fiscal 1979, he said, the fund will have to unload assets to pay retired firemen. In the arcane world of actuarial science, this is the beginning of the end. Pension-fund assets are supposed to remain in stocks and bonds, with payments made from interest and dividends alone. When the trustees must dip into "principal," the fund is careening toward a cliff.

The men at the helm in this crisis are not the sort to inspire confidence. The fund's board of trustees consists of seven members from the three fire unions, as well as representatives from the mayor's and comptroller's offices. Stephen J. Murphy, first deputy fire commissioner, acts as chairman. According to the fund's most recent

Illustrated by Cathy Hull.

annual report, its assets include $313-million worth of bonds, $149 million in common stocks, and another $21-million in mortgages and loans. The fund has also pledged to invest $50-million in city and MAC securities. Yet, many trustees of the fund have never mastered candy-store accounting, let alone how to manage half a billion dollars.

Consider this excerpt from the board's monthly meeting of August 31. The trustees were lamenting the loss of nearly $18 million of assets in the stock market. Their portfolio has been steadily trailing the averages. Nicholas Mancuso, of the Uniformed Firefighters Association, remarks: "Right now I look at this equity-performance summary as a person not really knowledgeable of all these workings—equity, bond tradings." Melvin Lechner, consultant to the fund, must explain to Mancuso: "Equity is common stock."

At the same meeting, Chairman Stephen J. Murphy insisted that the city comptroller, and not the trustees, had final control over fund investment, and was therefore most responsible for the losses. Another trustee sharply retorted that the *board itself* had that power. When the flustered Murphy returned from the afternoon recess, he confessed, "I called up the best brains I knew and they said the board of trustees is responsible for the moneys."

At the August 31 meeting, the trustees also brooded over a report from Jonathan Schwartz that pegged the fund's deficit at $700 million. Again and again, the trustees sulked and fretted about their personal liabilities.

The most extraordinary moment came when Jennings, president of the Uniformed Fire Officers Association, solemnly told the group: "We sit here as trustees. I had said it before: If this were the corporate world or a bank, we would all be fired here, or should be."

After Melvin Lechner had informed the group that it did, indeed, risk personal liablity in case of fund mismanagement, Louis Sforza, vice-president of the Uniformed Firefighters Association, said, "If that is the case, then I think that we should certainly sit down and discuss the taking insurance out on the trustees. This is no joking matter." Lechner doubted that any insurance carrier would be so foolhardy.

Besides its gaping deficit problems, the fund has hardly been a paragon of efficient, day-to-day administration. There have been times this year when retired firemen had to wait ten months to receive their first checks. The board now vows that this backlog will be whittled away by February.

Actually, the fund's problems can be traced back to 1941. Before that time, retired firemen were paid directly out of the city budget. This fiscally unwise system had saddled Fiorello La Guardia's administration with $300-million worth of liabilities. In 1940 the City Council engineered a new pension system for firemen, which was structured much like the other four funds that now cover city employees.

But the firemen grumbled that their contribution rate was too high. In 1941 La Guardia closeted himself with fire officials and emerged with the present pension, dubbed the 1-B system. The 1941 law stipulated that the city would pay 55 percent and the firemen 45 percent of a joint annual contribution. This ratio was tilted to 75 percent city, 25 percent firemen, in the early 1950s. As a result, firemen pay only about 5 percent of their salary into the retirement kitty as opposed to 6 or 7 percent for sanitation and police.

But the true seeds of the present crisis were concealed inside a single line of that 1941 law. It stated that the proportion of contributions paid by a newly hired fireman would be "computed to remain constant during his prospective city-service." Translation: No matter how benefits might balloon over a fireman's career, he would go on paying a fixed rate of contribution. So the gap between benefits and payments was bound to yawn into a Grand Canyon of deficits.

In some respects, the fire fund is heir to the same problems that have beset other pension systems in recent years. For one thing, people are living a lot longer. And since firemen can retire on half pay after twenty years, this problem has become particularly acute for the fire fund. Someone who retires from the fire department today at age 45 can expect to bank pension checks for 29 years.

But where the other city pension systems have allowed for this increased longevity and bolstered contributions after the Shinn report, fire-fund contributions are fixed by the La Guardia loophole. The fund clings to the fiction that life expectancy hasn't increased since 1941. In 1971 the State Insurance Department, which regulates pension systems in the state, published one of its periodic audits of the fund. It blamed an already gargantuan deficit on the fund's "failure . . . to prepare a current table of mortality and morbidity rates of members."

And that's not the only actuarial assumption that needs updating. Take salary projections, for instance. Since 1965 a fire fighter's pension has been figured from his final rate of earnings plus the last year's overtime. This amount often gets fattened up by a final burst of overtime. And ever since the city slashed the fire payroll to save money, the entire department is rolling up record overtime payments—often 200 or 300 extra hours for each fireman every year. So outgoing firemen are weighing in with hefty retirement payments. Throw in the fact that for two years after the fiscal crisis broke, City Hall stampeded 1,000 firemen per year into retirement (double or triple the average rate), and you have a spectacular leap in pension liabilities.

To complicate matters further, the fire fund has been plagued in recent years by an epidemic of accident-disability retirements. If a fireman is badly injured in the line of duty, he can retire on three quarters of his pay, plus other benefits. It is the single most lavish retirement plan—every penny of it is tax-free. A fire fighter on three-quarter pay, after twenty years' service, collects about $14,000 in tax-free pension income. This tax-free $14,000 is often worth more than the fireman's standard taxable income.

Obviously, a lot of firemen would like to retire on three-quarter pay—and they do. The latest fire-fund report shows accident disabilities approved at *25 times* the anticipated rate upon which contributions are based.

Why this giant increase? In 1970 the fire unions lobbied the state legislature for something dubbed the "heart bill." Analogous to the black-lung benefit for coal miners, this bill claims that any heart ailment contracted by a fire fighter is job-related, unless the contrary can be proven.

Some simple math suggests that the heart bill lurks behind the rash of accident-disability retirements. For the five-year period ending June 30, 1969, only 256 firemen bowed out on the three-quarters accident plan. But by the five-year period ending June 30, 1974—after the heart bill became law—the number had snowballed to 749 fire fighters. In recent years, more than half the fire force's retirements have been on the costly accident- or ordinary-disability plans.

Fire-union officials say the increase in accident retirements is due to the slashed fire payroll. Firemen, they say, are overworked and so breathe more smoke, break more bones, etc. But even a cursory reading of pension-fund minutes suggests some shocking abuses in granting the three-quarter accident pensions. For instance, at the July 22 meeting, the trustees awarded an accident disability to Brooklyn

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Borough Commander Edward D. Kalletta, who was suffering from a finger injury. The medical-board report indicated that Kalletta could still engage in occupations other than fire-fighting. Union chief Jennings commented on the case: "The nature of the disability is one that could prove embarrassing to this board of trustees, if it got beyond this room."

Such awards only exacerbate the problem of chronic underfunding. The 1-B law locks the fund into a permanent cash-flow crisis. In 1958 the corporation counsel ruled that the city could not beef up its contribution without a corresponding boost in the firemen's payments from present fire fighters.

Richard J. Vizzini, president of the Uniformed Firefighters Association, claims that the unions have repeatedly pressed the city to update the fund's actuarial tables (for mortality, for instance) and step up the contributions for *new* recruits. But that issue is now largely academic. The corporation counsel has also ruled that it would be illegal to hike up the contributions of some firemen and not others.

So the contradictions between the faulty pension-fund law and the corporation-counsel ruling have produced a maddening stalemate. Meanwhile, the fire fund is fast running dry.

All officials concerned agree that there is only one solution: the creation of a new pension fund, with firemen voluntarily switching over to it. The new fund might retain the same contributions, but scale down benefits. Or it might exact larger contributions from firemen—as much as $50 or $100 per payday—with the same benefits. As for the city, the Shinn Report revealed that if honest actuarial assumptions and rational funding had been used, last year alone the city would have furnished up to $55 million more than its $50.9-million contribution to the fund. So a new pension system would take a pound of flesh on both sides.

In 1968 the union tried to sell this idea to the membership, but the firemen voted the proposal down.

A new fund would start to wipe out the $700-million deficit, but much of it —$500 million—would still remain because of past underfunding. Vizzini insists that the law is on the union's side and that the city will have to cover that deficit itself.

And he seems to be right. Under the state constitution, pension benefits are contractual obligations. Somehow the city is still responsible for making good on La Guardia's diabolical bargain. ■

A BILLION-DOLLAR TYCOON IN THE MAKING

A. H. Robins's Next Boss?

You've probably never heard of Leandro "Lee" Rizzuto—but you will. A product of the gutters of Brooklyn, the cocky Rizzuto is a tycoon in the making, or so he says. He wants to run a giant U.S. corporation, and based on what he's done so far, he'd be a hard man to bet against.

Rizzuto, 39, is the chief executive and controlling stockholder of Conair Corporation, a $50-million manufacturer of personal-care products and the nation's largest producer of hair dryers. How's he going to become a tycoon? By selling out—not, though, to the highest bidder, but rather to a leading name in American business that will give him a major voice in its management. And then, hopefully, five to six years down the road—providing he can wait that long—he'll be running the whole show.

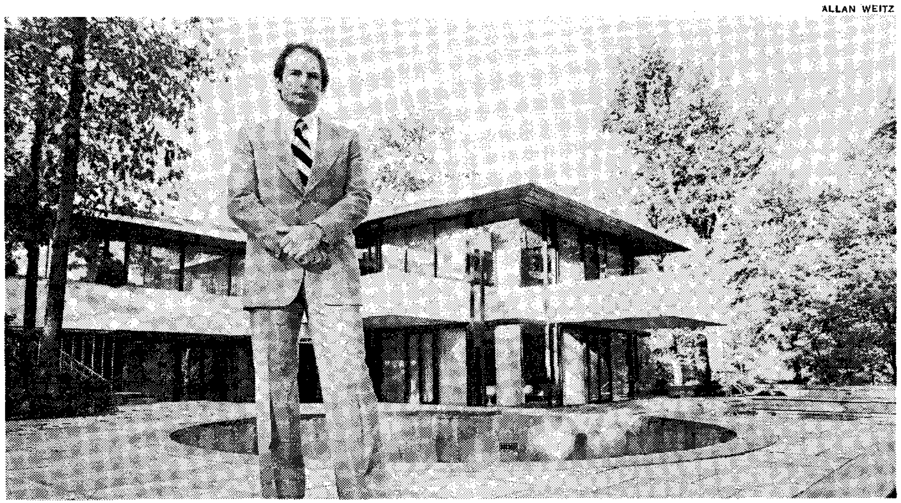
"If you were the president of *New York* Magazine and I went to work for you," Rizzuto smilingly told me last week, "you'd be in trouble because I'd sure as hell get your job."

It's precisely this kind of brash talk that caused Rizzuto to blow an acquisition deal last month that would have netted him at least $12 million.

Here's what happened according to Rizzuto. Last June 27, Rizzuto and a group of executives from a tobacco biggie, the Liggett Group, including president Raymond J. Mulligan, met at New York's Essex House. The purpose of the meeting, which had been set up by an intermediary, was to explore the possibility of Liggett's buying Conair. During the 90-minute meeting, Mulligan, according to Rizzuto, "asked me what I wanted . . . and I told him I wanted his job." Mulligan assumed Rizzuto was kidding and brushed aside the comment. About two months later, Rizzuto said, the intermediary came back with an offer of over $30 a share for the approximately 1.1 million Conair shares outstanding.

It seemed like a darn attractive offer, since Conair's stock at the time was selling at about 20 (it's now around 18). Thus Liggett was offering a premium of more than 50 percent above the market price for a stock that traded as low as 8½ last year. And since Rizzuto personally owns about 400,000 shares, he would have walked away from the deal at least $12 million richer.

ALLAN WEITZ



Hair-dryer king Leandro Rizzuto *in front of his $2-million Lakewood, New Jersey, estate: "Seventy-five percent of the guys I grew up with wound up behind bars."*

Rizzuto's ballsy response: "But what about the presidency? I want the presidency." The answer, not entirely unexpected: Forget it!

How could you have turned down $12 million? I asked the cigar-smoking Rizzuto. "Because it's not the money that motivates me," he replied. "I don't mind being a member of a team of superstars like the Yankees. But if I'm going to a last-place team like the Mets [an obvious reference to Liggett], I want to be the manager and turn things around . . . not die in the outfield."

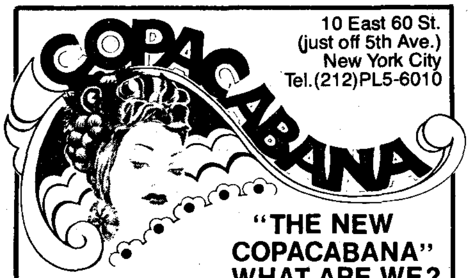
Said Rizzuto: "My Brooklyn feeling about Liggett [based on the June 27 meeting] is that Mulligan ignored my comment about the presidency because he's scared . . . because he didn't know how to react in front of the other people in the room. Everybody there seemed to be a 'yes man,' guys who wanted to protect their jobs. Nobody there seemed to be giving direction, or giving enthusiasm. There was just too much corporate bulls--t, Mulligan left me flat. He's a loser . . . and I should work for him? No way."

It's worth pointing out that Rizzuto is in an enviable position to say no. His personal net worth, he tells me, is about $10 million. He lives in an estimated $2-million estate in Lakewood, New Jersey. And for his driving pleasure, he can whiz off in any one of his three cars—a custom-made white $25,000 Lincoln Continental, a $35,000 Rolls-Royce, or a $22,000 Maserati. And his compensation from Conair last year: a hefty $152,500.

It's a far cry from his earlier days as a teenager, when, Rizzuto told me, "I'd do anything to hustle a buck . . . like selling pots and pans and Christmas cards or Simonizing cars. He also recalls that he lived in a tough part of the Gravesend Bay area of Brooklyn, "where 75 percent of the guys I grew up with wound up behind bars."

The son of a Sicilian-born barber, Rizzuto got his first real job in 1956, when he ran a computer at New York University for Combustion Engineering. His take-home pay at the time was not the usual meager pay of $15 or $20 a week but a fat $480 a week. Actually, he was only paid $80 a week, but he made another $250 a week in overtime and received another $150 in living expenses. "Like I said," he told me, "I know how to hustle." Rizzuto started college but never finished because in 1959 he and his dad [with a starting capital of $200] formed a hair-roller manufacturing company—Continental Hair Products, Inc. The meteoric growth of the company can be visibly demonstrated by the fact that its sales—just $6 million in 1972—will shoot up to over $50 million this year. And in 1978, says Rizzuto, sales should run about $70 million.

Although an acquisition by Liggett is now a dead issue, another suitor appears to be in the wings—A.H. Robins, the pharmaceuticals manufacturer. Rizzuto told me a brokerage firm had approached him last month and asked whether he'd be in interested in talking



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to Robins. Rizzuto said yes and was asked to supply various background information on the company. A meeting between the two companies has not been scheduled, but Rizzuto told me an updated check with the brokerage firm last week indicated that "Robins is still very much interested and is gathering more information."

This time out, though, Rizzuto told me, he won't insist on the presidency, but will push for a top spot in management. "I just don't want to run the Conair division of Robins," he said. He rates Robins "an excellent company with a fine track record . . . and I think there's grounds for a marriage." Whether William L. Zimmer III will agree is anybody's guess. He's the chief executive of Robins, and unfortunately for him, he's got the job Rizzuto wants.

Rizzuto makes it very clear that's his goal. "I want to run a billion-dollar company, I've got the ability to do it . . . and nothing is going to stand in my way," he declared.

One might suspect that Rizzuto has another reason for seeking a merger partner—namely, that the company may be nearing its growth peak. Personal-care products (especially appliances) are a highly volatile and hotly competitive business. Indicative of this is the fact that the company's earnings turned flat in 1975 and 1976, when Conair was hit by an economic slump and poured big dollars into an expansion of domestic operations. Further, Conair, in its number-one spot, already holds some 36 percent of the hair-dryer market. Accordingly, there doesn't seem to be too much room left for hefty advances in market share. And with a net worth of only about $14 million, Conair clearly doesn't have the financial wherewithal to buy itself into the billion-dollar arena.

As one might expect, Rizzuto completely disagrees. "If someone doesn't buy us, I'll make it on my own," he says. "I told you, nothing's going to stop me." Internally, Rizzuto sees strong prospects for growth through such new products as natural hair liquids and a Pro-Baby hair dryer, which sits on a counter and needn't be held. And externally, says Rizzuto, Conair is weighing acquisitions of its own. "We haven't approached any companies, but either Helene Curtis or La Maur [both in the cosmetics business] might be a possibility," he says.

The company earned $ 2.24 a share last year, and Rizzuto tells me Conair ought to do $3 a share this year and $3.80 to $4 a share in 1978. It all sounds great. Yet, despite it all, the company's stock, based on its 1978 prospects, sells at less than five times earnings. Obviously, Wall Street doesn't trust Rizzuto's optimism.

I'm not sure where Rizzuto goes from here. But knowing he usually gets what he goes after, I hope he won't set his mind on writing "The Bottom Line" for *New York* Magazine.

Justice Perks Up

Wheeler-dealer Victor Posner, who has partaken liberally of his stockholders' assets in pursuit of the good life, undoubtedly breathed a sigh of relief last month following a settlement of his problems (through a consent decree) with the Securities and Exchange Commission. Well, I don't want to be a killjoy, but his worries are far from over. As a follow-up, he could face criminal prosecution from U.S. Attorney Robert Fiske's office in New York.

Posner, the wily boss of a slew of companies, including Sharon Steel Corporation and its parent, NVF Company, was recently charged (along with his two children) of arranging for six publicly owned firms to pick up $1.7 million in personal tabs. Included were chauffeured limousines, lavish hotel suites, and fancy vacations. In their settlement with the SEC—not a bad settlement when you think of it—the Posners agreed to repay investors $600,000. Well, Vic Posner, as it turns out, may have considerably tougher going with the U.S. attorney's office. I've learned that this New York branch of the Justice Department has begun a preliminary investigation into the SEC's findings and may go after Posner on tax fraud. Perish the thought for a high liver like Posner, but one penalty is a jail term or a fine, or both. In addition, the Internal Revenue Service, as I've previously reported, is also investigating Posner.

Good luck, Vic.

Evans After Airco

One Wall Streeter who's been uncanny at calling acquisition deals prior to their being disclosed tells me that wily Thomas Mellon Evans, chairman of the Crane Company and a top acquisition specialist, is trying to work out a deal for Crane to buy Airco (formerly Air Reduction Company). Crane, I'm told, has already purchased close to 5 percent of Airco's more than 10 million shares outstanding. And Evans is reportedly trying to buy the 4 million Airco shares (about 34 percent of the stock) held by BOC International, Ltd., of London. Airco, a major producer of industrial gases, had 1976 sales of $837.4 million. ▬

MOVIES AROUND TOWN

EDITED BY RUTH GILBERT

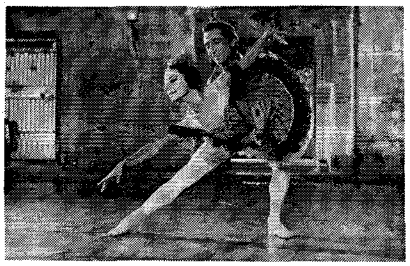
OPENINGS AND CURRENT ATTRACTIONS ON THE NEW YORK SCREEN

Oct. 25 thru Nov. 1

(Listings subject to last-minute change)

Thursday, October 27

THE CUBAN BOMBSHELL



Alicia Alonso and **Azari Plisetski** in a scene from *Don Quixote,* in Victor Casaus's documentary, **Alicia,** wherein she discusses her career in ballet, accompanied by scenes from her early life, and excerpts from various ballets. We witness her triumph over blindness and the worldwide acclaim she has received. Renoir.

THE MOVIES

The American Friend–Directed by German director Wim Wenders, film explores the possibility of using a completely innocent man to murder a man he does not know. With Bruno Ganz, Liza Kreuzer, Dennis Hopper, Nicholas Ray, and Sam Fuller. Cinema Studio.

Black and White in Color–This first feature film by Jean-Jacques Annaud is a witty, strong, ingeniously constructed and remarkably mature piece of work. It is set in the French and German colonies during World War I, and traces the development of one brave, intelligent, and honorable person into the most efficient, deadly military martinet. Black or white, French or German, courageous or cowardly, human beings are to blame for war; this funny and fast-moving satire—in the best tradition of that genre—dispassionately exposes the ravages—not of war, but of human nature. Superb camera work, performances, music—even decent subtitles. New Yorker; Art.

Bobby Deerfield–Al Pacino stars in Sydney Pollack's film as a Grand Prix racing driver. The combination of Pacino's strangeness in the role and some red-herring dream and racing sequences create a puzzling tension for the first half of the film. But as soon as the psychological issues are clarified and love (with Marthe Keller) consummated, we realize that Pollack has managed to make the machinery sexier than the characters. Thru 11/3, Baronet; Coronet; from 11/2, Loews Triplex.

Cousin, Cousine–A charming and droll film by Jean-Charles Tacchefla that goes a long way toward restoring the good name of the wayward French cinema. It is about family relations, children growing up, and, mostly, two adults finding themselves in a truly fulfilling relationship, adultery be damned. Very unassumingly it says a good deal, and is beautifully written, directed, and acted, with fine photogarphy and catchy music. 11/2, 3, Cinema Village.

Damnation Alley–A nuclear holocaust virtually destroys the globe. The environment deteriorates around a handful of survivors, played by Jan-Michael Vincent, George Peppard, Dominique Sanda, and Paul Winfield, who are audibly engulfed by killer tornadoes, whirling floods, and strange mutations of scorpions and roaches—eek! RKO Cinerama; RKO 86th St.

The Demise of Father Mouret–Georges Franju's adaptation of the Zola novel tells the story of a devout young priest whose life is shaken by events over which he has no control, events which open up his long-suppressed earthly desires (he gets amnesia and falls in love with his nurse). Thru 10/26, Renoir.

The Man Who Loved Women–Francois Truffaunt's latest film deals with a man (Charles Denner) who is obsessed with women—all women. His particular passion is with legs and he manages to meet their proud possessors in ingenious ways. Brigitte Fossey, Nelly Borgeaud, and Leslie Caron are among the women in his life. Paris.

Equus–Peter Firth and Richard Burton co-star in a screen version of Peter Shaffer's play. Also in the cast are Colin Blakely, Joan Plowright, Harry Andrews, Eileen Atkins, and Jenny Agutter. Directed by Sidney Lumet. Trans-Lux East.

Femmes Fatales–Bertrand Blier's film starring Jean-Pierre Marielle and Jean Rochefort as two men who are fed up with women and take off for the pastoral life of the French countryside. Columbia II.

Handle With Care–Jonathan Demme's citizens-band comedy is the kind of gregarious, unpretentiously lilting "people's" movie that one rarely sees anymore. It is a Middle American *Midsummer Night's Dream* about the ways in which their C.B. disguises allow people to express hidden sides of themselves. Paul LeMat and Candy Clark are the best known of a large varied cast. Thru 11/3, Little Carnegie.

Heroes–Henry Winkler, Sally Field, and Harrison Ford in the story of a Vietnam veteran's re-orientation into society and the drama and people surrounding his re-birth. Directed by Jeremy Paul Kagan. At 86th St East.

I Never Promised You a Rose Garden–Story of a young girl's journey back from the depths of madness to reality. With Bibi Andersson, Kathleen Quinlan, Sylvia Sidney, Martine Bartlett, Signe Hasso, Susan Tyrrell, and Diane Varsi. Directed by Anthony Page. Embassy 72nd.

Julia–Adapted from Lillian Hellman's fine story in *Pentimento,* Fred Zinneman has used two of the most electrifying women in movies in a casting coup that is not only iconographically but politically inspired; Vanessa Redgrave as the total activist and martyr to Fascism; Jane Fonda as the acolyte, the rebellious but self-doubting playwright. Cinema I.

The Lacemaker–Isabelle Huppert and Yves Beneyton star in Claude *(The Invitation* and *The Wonderful Crook)* Goretta's film which tells of a 19-year-old beauty parlor assistant, who, while vacationing, falls in love with a university student. Fine Arts.

Lacombe, Lucien–Louis Malle continues his development into one of our most arresting directors with this love-and-hate story about collaborators and Jews in hiding in occupied France. This is, however, no simple thriller, but an attempt to undertand complex relationships against a soul-trying background, and there is so much that is fine here (including extraordinary color photography, brilliant supporting performances) that is more than disappointing that the film finally does not go deep enough or ring fully true. Still, well above average. 10/28, Carnegie Hall Cinema.

The Last Remake of Beau Geste–There is something mildly repulsive about the idea of parodying *Beau Geste,* either the novel by Wren or the movie by Wellman. Marty Feldman's film is very much a graduation piece from the Mel Brooks school of farce. In this version we have Feldman and Michael York as identical twins, orphans whom Trevor Howard, lord of Geste Manor, adopts and names Beau and Digby. The result is mirthless straining. From 10/26, Gramercy; Olympia.

Last Tango in Paris–About sex, love and death among today's disaffected young and disenchanted middle-aged, this purports to be a social document, eroticism at its best, and a work of art, but despite fancy positions and posturings, fails at all three. Neither Bertolucci's directorial attudinizing, nor the actor's elaborate improvisations come to much beyond one good sex scene (the first), and Brando's vaunted performance is merely an anthology of all his former ones. Modish cinematography, bad music, and dialogue full of pratfalls. 10/28, 29, Cinema Village.

Let Joy Reign Supreme–Filmed in the Breton countryside and at various chateaux around France, Bertrand Tavernier's film successfully balances the requirements of spectacle and the details of a fascinating period of French history. Philippe Noiret plays the Duke of Orleans, the brilliant and debauched eighteenth-century regent (who ruled after Louis XIV's death). 68th St Playhouse.

Looking for Mr. Goodbar–This is Richard Brooks's best film. It is harrowing, powerful, and appalling. The tension between his bluntness and Diane Keaton's instinctual delicacy has produced the ideal chemistry in this version of Judith Rossner's grisly socio-sexual thriller. Loews Tower East; Loews State I.

One Sings, the Other Doesn't–With this graceful mixture of feminist fiction, musical comedy, and social documentary, Agnes Varda does for the spirit of sorority what the films of Renoir and Truffaut have done for the spirit of fraternity. It is first-rate feminist art. The two heroines are played by Therese Liotard and Valerie Mairesse. Plaza.

The Man Who Loved Women–Francois Truffaut's funniest and most charmingly personal film in years, the anatomy of a womanized (Charles Denner), relating the outrageous predicaments of the hero who wriggles out of them with a strategic genius, and yearns to locate an island inhabited only by women. Paris.

The Other Side of Midnight–What the producer Frank Yablans is selling here is luxury and voluptuousness, fancy sex in sumptous settings. The story is of unleashed passions—of a French girl turned model-movie star with a little whoring in between, and the dashing and debonair American flying ace who knocks her up and leaves her, against a turbulent background of the German occupation and postwar prosperity. Gramercy; thru 10/25, 72nd St E.; Olympia; St Marks Cinema.

Outrageous!–A winning little Canadian film written and directed by Richard Benner. It is the story of a homosexual hairdresser and a young girl escapee from a mental institution and of their life together. The dialogue is fresh and spirited, witty and lifelike, the film is moving and amusing. Cinema II.

A Piece of the Action–Sidney Poitier, Bill Cosby, James Earl Jones, and Denise Nicholas, in a film directed by Poitier, with music and lyrics by Curtis Mayfield. Criterion; Eastside; Waverly.

Rolling Thunder–Tale of vengeance engaged in by soldiers returning to this country after eight years in a prisoner-of-war camp. With William Devane, Tommy Lee Jones, Linda Forchet. Loews Triplex; RKO Cinerama I; RKO 86th St I.

Roseland–James Ivory's new film is set in the venerable ballroom, and, thanks to Ruth Prawer Jhabvala's sharp screenplay, what could have been cheerlessly maudlin becomes cheerfully maudlin. Broadway actress Helen Gallagher, as the gracefully tough dance instructor, is the revelation of the film Columbia I.

Salo–The best that can be said about Pasolini's acutely distasteful transposition of de Sade's 120 Days of Sodom to a Fascist retreat in occupied Italy, is that it never pretends to be anything other than an extended, graphic depiction of various forms of torture and (mostly homo-) sexual abuse, simulated and formally distanced. What is more offensive is Pasolini's giving rein to his own depraved fantasies under the cover of Fascist barbarism. Festival.

Short Eyes–Written by Miguel Pinero, film is far from being a grim tract on prison conditions, on the institutional dehumanization of the poor. With its Curtis Mayfield score and exuberant ethnic acting, the film combines authentic funk with what can only be called entertainment values. Yet the sense of theater is indigenous to Pinero's characters, men who being at zero and lay claim to their square of turn through stylized gesture and idiom of "personality." Paramount; Sutton.

A Special Day–Writer-director Ettore Scola arranges a day-long confrontation between a down-trodden mother of six and a homosexual, played by Sophia Loren and Marcello Mastroianni. As in earlier films, Scola yokes together disparate social types and forces more cultural baggage on them than they can carry. If the presence of the two stars is what gives the movies its measure of interest, they are also its undoing—they are just too dazzling to play neorealist church mice. Beekman.

The Spy Who Loved Me–The latest James Bond film, starring Roger Moore, is the first that is not based on an Ian Fleming novel. Things start off skiingly in the pretitle sequence and end swimmingly. In between, there is every kind of sport, from sex with a gorgeous Soviet spy to blowing a couple of atomic submarines set to blow up New York and Moscow. So if you don't believe any of it, have a dammed good time, and smile from ear to ear. Greenwich; thru 11/1, Loews Triplex.

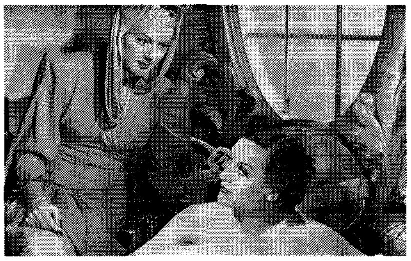
Star Wars–George Lucas's impeccable technical achievement: a quantum—or maybe quasar—leap beyond *2001*. But strip the film of its often striking images and its highfalutin scientific jargon, and you get a story, characters, and dialogue of overwhelming banality without even a "future" cast to them. Still, *Star Wars* will do very nicely for those lucky enough to be children or unlucky enough never to have grown up. Loews Astor Plaza; Loews Orpheum; Murray Hill.

Tommy–Ken Russell takes over The Who's so-called rock opera as some of the most arrant pretensions cross-breed to make up one of the noisiest, stupidest, and most vulgar movies of recent times. Neither the principals nor the guest stars contribute anything of value, and the film is unrelieved torture for the eyes and ears. If you are not a card-carrying member of the counterculture, and your mental age is over ten, avoid this one like the plague. Ziegfeld.

Valentino–Ken Russell's back and Rudolf Nureyev's got him. It may well set back the course of sound film—certainly it will set back Nureyev's career—since the only relief is provided by the silent-film sequences. In these Nureyev is able to escape from the St. Vitus's dance Russell has him performing and suggest the powerfully sensual screen presence he might project under normal circumstances. 34th St E; Trans-Lux 85th; National; Columbia II; from 11/2, Loews Triplex.

Volcano–"An Inquiry Into the Life and Death of Malcolm Lowry," written and directed by Donald Brittain with John Kramer, features the actual words of Malcolm Lowry spoken by Richard Burton. Just ten years after the publication of his novel, Lowry took his life and ended his long battles with dispair. Cinema III.

ALL IS VANITY



Joan Crawford and **Rosalind Russell** in a refreshing scene from George Cukor's *The Women* (1939), which shares the bill with Bette Davis's *The Man Who Came to Dinner* (1941), at the Regency Theater, Broadway and 67th Street from October 26th thru October 29th.

THE MOVIE HOUSES

Schedules change constantly; phone ahead and avoid rage and disappointment.

Art, 36 E 8th (GR 3-7014). *Black and White in Color*

Baronet, 3rd Ave at 59th (355-1663). Thru 11/3, *Bobby Deerfield.* From 11/4, *First Love.*

Beekman, 2nd Ave nr 65th (RE 7-2622). *A Special Day.*

Bleecker St Cinema, 144 Bleecker at LaGuardia Pl (674-2560). 10/25, *The Other Woman; Tokyo Twilight.* 10/26, 27, *City Lights; Limelight.* 10/28, 29, *Mean Streets; Boxcar Bertha.* 10/30,31, *The Ruling Class; If...* 11/1, *News From Home; Cecilia.* 11/2,3, *L'Assasin Musicien; Fortini/Cani*

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave betw 56th & 57th (757-2131). 10/25, *Ivan; Afonia.* 10/26, *Three Sons of Lenin; Andrei Roublev.* 10/27, *The Married Virgin* (1920, Rudolph Valentino); *The Isle of Love* (1920) *The Eagle.* (1925, Rudolph Valentino; Vilma Banky). 10/28, *The Conformist; Lacombe, Lucien.* 10/29, *Brewster McCloud; The Loved One.* 10/30, *Letters From an Unknown Woman; The Earrings of Madame De...* 10/31, *She; The Old Dark House.* 11/1, *Fate of a Man; Other People's Letters.*

Cinema I, 3rd Ave nr 60th (PL 3-6022). *Julia.*

Cinema II, 3rd Ave nr 60th (PL 3-6022). *Outrageous.*

Cinema III, 59th at the Plaza Hotel (752-5959). *Volcano.*

Cinema Studio, Bdway & 66th (877-4040). *The American Friend.*

Cinema Village, 22 E 12th (924-3363). 10/25, *Medea; The Trojan Woman.* 10/26, 27, *The Late Show; Play it Again, Sam.* 10/28, 29, *Inserts; Last Tango in Paris.* 10/30, 31, *From Here to Eternity; Suddenly Last Summer.* 11/1, *Score; The Lickerish Quartet.* 11/2, 3, *Cousin, Cousine; Le Sex Shop.*

Columbia I, 2nd Ave at 64th (832-1670). *Roseland.*

Columbia II, 2nd Ave at 64th (832-1670). *Valentino.*

Coronet, 3rd Ave nr 59th (EL 5-1663). *Bobby Deerfield.*

Criterion, Bdway at 45th (JU2-1796). *A Piece of the Action.*

D.W. Griffith, 59th St E of 2nd Ave (759-4630). *Desperate Living.*

Eastside, 3rd Ave at 55th (755-3020). *A Piece of the Action.*

8th St Cinema, 52 W 8th (674-6515). From 10/25, *A Woman's Decision*

86th St E, 3rd Ave at 86th (249-1144). *Heroes.*

Embassy 46th, 46th at Bdway (757-2408). *The Spy Who Loved Me.*

Embassy 72nd, at Bdway (SC 4-6745). *I Never Promised You a Rose Garden.*

E 59th St, betw 2nd & 3rd (688-1717). *The Savage Is Loose.*

Festival, 57th nr. 6th (757-2715). *Salo, 120 Days of Sodom.*

Fine Arts, 58th nr Lexington (PL 5-6030). *The Lacemaker.*

Forum, Bdway & 47th (757-8320). Thru 11/3, *The Last Remake of Beau Geste.* From 11/4, *Oh, God!.*

Gramercy, 23rd St nr Lexington (GR 5-1660). Thru 10/25, *La Grande Bourgeoise.* From 10/26, *The Last Remake of Beau Geste.*

Greenwich, 12th at Greenwich (WA 9-3350). *The Spy Who Loved Me.*

Guild, 33 W 50th (PL7-2406). *I Never Promised You a Rose Garden.*

Little Carnegie, 57th St nr 7th (246-5123). Thru 11/3, *Handle With Care.* From 11/4, *First Love.*

Loews Astor Plaza, Bdway at 44th (869-8340). *Star Wars.*

Loews Ciné, 3rd nr 86th (427-1332). Thru 11/3, *Oh, God!* From 11/4, *Which Way is Up.*

Loews Orpheum, 86th, 3rd (AT 9-4607). *Star Wars.*

Loews State I,Bdway at 45th (582-5070). *Looking for Mr. Goodbar.*

Loews State II, Bdway at 45th (582-5070). Thru 11/3, *Oh, God!* From 11/4, *Which Way is Up.*

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave nr 71st (TR 9-1313). *Looking for Mr. Goodbar.*

Loews Triplex, Bdway at 83rd (877-3190). I. Thru 11/1, *The Spy Who Loved Me.* From 11/2, *Valentino* II. Thru 11/1, *Rolling Thunder.* From 11/2, *Bobby Deerfield.* III. Thru 10/25, *Murder by Death.* From 10/26, *Barbarella.*

Murray Hill, 34th St nr 3rd Ave (685-7652). *Star Wars.*

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W 53rd (956-7070). 10/25, noon, *That's Where the Action Is* (see 10/24 at noon); 2:30, *Anatomy of a Murder* (1959, James Stewart, Lee Remick); 6 p.m. What's Happening? 10/27, 2:30 p.m. *Arabian Nights* (1942; Jon Hall, Maria Montez, Leif Erickson, Turnhan Bey) and *Apache Drums* (1951; Stephen McNally, Coleen Gray; 6 p.m. *Cobra Woman* (1943; Maria Montez, Sabu, Jon Hall); 8:30, selections from the Annecy International Animation Film Festival, 1977. 10/28, 2:30, *To Hell and Back* (1955; Audie Murphy, Marshall Thompson); 6 p.m. *Anatomy of a Murder* (see 10/25 at 2:30). 10/29, noon, *Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves* (1944, Jon Hall, Maria Montez); 2:30, *The Egg and I* (1947, Claudette Colbert; Fred Mac Murray); 5 p.m. *Captive Wild Women* (1943, John Carradine; Acquanetta); *Six Lessons from Madame La Zonga* (1941, Lupe Velez, Leon Errol). 10/30, noon, *Arabian Nights* (see 10/27 at 2:30); 2:30, *Harvey* (1950, James Stewart, Josephine Hull); 5 p.m. *Million Dollar Legs* (1932, W.C. Fields; Jack Oakie); *Duck Soup* (1933, Marx Brothers, Margaret Dumont). 10/31, noon, same as 10/27 at 8:30; 2:30, *Kiss the Blood Off My Hands* (1948, Burt Lancaster; Joan Fontaine); *Take One False Step* (1949, William Powell, Shelley Winters); 6 p.m. An Evening With Peter Hutton.

National, Bdway at 43rd (869-0950). *Valentino.*

New Yorker, Bdway nr 88th (TR 4-9189). *Black and White in Color.*

Olympia, Bdway at 107th (865-8128). Thru 10/25, *The Other Side of Midnight.* 10/26-11/1, *The Last Remake of Beau Geste; The Sting.*

Paramount, 2 Gulf & Western Plaza (247-5070). *Short Eyes.*

Paris, 4 W 58th (MU 8-2013). *The Man Who Loved Women.*

Playboy, 57th W of 6th Ave (JU 6-4448). Thru 10/25, *The Other Side of Midnight.*

Plaza, 58th St, E of Madison (EL 5-3320). *One Sings, The Other Doesn't.*

Quad, four cinemas at 34 W 13th (255-8800). *(Last-minute switches especially frequent here; phone ahead.)* I. Thru 10/25, *Children of Rage.* From 11/26, *Aguirre, the Wrath of God.* II. Thru 10/25, *Waterloo Bridge; Camille.* 10/30-11/1, *Gaslight; The Postman Always Rings Twice.* 10/26-29, *An American in Paris; Singing in the Rain.* III. *I Never Promised You a Rose Garden.* IV. *Desperate Living.*

Regency, Bdway at 67th (724-3700). Thru 10/25, *Jezebel; Juarez.* 10/26-29, *The Women; The Man Who Came to Dinner.* 10/30-11/1, *Flamingo Road; Beyond the Forest.* 11/2-5, *Humoresque; The Great Lie.*

Renoir, 100 Seventh Ave So (873-8702). Thru 10/26, *The Demise of L'Abbe Mouret.* From 10/27, *Alicia,* a Cuban documentary on ballerina Alicia Alonso.

RKO Cinerama, I, Bdway at 47th (975-8366). *Rolling Thunder.* II. Thru 10/20, *Murder By Death.* From 10/21, *Damnation Alley.*

RKO Cinerama II, Bdway at 47th (975-8366). *Damnation Alley.*

RKO 86th I, at Lexington (AT 9-8900). *Rolling Thunder.*

RKO 86th II, at Lexington (AT 9-8900). *Damnation Alley.*

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave at 8th (533-9292). Thru 10/25, *The Other Side of Midnight; Farewell My Lovely.* 10/26-11/1, *Smokey and the Bandit; Two-Lane Blacktop.*

72nd St East, nr 1st Ave (BU 8-9304). Thru 10/25, *The Other Side of Midnight.* From 10/26, to be announced.

68th St Playhouse, at 3rd Avenue (RE 4-0302). Thru 11/5, *Let Joy Reign Supreme.* From 11/6, *Mr. Klein.*

Sutton, 57th nr 3rd Ave (PL 9-1411). *Short Eyes.*

Thalia, 250 W 95th (222-3370). Thru 10/25, *Kasper Hauser; Bed and Board.* 10/26, 27, *Autobiography of a Princess; Bed and Board.* 10/30, 11/1, *Bombay Talkie; The Guru.*

Theatre St. Marks, 80 St Marks Pl (254-7400). 10/25, *You and Me; Jennie Gerhardt.* 10/26, *Laughter; Honey.* 10/27, *Enter Madame; Fatal Lady.* 10/28, *College Swing; Many Happy Returns.* 10/29, 30, *Secret Agent; The Man Who Knew Too Much.* 10/31, *Phantom of the Opera; The Climax.* 11/1, *Twentieth Century; Only Angles Have Wings.* 11/2, *The Exile; If I Were King.*

34th St East, nr 2nd Ave (683-0255). *Valentino.*

Trans-Lux East, 3rd at 58th (PL 9-2262). *Equus.*

Trans-Lux 85th, at Madison (BU 8-3180). *Valentino.*

UA East, 1st Ave at 85th (249-5100). *The Hills Have Eyes.*

Waverly, 6th Ave at 3rd (WA 9-8037). *A Piece of the Action.*

Whitney Museum of American Art, 945 Madison at 75th (794-0600). 10/28-11/6, Bart Robbett: An installation using film, video, and light.

Ziegfeld, 141 W 54th (765-7600). *Tommy.*

IN AND AROUND TOWN

EDITED BY RUTH GILBERT

A CRITICAL GUIDE TO ENTERTAINMENT IN THE NEW YORK AREA

Theater

ON BROADWAY

Tuesday, October 25

Bully–James Whitmore stars in a new one-character play by Jerome Alden described as an adventure with Teddy Roosevelt directed by Peter H. Hunt. Tues thru Sat at 8 p.m. Sun at 3 p.m. Previews start tonight prior to an 11/1 opening. 46th St Theater, 226 W 46th (246-4271).

Some of My Best Friends–Ted Knight stars in Stanley Hart's new comedy about a man who turns away from the everyday world to create his own environment. Directed by Harold Prince. Longacre, 220 W 48th (246-5639).

The Act–Liza Minnelli stars in a new musical about a film actress who is unable to get roles in Hollywood and returns to the nightclub scene. Book by George Furth; music and lyrics by John Kander and Fred Ebb. With Barry Nelson, Mark Goddard, Arnold Soboloff, Gayle Crofoot, and Roger Minami. Directed by Martin Scorsese. Previews now prior to an 10/29 opening. Majestic, 247 W 44th (246-0730).

AND IF ELECTED...

Colleen Dewhurst stars (along with **George Hearn,** at the left, and **Rex Robbins**) in **An Almost Perfect Person,** by Judith Ross. It's about a political campaign waged by a female politician on the Upper West Side; directed by Zoe Caldwell. Previewing now prior to an October 27th opening. Belasco, 111 West 44th (JU 6-7950).

CURRENT

Annie–*Oliver Twist* in drag, but with so much going for it (a chorus line of moppets, a Christmas tree, Andrea McArdle's gleam in the title role, and a seven-year-old bundle of radiance named Danielle Brisebois) that only a Fagin reborn would note the drab book (Thomas Meehan) and lyrics (Martin Charnin) or Charles Strouse's recycled score. Alvin, 250 W 52nd (PL 7-8646).

Bubbling Brown Sugar–About half the show is an authentic and lively tribute to old-time Harlem theater, with some great numbers lined out by the stars. The other half, alas, is a silly, patronizing, meandering book and some new songs by Danny Holgate that merely waste time, beyond rescue even by all that classy staging and dances. Tues thru Sat at 8; Wed & Sat mat at 2; Sun at 2:30. Thru 10/30. ANTA, 245 W 52nd (246-6270).

A Chorus Line–Every generation needs its own backstage legend, and this one is a worthy descendant of *42nd St* (et al). Out of the real words of chorus-line aspirants, James Kirkwood and Nicholas Dante have fashioned a shiny romance, and it bounces agreeably off Marvin Hamlisch's paper-thin score. Michael Bennett's direction covers a multitude of inadequacies. Mon thru Sat at 8; mat. Wed & Sat at 2. Shubert, 225 W 44 (246-5990).

Dracula–Frank Langella stars as the bloodthirsty count in a play by Deane and Balderson adapted from the Bram Stoker novel and directed by Dennis Rosa. Edward Gorey designed the settings and costumes. Martin Beck Theater, 302 W 45th (246-6363).

For Colored Girls Who Have Considered Suicide/When the Rainbow is Enuf–Seven spellbinding young women intone the words of Ntozake Shange, lines about being women, black, and sorrowful, and their performances are welded by Oz Scott into an enthralling experience that makes the theater glow in all colors. Tues thru Sat at 8; mat Wed & Sat at 2, Sun at 3. Booth, 45th St (246-5969).

Gemini–Albert Innaurato's saga of life in a Philadelphia backyard is, at once, a stupendous verbal circus and a touching story of people desperately needing to be noticed. Innaurato writes extremely well, and his control over simultaneously ongoing lines of action is somewhat akin to Bach's mastery over fugues. Peter Mark Schifter's direction is splendid, and so is the cast. Mon-Sat at 8; Mat Wed & Sat at 2. Little Theater, 240 W 44th (221-6425).

The Gin Game–A first effort by D.L. Coburn concerns two inmates of an old folks' home. The man lives for gin rummy now; the woman is willing to learn the game. They play, and miraculously—or contrivedly—she keeps winning. It is staged with almost indecent expertise by Mike Nichols, and acted to individual and joint near-perfection by Hume Cronyn and Jessica Tandy. John Golden, 252 W 45th (246-6740).

Grease–Broadway's senior musical, about highschool shenanigans in the fifties, now seems as much a period piece as any Romberg operetta, but the energy of the original has been remarkably well preserved. Without a single memorable song or solo turn, the show holds onto an amusing, attractive ridiculousness, mostly due to Patricia Birch's lively choreography and Tom Moore's no-nonsense direction. Tues thru Sat at 8 p.m. Wed. & Sat at 2 p.m., Sun at 3 p.m. Royale, 242 W 45th (245-5760).

I Love My Wife–Wife-swapping in Trenton, done as a series of sleazy skits, with a Cy Coleman score and direction by Gene Saks that even brings the orchestra onstage to mess around in the action. Mon thru Sat at 8. Mats Sat & Wed at 2. Ethel Barrymore, 243 W 47th (246-0390).

The King and I–The Rodgers-Hammerstein classic of 1951, in a fuzzy, slovenly revival with Yul Brynner repeating his stint as the King, Constance Towers as the "I" and a gaggle of oriental-looking moppets. Tues thru Sat at 8; Mats Sat & Wed at 2; Sun at 3. Uris, 51st betw 7th & 8th (586-6510).

The Magic Show–A musical with book by Bob Randall; music and lyrics by Stephen Schwartz, directed and choreographed by Grover Dale. Joseph Abaldo is starred as a Magician. Wed thru Sat at 7:30; mat Sat & Wed at 2 p.m. On Sun 2 & 5 p.m. Cort, 138 W 48th (489-6392).

Man of La Mancha–Richard Kiley recreates his portrayal of the hero for a limited engagement. Tony Martinez plays his sidekick Sancho and Emily Yancy is Aldonza. Musical by Dale Wasserman, with music by Mitch Leigh and lyrics by Joe Darion. Chev Rodgers plays the lead at Wed Mats. Palace, 1564 Broadway (PL 7-2626).

Miss Margarida's Way–Estelle Parsons has moved from off-Broadway to play her solo role as a demented schoolteacher. The audience is her classroom. Ambassador, 219 W 49th (CO 5-1855).

Night of the Tribades–Per Olov Enquist's play consists of a night of infighting between Strindberg and the two women he is directing in a new production—his wife, and a woman who may or may not be her lover. What Enquist has failed to do is to provide us with genuine conflict—we know pretty much what is going to happen, and except for the glorious climax, the play holds few surprises. Still, it makes us think about timely and timeless issues. With Max Von Sydow, Bibbi Andersson, and Eileen Atkins. Helen Hayes Theater, 210 W 46th (246-6380).

Oh! Calcutta!–Revival of the musical devised by Kenneth Tynan. Sketches by Jules Feiffer, Leonard Melfi, John Lennon, David Newman, Robert Benton, Dan Greenburg, Sam Shepard. Mon, Tues, Wed & Fri at 8; Sat at 7 & 9:30; Sun at 3 & 7 p.m. & Wed at 2 p.m. Edison, 240 W 47th (757-7164).

Otherwise Engaged–With words wise and winged, Simon Gray shows us how easy it is to retreat into electronic aromor and cut all communication with humanity. The play is at once, both wittier and more profound than Gray's excellent *Butley* and, as directed by Harold Pinter, it becomes one of Broadway's few genuinely rewarding experiences. Dick Cavett has taken over the lead. Plymouth, 236 W 45th (246-9156).

Same Time, Next Year–Bernard Slade's comedy, of a genre that used to be called "saucy," neatly mingles two sure-fire elements, fornication and nostalgia. Now that it is being performed (by Hope Lange and Don Murray) more for jokes than for wit, the play has become ritualized, about as titilating as, say, an exhibition of bloomers at the Smithsonian. Tues thru Sat at 8; Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3. Brooks Atkinson, 256 W 47th (245-3430).

The Shadow Box–Michael Cristofer's haunting play, which won a 1977 Pulitzer prize and a best-play Tony Award, is set amoung terminal patients in a California hospital, and poses some daring questions about hopelessness and self-delusion. An altogether moving work, it even manages to be funny when circumstances permit. Gordon Davidson's direction of a superb nine-member cast approaches perfection; a superior evening all told. Morosco, 217 W 45th (246-6230).

Side by Side by Sondheim–A generous sampling of songs for which Stephen Sondheim wrote words, music, or both, done by a cast of thousands consisting of three singers, two pianists, and a gracious host. With Larry Kert, Georgia Brown, and Hermione Gingold. Mon thru Sat at 8; Mats Wed & Sat at 2. Music Box, 239 W 45th (246-4636).

Sly Fox–Ben Jonson's *Volpone* updated to 19th-century San Francisco, with new gags stuck onto the original Jacobean plot-structure. Robert Preston, minus 76 trombones, plays the arch conniver. Tues thru Sat at 8; mat, Wed & Sat at 2; Sun at 3. Broadhurst, 235 W 44th (CI 6-6699).

Tartuffe–Moliere's masterpiece, directed by Stephen Porter, is a comedy of an extremely serious sort. John Wood, as the pious hypocrite, is a very funny fellow who properly acts with every part of his body. His vitality is boundless. The rest of the cast is very pleasant indeed. And then there is Richard Wilbur's translation, so marvelous that it makes Moliere into as great an English verse playwright as he was a French one. Plays through 11/20. Circle in the Square, 1633 Broadway (581-0720).

The Wiz–Oz in blackface, Munchkins, Cowardly Lion, and all, with jivey dances choreographed by Geroge Faison. Tues thru Sat at 7:30; Wed and Sat at 2 p.m.; Sun at 3 p.m. Broadway, 1681 Broadway (CI7-7992).

Your Arms Too Short To Box With God–The Book of Matthew's greatest hits, turned into a generally lively gospel musical by Vinnette Carroll, Micki Grant, and Alex Bradford. Sometimes the wooing of audience by cast becomes a little blatant, but there is some spellbinding singing (notably by Salome Bey and Delores Hall) to set matters right. Wed thru Sat at 8; mat Wed, Sat & Sun at 2, Sun at 5. Lyceum, 149 W 45th (JU 2-3897).

OFF and OFF-OFF BROADWAY

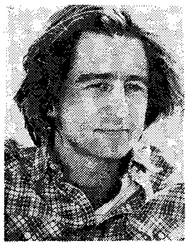
CURRENT

Antigone–Sophocles's work, directed by Kirt Alexander. Thur thru Sat, thru 11/12. $2.50. New York City Repertory, 437 W 46th (JU 6-3700).

The Beggar's Opera–A revival of John Gay's classic musical, directed by Neal Newman. Thru 10/30, Thurs thru Sat at 7:30, Sun at 4 p.m. New York Lyric Theater, 145 W 18th (595-5065).

Brontosaurus–Lanford Wilson's play, directed by Daniel Irvine, about an encounter of consequence between a searcher and a survivor. Thru 11/18. Tuesday thru Fri at 11 p.m. $3. Circle Repertory, 99 7th Ave So (924-7100).

THE NATURAL LOOK



Sam Waterston stars in **Chez Nous,** a new comedy by Peter *(A Day in the Death of Joe Egg)* Nichols, with Christina Pickles, Barbara Caruso, and John Tillinger. Wed thru Sun at 8:30; Sat & Sun at 2:30. From 10/26. Manhattan Theater Club, 321 E 73rd Street (288-2500).

Close One Eye–Dulce Mann's play, directed by Joe Donovan, is about an attractive widow's struggle against the loneliness of single living. 10/29-11/20, Fridays and Saturdays at 8; Sun at 4 p.m. $2.50 Dramatic Workshop, 333 Sixth Ave (877-9315).

The Club–It is Eve Merriam's conceit—and a rather good one, as it works out—that male villiany toward women is best definable in its own words. To that end, she has peopled her little revue with a goggle of sexist males singing sexist songs and telling sexist jokes in a club at around 1910; the material is all authentic of the period. As a final kicker, all the roles are played by women, and a perfectly splendid septet of transvestites they are. You probably have to see this for yourselves to understand why this show is as delightful as it is. Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St (AL 4-6330).

Cockfight–Elaine Jackson's play explores the blurring of the male/female roles in American society, and the mythological role of the black cowboy in the San Francisco Bay Area. Wed thru Sat at 8 p.m. Sat at 2 p.m. Sun at 3 p.m. Tues early perf at 6:30; Sun at 7 p.m. $8. Thru 10/30. American Place Theater, 111 W 46th (246-3730).

The Cold Wind and the Warm–Robias Haller stars in S. N. Behrman's play about a young Jew growing up in Worcester, Mass., at the turn of the century who is searching for what he calls "the only mystery—the key to everything." Thurs and Sat at 8 p.m. Sun at 2:30 p.m. 10/27-11/20. Jewish Repertory Theater, 344 E 14th St (674-7200).

The Diary of a Madman–Nikolai Gogol's play, directed by John Adams, starring Christopher Cooke. Fri & Sat at 10:30, Thru 10/29, $2.50. Little Theater, 5 W 30th (564-0692).

Double Bill–William Osborn's *Sim,* and Kafka's *A Report to the Academy,* both featuring Mary Bozeman and directed by William Osborn. *Sim* plays Wed thru Sat at 8; $4. The other, Fri & Sat at 10:30. $3. Venture Theater, 230½ 8th Ave at 22nd St (924-4791).

Double Bill–Tennessee Williams's *A Perfect Analysis Given By a Parrot,* and John Guare's *Something I'll Tell You on Tuesday.* 10/28, 29, 11/4, 5, at 10:30. $3. Academy Arts, 330 E 56th (486-1431).

Double Bill–J. M. Synge's *Riders to the Sea,* and James M. Barrie's *Twelve-Pound Look.* Thurs thru Sat at 8 p.m. 10/28-11/19. $2.50. New Media, 350 E 81st (249-9872).

Double Bill–Larry O'Connel's *The Haunting of Dowd's Landing,* and Abigail Quart's *Cassandra and Aaron.* Thurs thru Sun, thru 10/30, at 8 p.m. $2.50. Process Studio, 257 Church St (226-1124).

Drama Committee Repertory–G.B. Shaw's *Misalliance,* Thurs, Fri, Sat at 10:15, thru 12/17. Chekhov's *Ward Six,* Thurs, Fri, Sat at 7:30, thru 11/26. Aristophanes's *Lysistrata,* Tues & Wed, 8:45; Sat at 2:30, Sun at 2:30 & 5:30, thru 11/20. All shows $3. 17 W 20th St (929-8377).

Fashion–An early American satire by Anna Cora Mowatt, lampooning the nouveau riche of Victorian New York; directed by Allen Schoer. Tues thru Sat at 8 p.m. Thru 11/5. Walden SRO Theater, 1 W 88th (874-7995).

Feedlot–Five present-day cowboys are threatened by an explosion of violence in a cattle feedlot in West Texas, in a new play by Patrick Meyers, directed by Terry Schreiber. Thru 11/19. Circle Repertory Theater, 99 7th Ave So (924-7100).

Fishing–Michael Weller's play, directed by Ronald Hunter, offers a postgraduate glimpse of the 60's generation. Thru 11/1. Wed thru Sat at 8 p.m. Westbeth Theater Center, 151 Bank St (691-2272).

The Great American Singing Commercial–A satire, by Clark Kee and Alpha Walker, dwelling on American television; directed by Rachel Hockett. 10/26-29, 11/2-5, at 8 p.m. West-Park Theater, 165 W 86th (877-1671).

Housewife! Superstar!–Barry Humphiries plays Dame Edna Everage, housewife, and Les Patterson, Australian cultural attache. Tues thru Fri at 8; Sat at 7 & 10; Sun at 3 p.m. $12 to $8. Theater Four, 424 W 55th (391-0450).

The Infernal Machine–Jean Cocteau's treatment of the Oedipus legend. Thurs thru Sat at 8; Sun at 3; thru 10/30. $2.50. Meat and Potatoes Co., 58 W 39th (391-2346).

The Initiate–Mixed media performance, conceived and performed by Joan Evans, with music by Matthew Greenbaum. Thurs thru Sat at 10 p.m. Sun at 5 p.m. 11/3-27. $4. The Performing Garage, 33 Wooster St (966-3651).

Lady Windemere's Fan–Oscar Wilde's drawing-room comedy directed by Andres Castro. Fri, Sat & Sun, at 8 p.m. Thru 12/18. $3. West Side Repertory, 252 W 81st (666-3521).

Landscape of the Body–The main trouble with John Guare's new play is that it seems to be written out of no inner compulsion except to write yet another play, and that, generally speaking, is not enough. John Pasquin has directed the play as if he knew what he was directing, and there are some good performances, especially from Shirley Knight. It is a work that comes across as a five-finger exercise of which fingers at least four are thumbs. Public/Newman Theater, 425 Lafayette St (677-6350).

A Life in the Theater–Ellis Rabb and Peter Evans in David Mamet's new comedy, directed by Gerald Gutierrez. Theater de Lys, 121 Christopher St (WA 4-8782).

A Man and His Woman–Craig *(Outrageous!)* Russell stars in an evening of theater, music, and humor. Tues thru Thurs at 8 p.m. Fri & Sat at 7:30 & 10:30 p.m. Theater East, 211 E 60th (355-7025).

The Marriage of Mr. Mississippi–Friedrich Durrenmatt's study of four men—a revolutionary, a public prosecutor, a politician, and a count—fighting for the possession of one woman. Directed by Vasek Simek. Thurs thru Sun at 8 p.m. thru 11/13. $2.50. Perry St Theater, 31 Perry St (255-7190).

Matrix–An unlikely combination of misfits by Guthrie Nosanow. 10/27-30, 11/3-6, 11/10-13; Thurs thru Sat at 8 p.m. Sun at 3 p.m. $2.50. N.Y. Stageworks, 15 W 18th (243-8108).

A Midsummer Night's Dream–Shakespeare's comedy, directed by Kenneth Janes, performed by the Barnard College Theater Company, 10/25, 26, at 5:30;, 10/27, 28, 29, at 8 p.m. $2.50. Minor Latham Playhouse, West 119th & Bdway (280-2079).

The Misanthrope–A musical version of the Moliere comedy, with English verse translation by Richard Wilbur, and music by Margaret Pine; Directed by Leonardo Shapiro. Public/Anspacher Theater, 425 Lafayette St (677-6350).

Naked–Luigi Pirandello's play, starring Fran Brill, directed by Gene Feist. Tues thru Sat at 8; Wed, Sat & Sun at 2. Roundabout Stage Two, 307 W 26th (924-7160).

Night Shift–Rip Torn stars as Murphy, a metalworker who can cope with his job but can't handle his spare time. Wed thru Sat at 8 p.m. Wed at 2; Sun at 3. Thru 11/27. $6 ($3 to union members). Playhouse, 359 W 48th (477-0993).

Only a Woman–An original musical play by Morna Murphy and Ralph Martell is a love story set in the 1850s about women's rights leader Lucy Stone. Wed thru Fri at 7:30, Thru 11/4. Foundation Theater, 1147 1st Ave at 63rd (755-6020).

Out of Our Fathers' House–Eve Merriam's work, drawing on the diaries, journals, and letters of six women in American history prominent in science, labor, medicine, and religion. 10/25-30, 11/1-6, at 8 p.m. $3. Theater Riverside Church, 120th & Riverside Dr (864-2929).

The Passion of Dracula–A totally new version of the Count's adventures by Bob Hall and David Richmond. Christopher Bernau plays the toothy one. Peter Bennett directs. Cherry Lane Theater, 38 Commerce St (YU 9-2020).

Playwrights Horizons–Three plays in repertory thru Sam Shepard's *Angel City;* Len Jenkin's *Gogol,* and Lanie Robertson's *Back County Crimes.* $3. 416 W 42nd (LO 4-1235).

FOR STRINDBERG LOVERS

Neil McKenzie appears in Friedrich Durrenmatt's **Play Strindberg,** which, set in a boxing ring, promises to be the marriage-match of the century. With Tom Bade, Anita Keal, and Paul Rosson. Thru 11/14. $3. I.R.T. 120 West 28th Street (243-7494).

Play With a Tiger–Doris Lessing's dramatization of the characters and themes in The Golden Notebook. Thurs thru Sun, Thru 10/30. at 8 p.m. $2.50. Westbeth Theater Center, 151 Banks St (691-2272).

The Present Tense–An evening of comedy and song, in the form of a topical satirical musical revue. Tues thru Thurs & Sun evenings at 8:30, Fri & Sat at 8 & 10:30 p.m. $8.50 and $7. Park Royal Theater, 23 W 73rd (765-3022).

Rat's Nest–Neil and Joel Cohen's play, directed by Michael Murphy, about sex, drugs, and violence. Wed at 8:30, Thurs-Sat at 9:45. Thru 10/29. $2.50. Vandam Theater, 15 Vandam St (877-4644).

Reflections of a China Doll–Susan Merson's one-woman show telling of a talented girl growing up Jewish in the mid-West. Thurs thru Sun at 7:30. 10/27-30, 11/3-6. Ensemble Studio, 549 W 52nd (247-4982).

Repertory Theater–Jean Paul Sartre's *No Exit,* Fri & Sat at 7:30. Chekov's *A Marriage Proposal* and *The Boor,* Sun at 7:30. Both directed by Rose Lynch. Royal Playhouse, 219 Second Ave (GR 5-9647).

The Ritual–A musical to lift you up to a powerful experience of love. Saturdays at 8 p.m. and Sundays at 1:30 p.m. through October and November. National Black Theater, 9 E 125th St (534-9882).

Shakespeare in Repertory–*Hamlet,* Thurs and Sat, *Romeo and Juliet,* Fri & Sun at 7:30. Thru 10/30. $3. NYTE, 62 E 4th St (477-4120).

Second Wind–A play of oppression and power, written and directed by Terry Gregory. 10/26-11/6, at 8:30 321 E 73rd (741-1790).

Soho Repertory–10/28 at 8:30, 10/29 at 10:30, 10/30, at 7:30, *Peer Gynt.* 10/29, 10/30, at 7:30, *The Miser.* Soho Theater, 19 Mercer St (925-2588).

Spanish-Language Repertory–Trilogy of one-act plays: Tennessee Williams's *Esta Propiedad Esta Condenada;* Sebastian Salazar Bondy's *El De La Valija;* Carlos Solorzano's *Cruce de Vias.* Alejandro Casona's *La Dama Del Alba.* All play thru November. Nuestro Teatro, 277 Park Ave So (673-9430).

Springtime for Mahler–Don Kvares's romantic comedy, directed by him, about a couple who meet and fall in love to Mahler's 5th. 10/28-11/5, 8 p.m. White Mask Theater, 22 W 30th (868-3330).

Survival–Performed by four black South Africans who seem to have lived every syllable and phrase of it, this may not be much of a play, still less a musical, though the quartet sings slyly a capella, and dances with a fine, mocking grace. That the dung heap of

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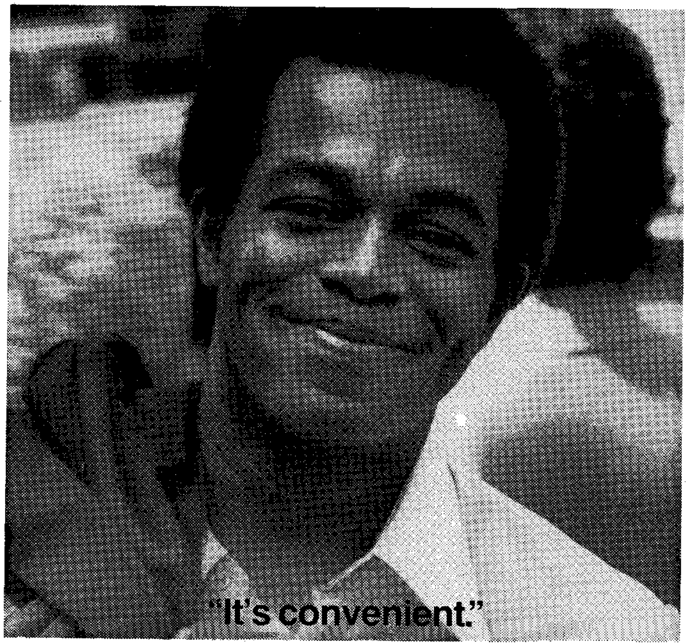
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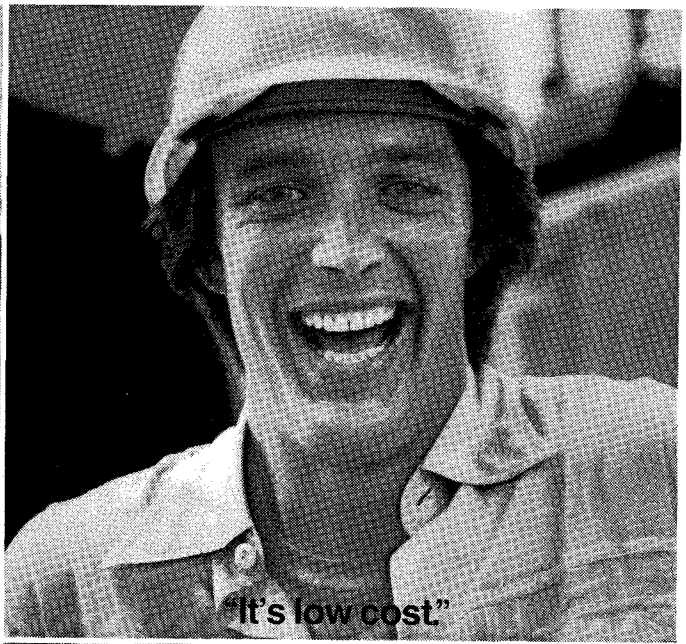
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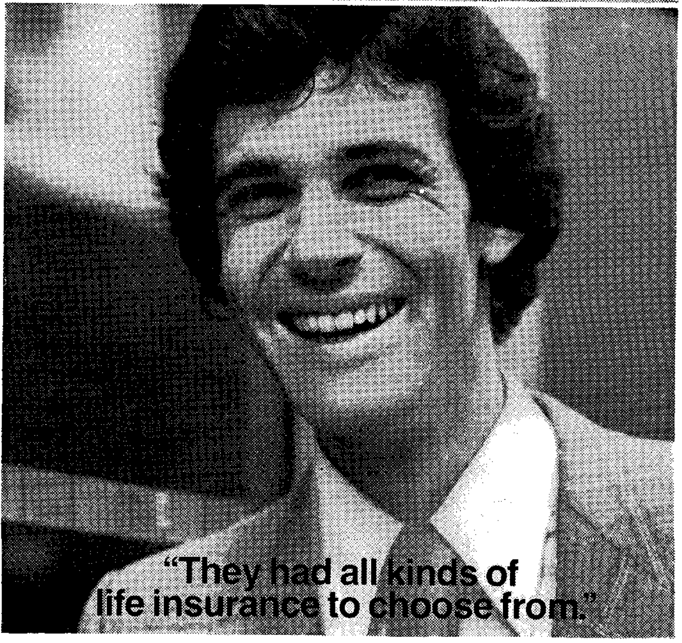
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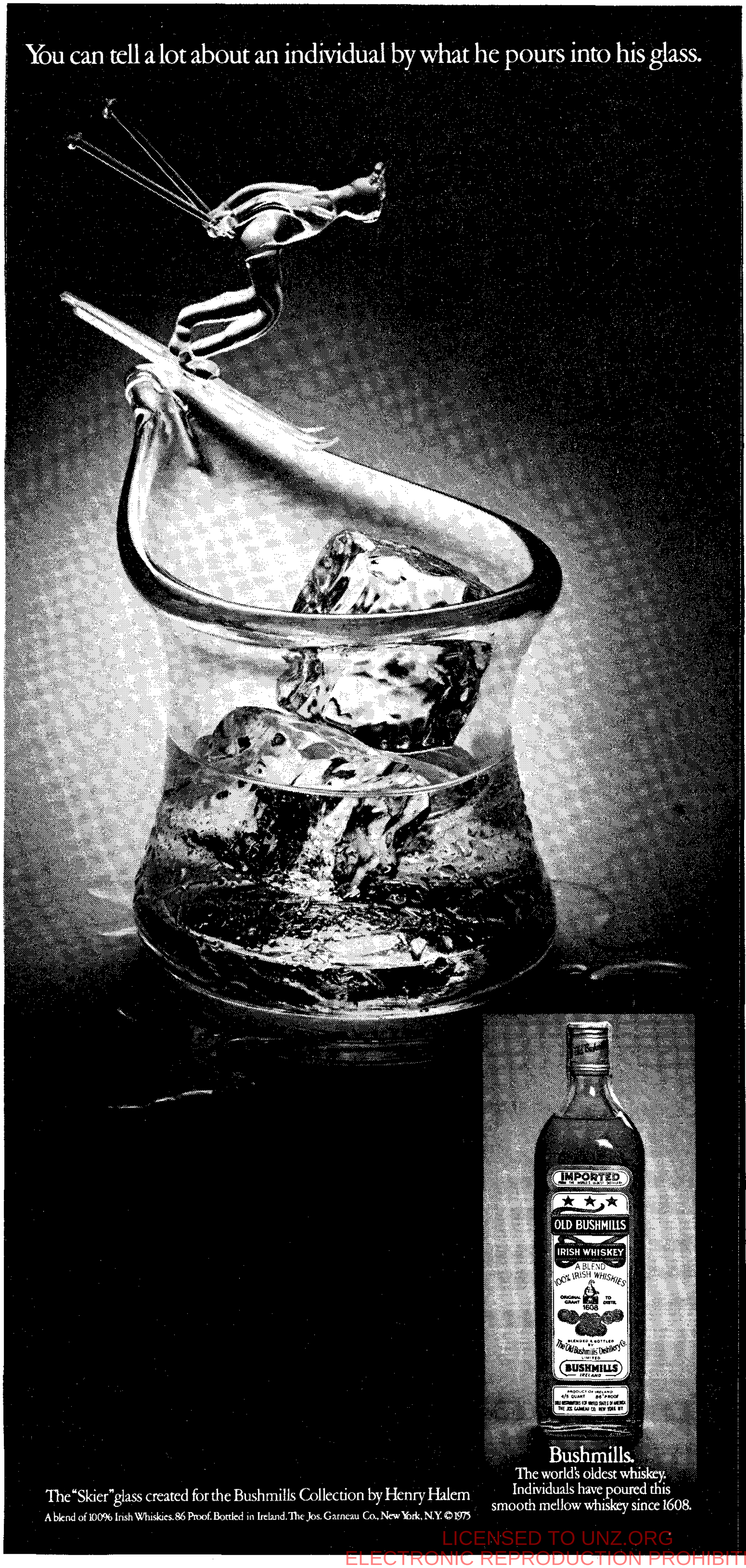

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white South African politics could produce the dignity and unflappable purposive laughter of these four gallent men—their agility of body and suppleness of mind and soul—should command our attention. Tues thru Fri at 8; Sat at 6 & 9; Sun at 3 & 8 p.m. Astor Place, 434 Lafayette St (254-4370).

Ten Little Indians–Agatha Christie's thriller directed by David McNitt. 10/27-29; 11/3-5, at 7:30. $4. Academy Arts, 330 E 56th (486-1431).

Thunderstorm–The Pan-Asian Repertory Theater, directed by Tisa Chang, presents this Tsao Yu drama, the first play by a mainland Chinese author to premiere in this country. Thurs thru Sun, 10/27-11/13. $2.50. La Mama, 74A E 4th St (475-7710).

Treats–Christopher Hampton's three-character play, directed by Michael Montel. Thru 10/30, Wed thru Sun at 8; Sun at 3; $4. Hudson Guild, 441 W 26th (760-9847).

Trial–Franz Kafka's work, directed by Andrew Loucka. Thru 11/6, Thurs thru Sun at 8:30. $2.50. Little Theater, 5 W 30th (564-0692).

Vanities–Three girls from Texas grow old but not up. Jack Heifner's attractive and nicely observed play covers familiar ground *(The Group, Grease, etc.)*, but Garland Wright's coiled-spring direction of a three-member cast (Sally Sockwell, Jane Galloway, Susan Merson) gives the work cogency and wit. Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St (541-8394).

JOY UNCONFINED

Mustapha Matura's serious comedy for two characters and a steel band, with **Lou Ferguson** (left) and **Leon Morenzie** as an aging calypso king and his disciple who collaborate on a new song. Plus a three-member steel band. Directed by Donald Howarth. Presented by the Chelsea Theater Center, at Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Avenue (783-5110).

The War of the Worlds–Stage adaptation of H.G. Wells's novel. Thurs thru Sun, thru 11/6. $3. Nat Horne Theater, 440 W 42nd (736-7128).

Ward Six–Arthur Reel's dramatization of an Anton Chekhov short story probes the thin line between sanity and insanity. Thurs thru Sat at 7:30. Drama Committee, 17 W 20th (929-8377).

The West Street Gang–Environmental gay theater piece by Doric Wilson, Thurs thru Sat at 8:30; Sun at 6 p.m. $4. Spike Bar, 11th Ave & W 20th (289-6740).

The White Whore and the Bit Player–Tom Eyen's play, directed by Ruth Evans; Thurs thru Sun at 8 p.m. Thru 10/30. $3. About a famous film star before and after she made it; what she imagined herself to be, and how the world saw her. NYTE, 62 E 4th (477-4120).

You Never Can Tell–A revival of the George Bernard Shaw play, directed by Tony Tanner. With Rachel *(Upstairs, Downstairs)* Gurney, Curt Dawson, Neil Fitzgerald, Ralph Clanton. Roundabout/Stage One, 333 W 23rd (924-7160)

Wonderful Lives–Musical about a gay man and straight woman and the men they love, written and directed by James Ferguson. Wed, Thurs, Sun at 8:30; Fri & Sat at 7 & 10:30 $6. Glines, 260 W Bdway at 6th Ave (925-2619).

New York Ticket Service

For free information regarding what tickets may be obtained for theater, dance and concerts, call 986-5872, Mon to Fri, 10 to noon; 2 to 6. New York Magazine will be happy to advise you.

After Dark

NIGHTCLUBS

Barbizon Plaza Library–6th Ave, betw 58th & 59th. Lively discotheque, open Mon thru Fri, 4:30 p.m. to 3 a.m.; Sat, 9 p.m.-3 a.m.; Sun, 8 p.m. to 2 a.m. (CI 7-7000).

Cachaça–403 E 62nd. Mirrors, marble-topped tables, potted palms, gray velvet Chesterfield sofas, and singer Joyce Silveira with dancing to the Helcio Milito nine-piece band, who play popular Brazilian music, every night from 10 to 4 a.m. (688-8501).

Catch a Rising Star–1487 1st Ave. Continuous entertainment by comics and singers Tues thru Sun, with steadies Pat Benatar and David Sayh (794-1906).

La Chansonette–890 2nd Ave. French boite with Rita Dimitri singing the songs of Piaf, Aznavour, and Jacques Brel. Dancing, Tues thru Sat. Dardanelle at the piano Mondays (PL 2-7320).

Chateau Madrid–48th St & Lex. Hot Sugar, a revue starring 21 singers, dancers, and musicians, plays thru October. From 11/1, a two-part revue, with "Violins of Lima," singer Hilda Bracero, that great bongo and conga drum artist Candido, with his trio. Juan Salazar and his orchestra play for the show and dancing. Shows 9:30 & midnight Tues thru Fri, 3 shows on Saturday. Closed Monday (PL 2-8080).

Cleo's–Bdway at 63rd St opposite Lincoln Center. Mabel Mercer, nonpareil cafe singer and living legend, is here and doing well (724-6301).

Club Ibis–151 E 50th. Egyptian decor, international cuisine, and a revue with belly-dancers and whirling dervishes. Two orchestras for dancing. Showtimes 9:30 & 12:30. Closed Sunday (753-3471).

Comic Strip–1568 Second Ave. Restaurant, comedy spot with an improvisational entertainment, Sun thru Fri, fun starts at 9; Sat at 9 & 12:15 (861-9386).

Copacabana–10 E 60th. Restaurant-discotheque with entertainment. 10/28, 29, singer Debbie Williams. The Irving Fields Trio plays nightly for dancing. Downstairs: Disco, Fri & Sat. Closed Sundays (PL5-6010).

Dionysos–304 E 48th. Stelios, a band for Greek dancing. Elena Voulgari entertains nightly. Interesting decor, and international cuisine (758-8240).

Hippopotamus II–405 E 62nd A pretty place with a fireplace, an English club atmosphere, and a fine chef. Plus disco-dancing from 10 to 4 a.m. nightly (486-1566).

Improvisation–358 W 44. Comics and singing waitresses all night long, seven days a week; food; and total informality (765-8268).

Jimmy Weston's–131 E 54th. Jazz singer Marilyn Walter appears nightly except Sundays at 9 & 11 p.m. and 1 a.m. thru 11/5, with the Tommy Furtado Trio Tues thru Sat and the Bernie Leighton Quartet on Sun and Mon (838-8384).

Koatails–1189 First Avenue. New discotheque, right out of Busby Berkeley, tuxedoed waitresses, demonstrations of period dances (535-6423).

Mamma Leone's–239 W 48th. Lavish cuisine with continuous entertainment by singers and guitarists and accordionists (JU 6-5151).

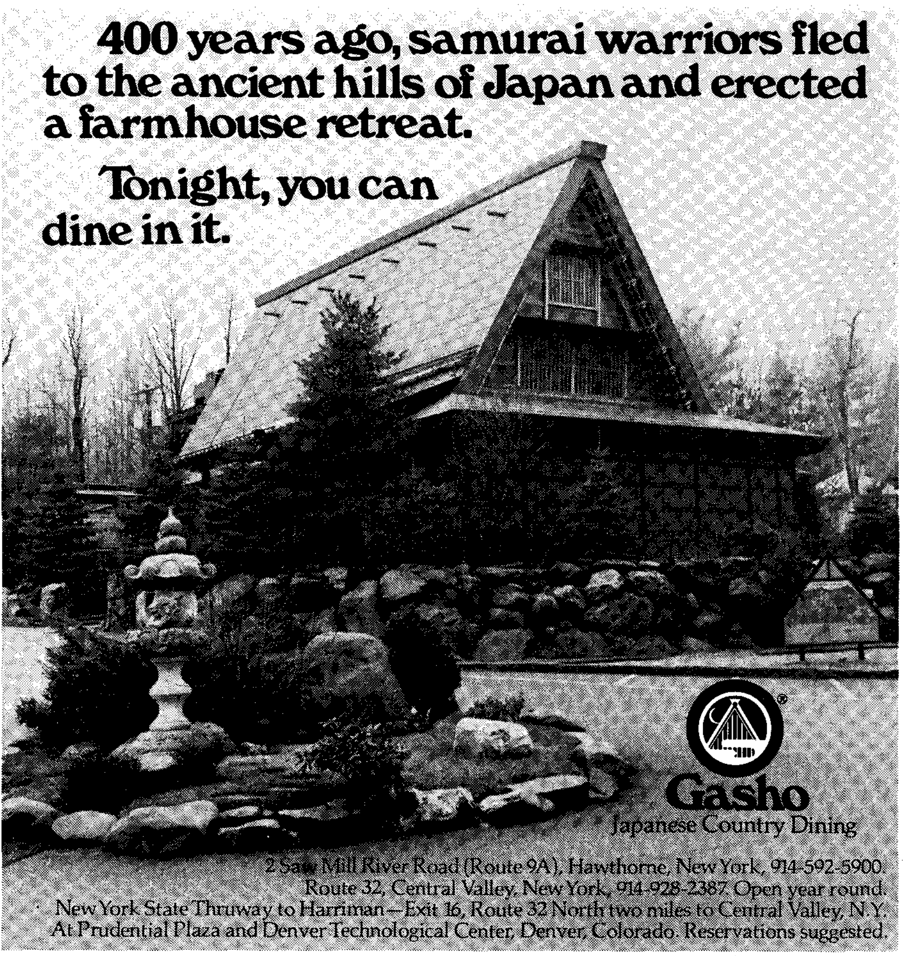
Lorelei–233 E 86th. Viennese cuisine, a large dance floor, and the Hof Brau Revue every night at 8 p.m. (722-9897).

Les Mareyeurs–998 Madison, betw 77th & 78th. Elegant French seafood spot, with singer Terry Hammond at the keyboard Mon thru Sat (628-3333).

Once Upon a Stove–325 Third Avenue. Restaurant-cum-antique shop. Caberet '77, a 90-minute songfest with a five-member cast, Tues thru Sat at 9, with an added 11 p.m. showing Thurs, Fri & Sat (683-0044).

L'Oubliette–2 W 55th. Soul French discotheque with fine music and atmosphere (265-1595).

Playboy Club–5 E 59th. In the Playroom: Mon thru Thurs, 8:45 & 11:30; Fri & Sat 8:30, 10:30 & 12:45; Sun, 8:45 & 11 p.m. Thru 10/23, magician Harry Blackstone Jr., 10/24-11/1, Minsky's Burlesque (PL 2-3100).



400 years ago, samurai warriors fled to the ancient hills of Japan and erected a farmhouse retreat.

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Rainbow Room–65th floor, Rockefeller Plaza. Exquisite, enormous dining and dancing room, with a view of the entire world, almost. Here, for an extended engagement, Sy Oliver and his orchestra (PL 7-9090).

Reflections–40 E 58th. Attractive bi-level discotheque, open Wed, Fri & Sat from 10 to 4 a.m. (MU 8-3365).

Roma di Notte–137 E 55th Italian cabaret with hide-away caves for private dining. Dancing to the Roma 88 orchestra, plus strolling musicians from 8 p.m. to 2 a.m. Closed Sundays (832-1128).

Roseland Dance City–239 W 52nd. Ballroom open Wednesday thru Sunday from 6:30 to midnight. From 2 p.m. Thursdays and weekend. American orchestras alternate with Latin bands (CI 7-0200).

Shepheard's–At the Drake, 440 Park Ave. Thru 11/5, Sunny Days perform nightly at 9:30, 11:30 & 1:15 a.m. Closed Sundays (421-0900).

Sirocco–29 E 29th. Greek-Israeli nightclub, with dining, dancing and a revue headlined by Aris San and Vicky Michail, one of Greece's leading singers (683-9409).

Starship Discovery–350 W 42nd, betw 8th & 9th. Futuristic discotheque in a three-floor entertainment complex, with top names in the live and disco worlds (695-1114).

Touches–190 Third, at 17th. Discotheque, all scintillation, and mirrors, downstairs from that estimable eatery known as Tuesdays (533-7902).

La Vie En Rose–227 E 56th. *Pouff,* a musical revue with a cast of twenty-five. Mon thru Sat at 9:30; and at 11:30. Disco dancing and dining before and after show (755-1820).

THE HOTEL ROOMS

Biltmore, 43rd St & Madison (678-7000). **Under the Clock:** The Phillips Brothers, Al on piano and organ and Perry, the drummer, Mon thru Fri, 8 p.m. thru 1 a.m. **The Guard Room:** pianist Theresa Kelly, 6 p.m. to 11 p.m. Mon thru Fri.

Carlyle, Madison Ave & 77th (744-1600). **The Cafe:** The fabulous Bobby Short is here; Tues thru Sat from 9:30 p.m. Monday nights Bobby is replaced by Michael Carney with a nightclub act. **Bemelmans Bar:** Marian McPartland, first lady of jazz, plays Tues thru Fri from 9 p.m.

Pierre, 5th Ave & 61st St (838-8000). **The Cafe:** Bucky Pizzarelli, who, plays a seven string guitar and needs no accompaniment, has exemplary support nonetheless in pianist Tony Monte and bassist Ron Napso, Tues thru Sat, 8:30 to 12:30. Sun & Mon, Steve Weltner, on piano.

Sheraton, 55th & 7th Ave (247-8000). **Sally's:** Turn of the century lounge-cabaret, with entertainment nightly. From 9:30 to 1:30 except Sun, Thru 11/13, Head Over Heels. **The Falstaff Room:** Pianist Yvette Souviron, 6:30 to 11:30, Mon thru Fri.

Sherry Netherlands, 5th Ave at 59th St (759-9020). **Le Petit Restaurant:** Pianist Cyril Haynes plays Mon & Tues and pianist Earl Rose plays pop, classical tunes, Wed thru Fri, 8 to 1 a.m.

St. Regis-Sheraton, 5th Ave & 55th (PL 3-4500). **Maisonette:** The Peter Duchin Quartet, directed by Mark Shane, 9 p.m. to 2 a.m. nightly except Sunday. Ray Hartley at the piano, from 5 to 9, Mon thru Fri. Dining and dancing 9 p.m. to 2 a.m. nightly except Sunday.

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Ali's Alley–77 Greene St. Joe Lee Wilson, an energetic, quite original singer with a booming voice and a sunny disposition is here thru 10/29, with his fine band, Bond Street (226-9042).

Angry Squire–216 7th Ave at 23rd. Restaurant with jazz Fri and Sat, 9 to 3 a.m. Bassist Bob Cunningham, pianist Ron Burton, and drummer Crossley Payton (242-9066).

Arthur's Tavern–57 Grove St. Dixieland on Monday evenings with the Grove Street Stompers at home base from 9:15 until 1 a.m. Mabel Godwin at the piano Tues thru Sat, 9 to 3 a.m. (CH 2-9468).

Assembly–16 W 51st. Pleasant restaurant, with singer-pianist Marty Berns playing Mon thru Fri until 10 p.m., scores of hit movies, Beatle songs, requests (581-3580).

Axis in Soho–463 W. Broadway. Hamiet Bluiett, a potent force on baritone sax, has a challenging rhythm section in Cecil McBee, Beaver Harris, and Dave Burrell, 10/28, 29 (228-0882).

The Ballroom–458 W Bdway. Thru 10/29, singer Lee Horwin entertains, at 8:30 & 10:30 Tues thru Thurs, and Fri & Sat at 9:30 & 11:30 (473-9367).

Barbarann–349 W 46th. Singer Brian Gari and Robin Kaiser on Wednesdays (10/26, 11/2, 9, 16,) at 8 p.m. (541-6150).

Bar None–167 E 33rd. Dardenelle, a feather-fingered pianist and engaging singer, seems to have established a permanent residency in this restaurant (684-3223).

Beefsteak Charlie's Jazz Emporium–230 Park Ave. 10/26-29, Roland Hanna, at 9 p.m. Wed, Thurs. 10 p.m. Fri & Sat. (675-4720).

Bondini's–62 W 9th. A Mediterranean dining grotto, with pianist Norman Rollins doing Porter, Romberg, Rodgers, and other masters, from 7 p.m. on (777-0670).

Christy's Skylite Gardens–64 W 11th. Charming restaurant filled with plants, and music nightly (673-5720).

The Cookery–University Pl at 8th St. Alberta Hunter, a near legendary, bewitching singer of blues, ballads, and optimistic standards of another era, here thru 11/19. She is abetted by Jimmy Rowles and Al Hall, and is simply not to be missed (OR 4-4450).

NEW ORLEANS JAZZ

A veteran horn blower, a trumpet star par excellence, **Doc Cheatham** takes over at **Crawdaddy,** 45th and Vanderbilt (889-8331) for a month, along with Chuck Folds at the piano and Jackie Williams on drums. Monday through Friday, from 6:30 until 11:30 p.m.

Daly's Daffodil–59th St & First. Pianist-arranger-composer Ellis Larkins plays Tues thru Sat from 9 p.m. until forever (688-0018).

Eddie Condon's–144 W 54th. Red Balaban and his Cats. 10/25, soprano saxist Kenny Davern sits in with trumpeter PeeWee Erwin. 10/30, tenor saxist Scott Hamilton Quintet with trumpeter Warren Vaché (265-8277).

Grand Finale–210 W 70th. Gotham (three handsome men) here 10/31-11/5. Showtimes are at 9 p.m. and 11:45 (595-4206).

Gregory's–First Ave at 63rd. Wed thru Sun, 10 p.m. to 3 a.m., Hod O'Brien Trio. Mon & Tues, 10 to 3, Al Haig Trio. Mon thru Sat, 5 to 10, Gene Roland Trio (371-2220).

Hopper's–452 Sixth Ave. 10/29, Jon Hendricks, formerly of Lambert, Hendricks & Ross, whose forte is putting lyrics to improvised jazz solos, has a revue with his wife and daughters. This is his first East Coast appearance in years. Showtime 9:30 & 11:30, Fri & Sat at 1 a.m. also (260-0250).

Jimmy Ryan's–154 W 54th. The electrifying Roy Eldridge is here, with the excellent rhythm section of Eddie Locke and Ted Sturgis, and the music is everything but complacent. On Mondays, another crackling veteran, Max Kaminsky holds forth (664-9700).

Larson's–1160 Third Ave. Brooks Kerr, a gifted disciple of lyric stride piano, a natural singer, and a walking file cabinet of pop and jazz tunes no one else plays, is in deft command of a quartet (with reedman Russell Procope, bassist Aaron Bell and drummer Shelton Gary) Thursdays thru Sundays. On Tuesdays and Wednesdays he duets with Bell, an irristably authoritative musician with lovely touch and perfect time (744-2540).

ichael's Pub–211 E 55th. A musical look at the treatment of women in the music and lyrics of our time called *The Ms. in Music,* is here nightly from 9:15 p.m. thru 11/5. Mary Mayo heads the revue (PL 8-2272).

Lunney's–915 Second Ave. betw 48th & 49th. Reasonably-priced eatery where you can dance and listen to country and western music. Mon thru Sat from 9; Sun from 7 is for bluegrass. (751-5470).

ıde's–160 E 48th St. A new split-level dining room with a dance floor and lounge. New Dawn, a vocal-instrumental quartet in the main room. The illustrious pianist-singer Bill Russell in the lounge (752-0200).

ınte's–39 Desbrosses St, two blocks below Canal. talian cuisine; every night but Monday, Dino Palermo and his guitar plus strolling violinists Frank and Andy on Fri & Sat. Closed Sundays (CA 6-4621).

ryker's–103 W 86. Mondays, Dave Matthews Big Band. Tuesdays & Wednesdays, Lee Konitz band, Thurs thru Sat, Chet Baker Quartet (874-8754).

e Third Phase–Bdway & W 111th. 10/28, 29, The Countsmen. 10/23-25, No Gap Generation Jazz Band. 10/26, 27, Swing to Bop Quintet (740-3423).

ıde Heller's–W 9th St & 6th Ave. Singer Vida performs here nightly at 9:30, together with Elephant's Memory, thru 10/25. 10/26-11/13, a rock n' roll septet named Pure Energy (254-8346).

lage Gate–160 Bleecker. From 11/1, Ron Eliran stars in *Nightsong,* an evening consisting of his own music (a mixture of folk, folk rock, and contemporary), with Holly T. Lipton, Joy Kohner, and Dian Sorel, plus a 5-piece back-up group. Tues thru Sat at 8 p.m. Sun at 5 & 7:30 (473-7270).

lage Vanguard–178 7th Ave So. 10/31 & 11/7, Thad Jones & Mel Lewis Big Band. 11/1-6, the Louis Hayes Quartet (AL 5-4037).

PECIAL EVENTS, CONCERTS, OPERA, SPORTS
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Special Events

GIFTED HORSE

The 94th edition of the **National Horse Show** opens November 1 at Madison Square Garden and continues thru November 6 with three shows daily at 9, 2 & 7:30. This year's show features championship international jumping, as well as open jumper, hunter, and saddle horse competitions. Also, the Tempel Lipizzans will perform their drills at each performance (564-4400).

ıtlemania, Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway (245-4878); Tues-Fri at 8, Sat at 7 & 10, Sun at 3 7:30.

tor Borge/Marylyn Mulvey, Imperial Theater, 249 W 45th St. (265-2314). Tues-Sat at 8, matinees Wed & Sat at 2, Sun at 3. Thru 10/30.

ig Russell, Theater East, 211 E 60th St. (355-025), 10/25-27 at 8, 10/28-29 at 7:30 & 10:30, 0/30 & 11/1 at 8.

ı King/Robert Merrill, Westbury Music Fair, 10/4-28 at 8:30, 10/29 at 7 & 10:30, 10/30 at 7:30.

nmenschanz, Bijou Theater, Bdwy at 45th St. 21-8500). Tues-Fri at 8, Sat at 2 & 8, Sun at 3.

ional Horse Show, Madison Square Garden (564-400); 11/1-6, at 9, 2 & 7:30.

ge Halloween Parade, 10/31 at 5:30. The parade starts at Westbeth, 155 Bank St., and will end thru the streets of Greenwich Village before ending at Washington Square Park.

LA BELLA ELLA

Ella Fitzgerald headlines a festival of all-star jazz this week at the Westbury Music Fair. Count Basie and his orchestra, Oscar Peterson, and Dizzy Gillespie will join Ella for a series of eight concerts. Performances are as follows: Tuesday, 11/1 thru Friday, 11/4 at 8:30, Saturday, 11/5 at 7 & 10:30, and Sunday, 11/6 at 3 & 7:30 (516-333-0533).

Concerts

Tuesday, October 25

Philadelphia Orchestra, Carnegie Hall, at 8.
Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, Alice Tully Hall, at 7:30.
Calliope, 92nd St. Y, at 7:30.
ILGWU Retirees Concert, Avery Fisher Hall, at 12:45.
Earl Wrightson & Lois Hunt, Town Hall, at 2.
New York Philharmonic, Avery Fisher Hall, 7:30.
New York Kammermusiker, Liederkranz Foundation, 6 E 87th St. (840-1234), at 8.
Robert White/Eugenia Zukerman/Samuel Sanders, 92nd St. Y, at 9.
Boston Pops Orchestra, Radio City Music Hall, 8.
Frank Avrio, oboe, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8.
Open Book Ensemble, Lincoln Center Library, at 4.

Wednesday, October 26

The Fine Arts Quartet, 92nd St. Y, at 8.
Jazz Concert, Avery Fisher Hall, at 8.
Judith Cohen, Town Hall, at 5:45.
Juilliard Student Concert, Alice Tully Hall, at 1.
Boston Symphony Orchestra, Carnegie Hall, at 8.
Municipal Chamber Orchestra, Stephen Wise Free Synagogue, 30 W 68th St. (682-6567), at 1:30.
Open Book Ensemble, Lincoln Center Library, at 4.
Musica Aeterna, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.

Thursday, October 27

New York Philharmonic, Avery Fisher Hall, 8:30.
Boston Symphony Orchestra, Carnegie Hall, at 8.
Chicago, Nassau Coliseum, at 8.
Johanna Meier, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.
Joan Jonas, The Kitchen, at 8:30.

Friday, October 28

New York Philharmonic, Avery Fisher Hall, 8:30.
Milwaukee Symphony Orchestra, Carnegie Hall, 8.
Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.
Joan Jonas, The Kitchen, at 8:30.
Kool and the Gang/Wild Cherry, Nassau Coliseum, at 8:30.
Joy Frank & Julia Shelley, Lincoln Center Library, 4.
Oral Caress, Town Hall, at 8:30.
Concert Social, Marymount Manhattan College, 221 E 71st St. (749-5464), at 8:30.
Lorraine Falberg & Harry Fuchs, Cooper Union Forum, Third Ave. at 7th St. (254-6300), at 8.
Michael Rogers, piano, Brooklyn College Gershwin Theater, at 8.
New York Baroque Ensemble, St. Joseph's Church, Sixth Ave. at Waverly Pl. (799-7890), at 8.
Erick Friedman & Joseph Bloom, Jack Kahn Piano, 158 W 55th St. (265-1489), at 7.

Saturday, October 29

New York Philharmonic, Avery Fisher Hall, at 8:30.
Joan Jonas, The Kitchen, at 8:30.
Hye Young Choi, Lincoln Center Library, at 2:30.

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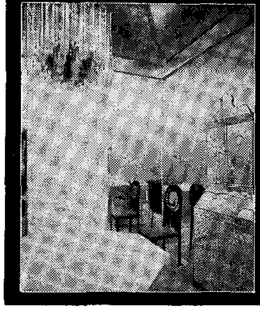

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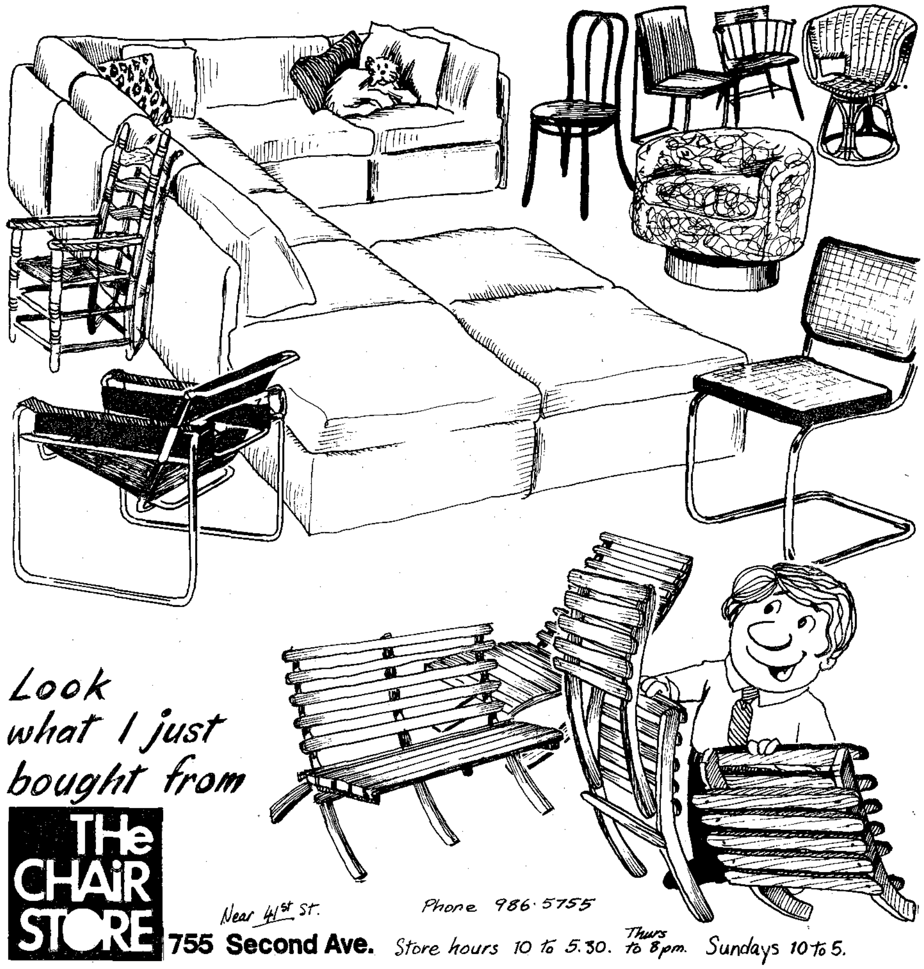
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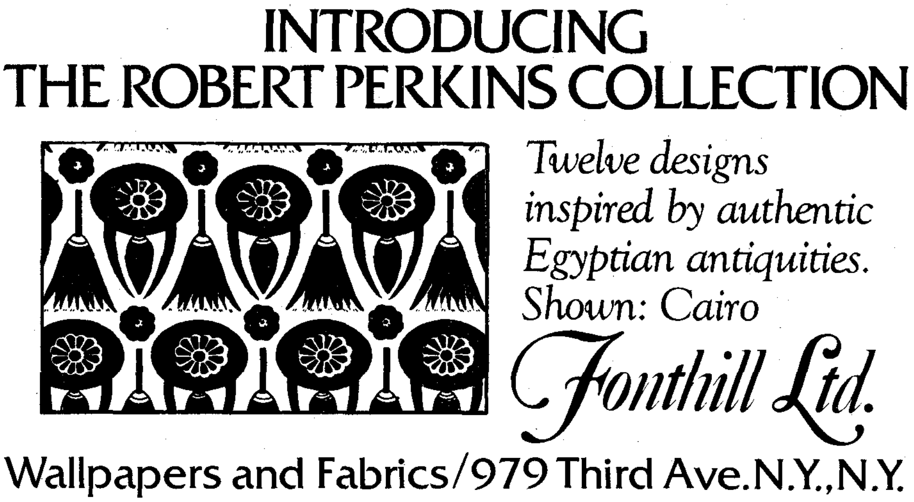
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Judith Blazer & Aldis Lagzdins, Alice Tully Hall, 3.
Los Calchakis Wind Ensemble, Carnegie Hall, at 8.
Chamber Music Recital, 92nd St. Y, at 8.
Dimitri, mime, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.
Competition Winners' Concert, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 2.
Michael Finckel, cello, Theodore Roosevelt Birthplace, 28 E 20th St. (865-3571), at 2.
Concert Party, Barbizon, Lexington Ave. at 63rd St. (873-5173), at 8:30.
Svetlana Eyreinoff, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 5:30.
Our Bach Concert, Alice Tully Hall, at midnight.
Siu-Hang Lai & Euphemia Lai, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8:30.

Sunday, October 30

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, Alice Tully Hall, at 5.
David Rubinstein, piano, Federal Hall National Memorial, 26 Wall St. (865-3571), at 2.
Miriam Scott & Chamber Ensemble, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 2:30.
Patti La Belle, Avery Fisher Hall, at 8.
Joan Jonas, The Kitchen, at 8:30.
Lazar Berman, Carnegie Hall, at 3.
Boston Symphony Chamber Players, 92nd St. Y, 3.
Frederica Von Stade & Richard Goode, Town Hall, at 2:30.
Pernucio Ensemble, Corpus Christi Church, 121st St. at Broadway, at 3.
Julio Iglesias, Madison Square Garden, at 1:30.
Cleveland Quartet, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.
Karlis Bauers, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 5:45.
Anne-Marie Hudley, Town Hall, at 7:30.
Concert Choir of Jersey City State College, St. Peter's Church, 346 W 20th St. (929-2390), at 4.
New Amsterdam Symphony Orchestra, Universalist *Church, CPW at 76th St. (472-3096), at 4:30.*
Patricia Deckert, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8:30.
Heavenly Jazz, Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. (369-8040), at 5.

Monday, October 31

Chicago Symphony Orchestra, Carnegie Hall, at 8.
Robert White/Albert Fuller/Fortunato Arico/Samuel Sanders, 92nd St. Y, at 8.
Miles Fusco, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8.
Patti La Belle, Avery Fisher Hall, at 8.
Arnold Burton, Lincoln Center Library, at 4.

Tuesday, November 1

Eubie Blake, Town Hall, at 2.
Chicago Symphony Orchestra, Carnegie Hall, at 8.
Carol Rosenberger, piano, Alice Tully Hall, at 8.
New York Philharmonic, Avery Fisher Hall, 7:30.
The Music Project, Town Hall, at 7:30.
Elsa Charlston, Carnegie Recital Hall, at 8.
American String Quartet, Mannes College of Music 157 E 74th St. (737-0700), at 8.

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Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave (636-4100).
Brooklyn College, Whitman Hall & Gershwin Theater, Campus Rd & Hillel Pl (859-1180).
Carnegie Hall and Carnegie Recital Hall, Seventh Ave at 57th (247-7459).
City Center, 131 W 55th (246-8989).
Jazz Museum, 236 W 54th (765-2150).
The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. (925-3615).
Lincoln Center: Alice Tully Hall, 1941 Broadway (362-1911). Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center Plaza (874-2424). Library-Museum, 111 Amsterdam Avenue (799-2200). Metropolitan Opera House (799-3100). New York State Theater (877-4727).
Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave at 33rd (563-8000).
Nassau Coliseum, *Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale,* L.I. (516-794-9100).
92nd St. Y, at Lexington Ave. (427-6000).
Radio City Music Hall, 1260 Sixth Ave. (246-4600).
Town Hall, 123 W 43rd (582-4536).
Westbury Music Fair, Brush Hollow Rd., Westbury, L.I. (516-333-0533).

Opera

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SUPERB SOPRANO

Teresa Stratas is Mélisande in the Metropolitan Opera's production of *Pelléas et Mélisande.* The opera will be performed this week at 8 on Wednesday and Friday. Raymond Gibbs is Pelléas. The cast also includes Claudine Carlson, José Van Dam, and Jerome Hines. James Levine conducts; Fabrizio Melano directs; sets and costumes by Desmond Heeley (799-3100).

es, 10/25 at 8: **La Bohème** with Scotto, Costa, uchetti, Edwards. Conductor: Conlon; director: elano; designer: Pizzi. Wed, 10/26 at 8: **Pelléas t Mélisande** with Stratas, Carlson, Gibbs, Van am. Conductor: Levine; director: Melano; designer: eeley. Thurs, 10/27 at 8: **Boris Godunov** with alvela, Ochman, Nagy, Atherton. Conductor: Kord; lirector: Everding; designers: Lee & Hall. Fri, 10/28 t 8: **Pelléas et Mélisande** (same cast as 10/26). at, 10/29 at 2: **Eugene Onegin** with Zylis-Gara, uivar, Milnes, Gedda. Conductor: Levine; director: gesz; designers: Gérard & Diffen. Sat, 10/29 at 8: **a Bohème** (same cast as 10/25). Mon, 10/31 at :30: **Rigoletto** with Cotrubas, Quivar, Domingo, lacNeil. Conductor: Levine; director: Dexter; designer: Moiseiwitsch. Tues, 11/1 at 8: **Boris Godunov** (same cast as 10/27. Raitzin for Atherton).

NEW YORK CITY OPERA
NEW YORK STATE THEATER

s, 10/25 at 8: **La Fanciulla des West** with Niska, legierski, Mauro, Chapman. Conductor: Comisiona; director: Corsaro; designers: O'Hearn & less. Wed, 10/26 at 8: **The Voice of Ariadne** with larey, Bible, Walker, Bianci. Conductor: Musgrave; irector: Graham; designer: Toms. Thurs, 10/27 at : **L'Incoronazione di Poppea** with Wyner, Bible, haulis, Rolandi. Conductor: Mauceri; director: reedman; designers: Evans & Varona. Fri, 10/28 at : **Rigoletto** with Malfitano, Walker, Kehrig, Toro. onductor: Pallo; director: Corsaro; designers: vans & Varona. Sat, 10/29 at 2: **The Pirates of enzance** with Rolandi, Costa-Greenspon, Kehrig, alker. Conductor: Somogi; director: Eddleman; esigners: Evans & Campbell. Sat, 10/29 at 8: **La raviata** with Robinson, Hegierski, Toro, Trussel. onductor: Pallo; director: Corsaro; designers: letcher & Campbell. Sun, 10/30 at 1: **The Magic lute** with Wyner, Lindsley, Sheil, Zannoth. Conducr: Pallo; director: Rudel; designer: Montresor. Sun, /30 at 7: **The Marriage of Figaro** with Meier, alfitano, Esham, Shaulis. Conductor: Somogi; dictor: Copley; designer: Toms. Tues, 11/1 at 8: **ie Fledermaus** with Armstrong, Rolandi, Price, ensel. Conductor: Pallo; director: Freedman; degners: Evans & Aldredge.

OTHER

ato Opera, 319 Bowery (228-8200). *Cosi Fan utte,* 10/29 at 7:30, 10/30 at 2:30.

den Fleece Ltd., Calvary Episcopal Church, 61 ramercy Park North (691-6105). *Antigone* and *ecret of Suzanne,* 10/29 at 2:30 & 8, 10/30 at 30, 10/31 at 8.

t Opera of Manhattan, 334 E 74th St. (563-10). *Ruddigore,* 10/26 at 2 & 8:30, 10/27-28 at 30, 10/29 at 4 & 8:30, 10/30 at 4.

York Chamber Opera, Bank St. College, 610 W 2th St. (663-6021), *Little Red Riding Hood,* 10/30 4.

York Gilbert & Sullivan Players, B'nai Jeshurun ommunity Center, 270 W 89th St. (724-9159). *The ikado,* 10/26-29 at 8, 10/30 at 3.

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Dance

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Art

*Galleries are open Tues-Sat from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.
Asterisk denotes shows of special distinction.
Send listings to Holly Pinto,* New York *Magazine, 755 Second Ave., NYC 10017, one month before show's opening. Do not phone.*

SOLOS

57th STREET

Baj/Jeff Hoare–Multiples, including 3D objects/Water abstractions on paper, thru 11/4. Arras, 29 W 57th (421-1177).

Peter A. Barrett–Canvas stretched over wood armatures, thru 10/29. Nobé, 250 W 57th (581-7060).

***Lovis Corinth**(1858-1925)–Works after 1912 including Walchensee landscape, still lifes, and the 1922 Goeritz portrait, thru 11/11. Frumkin, 50 W 57th (757-6655).

Gerard Economos–Lyric space abstractions, thru 11/12. Findlay, 17 E 57th (HA1-5390).

Yrjö Edelmann–Trompe l'oeil from Finland, 11/1-12/3. Heidenberg, 50 W 57th (586-3808).

Peter Ellenshaw–Ireland and California, thru 11/5 Hammer, 51 E 57th (644-4400).

***Marcel Gromaire/Georges Rouault**(1871-1958)-Etchings for *Macbeth*/Graphics for *Les Fleurs du Mal,* thru 11/19. Sumers, 50 W 57th (541-8334).

Karen Gunderson–Gouache on paper and acrylic on canvas, thru 10/28. Cortella, 41 E 57th (832-2355)

Tony Hepburn–Explorations in clay by this Britisher thru 11/19. Portnoy, 56 W 57th (757-0461).

David Hockney–New paintings, drawings, and prints 10/29-11/16. Emmerich, 41 E 57th (PL2-0124).

***Howard Hodgkin**–Abstract color paintings from England, thru 11/16. Emmerich, 41 E 57th (PL2-0124)

Richard Hunt–Recent sculpture, thru 11/19. Dorsky 4 W 57th (489-1020).

Mollyne Kannofsky–Paper environment, thru 10/29 Viridian, 24 W 57th (245-2882).

***Ed Kerns**–Layers of cloth, fabric, and paint stitche together, thru 11/5. Esman, 29 W 57th (421-9490

***Ibram Lassaw**–Welded brass, bronze, and copper sculpture, thru 11/12. Zabriskie, 29 W 57th (832-9034).

***George McNeil**–Recent Abstract-Expressionist images and impacts thru 11/18. Berman, 50 W 57t (757-7630).

***Alice Trumbull Mason**(1904-1971)–Biomorphic wor from the late 30s and geometric abstractions, thru 10/29. Washburn, 42 E 57th (753-0546).

Georgette Pascotto–Color-filled landscapes, st lifes, and portraits, thru 11/12. Viridian, 24 W 57 (245-2882).

Henry Pearson–Silkscreens using a dark rectangle and master works, thru 11/5. Truman, 38 E 57 (688-3516).

Waldo Peirce(1884-1970)–American impressionism, 11/1-26. Midtown, 11 E 57th (PL8-1900).

Albert Sharp–The Hamptons, 10/27-11/26. Eric, 61 E 57th (371-9270).

Theo Stavropoulos–Paintings and drawings, 10/29-11/23. Alonzo, 30 W 57th (586-2500).

Janet Stayton–Worksheets and paintings, thru 11/12. Hamilton, 20 W 57th (765-5915).

Helen Thomas–Hard-edged eclipse, thru 11/3. Phoenix, 30 W 57th (245-5095).

Mario Toral–The human landscape, thru 11/4. Dintenfass, 50 W 57th (581-2268).

***Joaquín Torres-García**–Symbolizing constructivist canvases with modeled surfaces from 1929-1943, thru 10/29. Janis, 6 W 57th (586-0110).

Nancy Wissemann-Widrig–Figurative interiors, thru 10/27. deNagy, 29 W 57th (421-3780).

MADISON AVE & VICINITY

Pierre Alechinsky–Works, 11/1-12/10. Lefebre, 47 E 77th (744-3384).

***Eleanor Antin**–A color video drama with cardboard sets and hand-painted paper dolls, thru 10/29. Feldman, 33 E 74th (249-4050). Mon-Sat 10-5:30.

Jane B. Armstrong–Stone animals, thru 11/4. Rehn, 655 Mad Ave (753-4694).

Peter Arno–Three decades of cartoons, 1929-1959, thru 11/5. Nicholls, 1014 Mad at 78th (472-0211).

***Pierre Bonnard**(1867-1947)–Paintings and drawings, including *Nude in Tub*, 1918, and *Self-Portrait With Open Collar*, 1933, thru 11/12. Acquavella, 18 E 79th (RE4-6300). Mon-Sat 10-5.

***Edward Corbett**–Abstract landscape metaphors, thru 10/28. Borgenicht, 1018 Mad Ave (LE5-8040).

***Joseph Cornell**–Boxes and collages, thru 11/12. ACA, 25 E 73rd (628-2440).

Cair Crawford–Multi-paneled abstractions, thru 10/29. Touchstone, 118 E 64th (826-6111).

Salvador Dali–Etchings of the 60s, thru 11/12. Rolly-Michaux, 943 Mad Ave (535-1460).

Olga De Amaral–Horsehair, wrapped linen, and painted woven sculture, thru 10/31. Duhl, 31 W 54th (582-4163).

Willem De Kooning–12 oils on canvas, 1977, thru 12/19. Fourcade, 36 E 75th (535-3980).

Susan Deutscher/Marian E. Held–Large watercolors of Long Island/Sculpture of clay with lusterous overglazes, thru 11/5. Gallery 84, 1046 Mad at 80th (628-4920). Tues-Sat 12-5.

***Stuart Diamond**–Assemblages, 10/28-11/18. McKee, 140 E 63rd (688-5951).

Frank Faulkner–Heavy collage and paint abstractions, thru 11/5. Knowlton, 19 E 71st (794-9700).

Joellen Hall–Bird drawings and chickens in wax and bronze, thru 11/19. Poindexter, 24 E 84th (628-2844).

Walker Hancock–Basketball players in metal, thru 11/5. Findlay, 984 Mad at 77th (249-2909).

John Hartell–Abstracted architectural interiors and ruins, thru 11/5. Kraushaar, 1055 Mad at 80th (535-9888).

***Hannah Hoech**–Collages and watercolors from 1919-1967 by this Dadaist pioneer, thru 11/5. Carus, 1044 Mad Ave (879-4660).

Kent Ipsen–Large-scale forms in glass, 10/28-11/6. Contemporary Art Glass, 806 Mad Ave (879-4655).

***Gwen John/Albert York**–Watercolors and drawings by both, thru 11/5. Davis, 746 Mad Ave (861-2811).

Ynez Johnston–A retrospective, 11/1-21. Wiener, 963 Mad Ave (249-2100).

***Paul Klee**–(1879-1940) Drawings and watercolors from 1930 to 1940, thru 11/12. Sabarsky, 987 Mad Ave (628-6281).

Moshe Kupferman–Abstractions of vertical planes of paint and drawings, thru 11/12. Urdang, 23 E 74th (BU8-7004).

***Lois Lane**–Budding studies, thru 10/27. Willard, 29 E 72nd (744-2925).

***Landes Lewitin**–Clear chromatic abstractions with ideograms and alphabets, thru 11/9. Ingber, 3 E 78th (744-3158).

Leo Lionni–Botanical subjects in wood and bronze, thru 11/5. Staempfli, 47 E 77th (LE5-1919).

***Hans H. Luttgen**(1896-1976)–Architectural drawings and photos from Germany, 1924-38, sketches from Brazil, 1941-3, and paintings in the USA, 1955-76, thru 11/26. Spaced, 165 W 72nd (787-6350).

Don Mulligan–Works, thru 11/6. O'Rourke, 820 Mad Ave (288-9864).

Aurelia Munoz–Fiber units suspended in space, thru 10/29. Hadler, 35 E 20th (533-4645).

***Alice Neel**–New and painfully frank thru 10/29. Graham, 1014 Mad Ave (535-5767).

Howard Newman–Bronze sculptures and drawings, thru 11/5. Ekstrom, 980 Mad Ave (YU8-8857).

Larry Rivers–Paintings and drawings from the 50s and 60s, thru 11/5. Bodley, 1063 Mad Ave (AG9-2155).

Alvin Sandler–Lake Chapala fisherman, children, processions, thru 10/27. Runyon-Winchell, 33 W 56th (889-6990). Mon-Fri 11-5, Sat 11-4.

Lee Savage–Recent paintings, thru 11/12. Krasner, 1043 Mad Ave (RE4-6110).

***David Schorr**–Engravings of modern authors, thru 10/30. Gotham Book Mart, 41 W 47th (757-0367).

***Raphael Soyer**–Recent street scenes and portraits, thru 10/30. Forum, 1018 Mad Ave (LE5-6080).

***Roland Topor**–*Dessins panique* in color drawings, thru 10/29. Lefebre, 47 E 77th (744-3384).

Oswaldo Vigas–Female figures, thru 11/25. Galeria Venezuela, 7 E 51st (826-1660). M-F 9-4.

Victoria Weill–Landscapes and portraits, 10/26-11/13. Clay, 1162 Mad Ave (861-4372).

Jarvis Wilcox–Works, thru 10/30. Bartholet, 55 E 76th (BU8-4642).

William Wilkins–Recent paintings, thru 11/5. Schoelkopf, 825 Mad Ave (TR9-4639).

Berni Wrightson–Fiendish, macabre illustrations from 1969 til now, thru 10/31. Comic Arts, 132 E 58th (688-1260).

SoHo

Nicholas Africano–Alienation and pain in paint, thru 11/5. Solomon, 392 E Bdway (925-1900).

John Alexander–Large abstracted swamps and bayous, thru 11/5. Hutchinson, 138 Greene (966-3066).

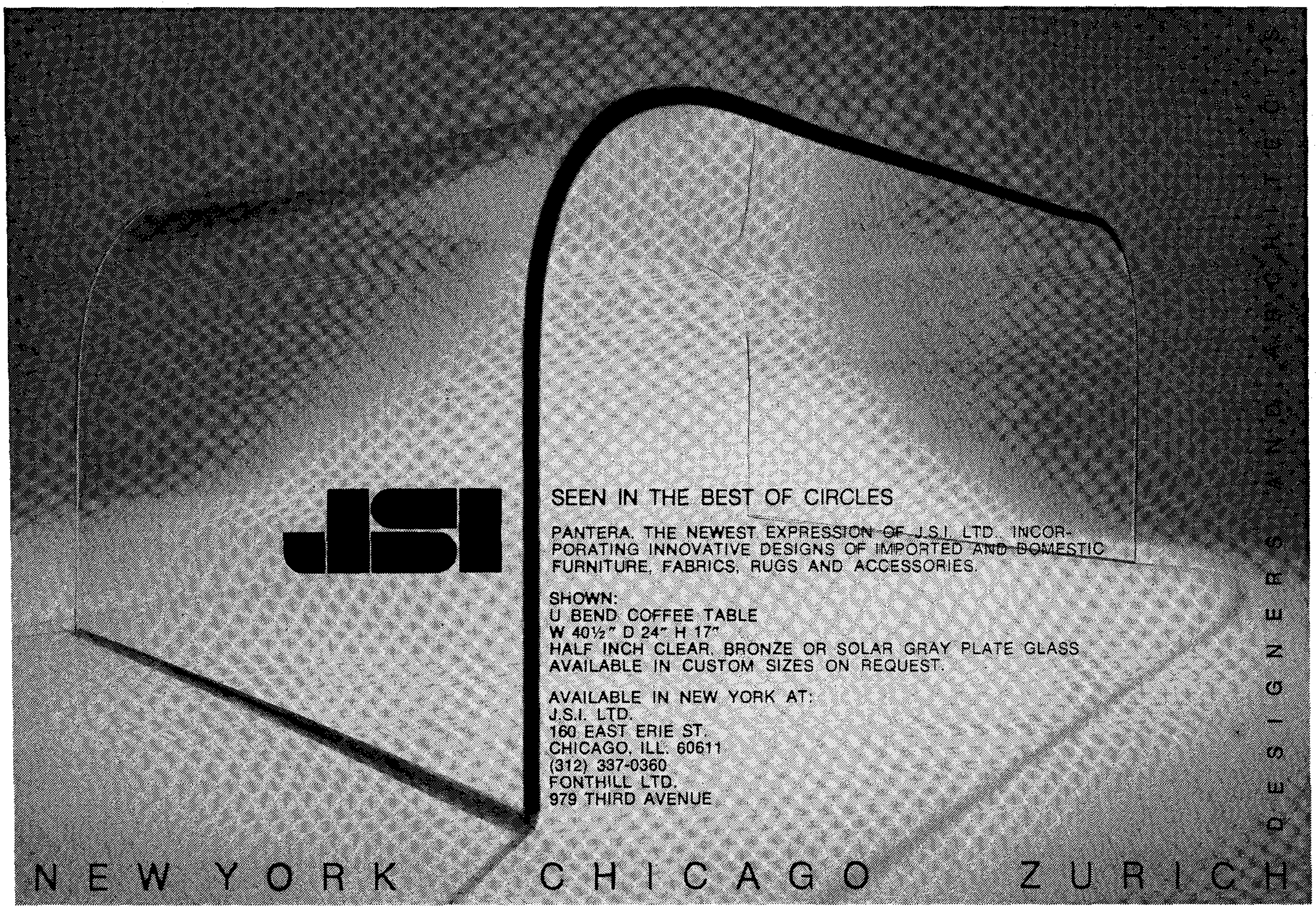
***William Allan**–Cloud formations, thru 11/10. Hoffman, 429 W Bdwy (966-6676).

John Altoon–His estate, 1961-1966, thru 11/12. Braustein/Quay, 139 Spring (925-1200).

***Jennifer Bartlett**–Recent paintings, thru 11/9. Cooper, 155 Wooster (677-4390).

***Eugene Brodsky**–Large shaped collages on canvas, thru 11/17. Cuningham Ward, 94 Prince (966-0455).

Roger Brown–Constructions, thru 11/15. Kind, 139 Spring (925-1200).



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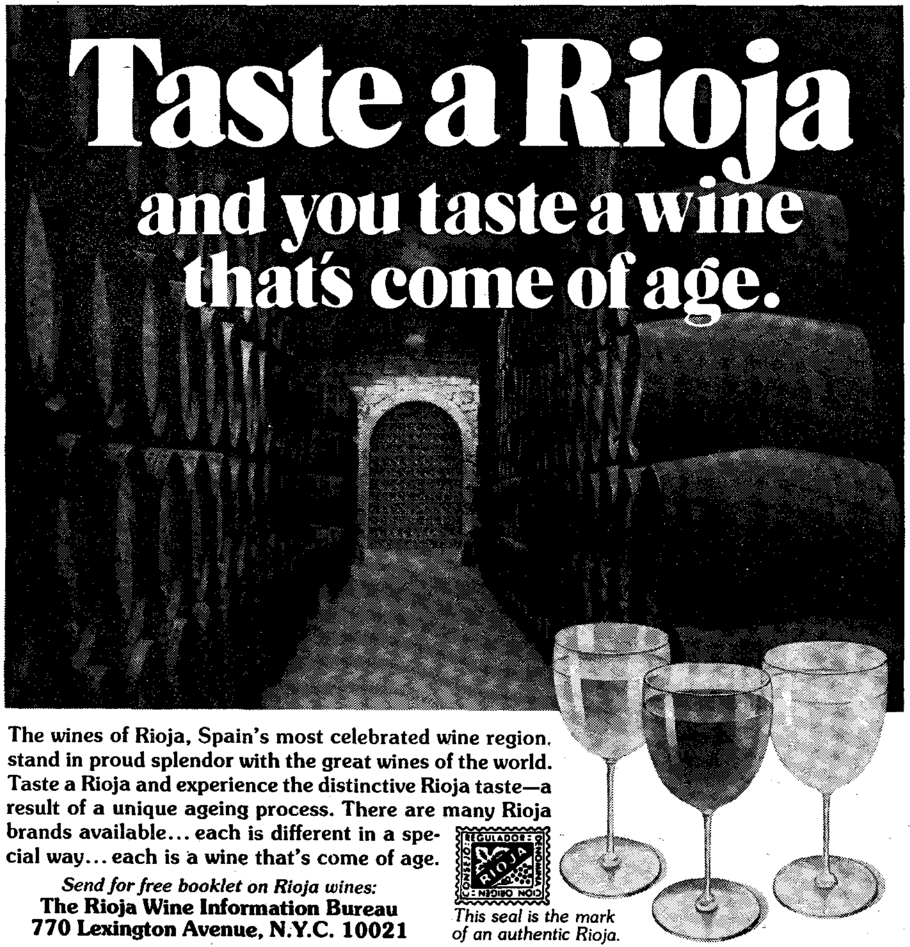

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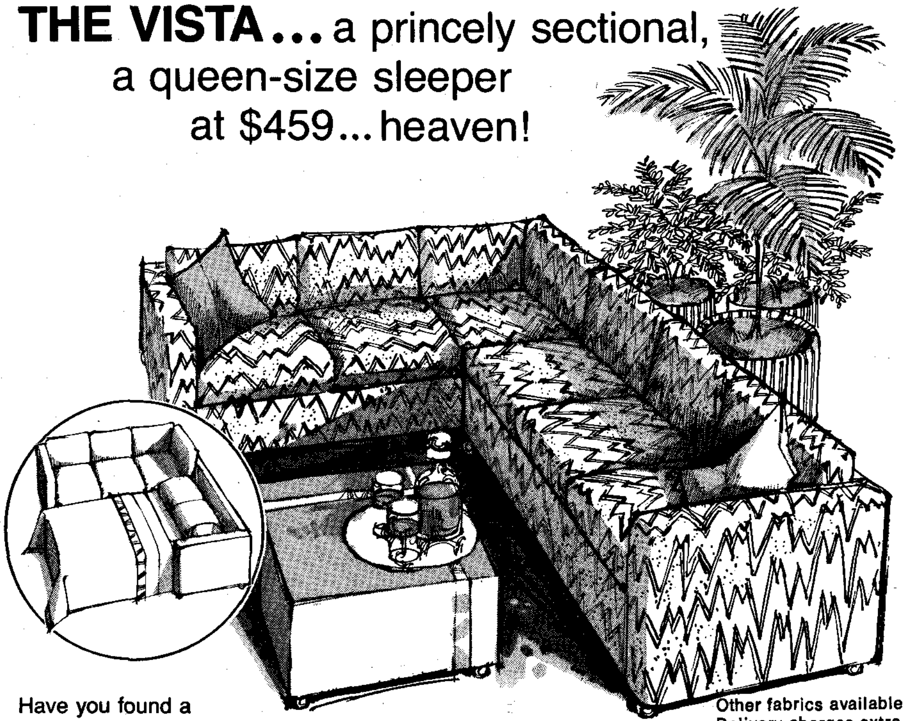

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Andrew Chin/John R. Murray–Wall structures that look industrially mass-produced/Brushes, rags, paint tubes inserted into the canvases, thru 11/5. Soho Center, 114 Prince (226-1995). Tues-Fri 12-5, Sat 11-5.

Walter De Maria–Two large works, thru 11/5. Friedrich, 141 Wooster (473-8072) and 19 Waverly Pl. Tues-Sat 12-6.

Marilyn Fox/Gerald Samuels–Clay sculpture of seed pods/Eerie outer space creations in paint, thru 11/3. Landmark, Clay, 1162 Mad Ave (861-4372).

Suellen Glashausser–Mounds, thru 11/10. Eno, 101 Wooster (226-5342).

Haitian primitives–Iron scultures, noon to 8, thru 10/31. Common Ground South, 151 Spring St, (989-4178).

Abe Lubelski–Recent works, thru 10/29. Neill, 136 Greene (925-8633).

John Matt–Scientific instruments that have no function, thru 11/3. Milliken, 141 Prince (674-3131).

***Kate Millett**–Drawings of women, thru 10/30. Levitan, 42 Grand (966-2782).

Vernita Nemec–Collages using drawing, fabric, photos, and diary fragments, thru 11/2. Soho 20, 99 Spring (226-4167).

Robert Pittenger–An enigma within imaginary landscapes, 10/27-11/12. Green Mountain, 135 Greene (674-2390).

Elsbeth Ramos–Soft sculpture reliefs, thru 11/13. Vorpal, 465 W Bdwy (777-3939).

***Elfi Schuselka**–Large and small wall structures of jute twine, plaster, and paint, thru 11/5. 55 Mercer (226-8513). Tues-Sat 12-6.

Elissa Van Rosen–Painted figure sculpture, thru 11/6. Pleiades, 152 Wooster (475-9658).

Gordon Wagner–Mental landscapes in 3D constructions, thru 10/30. Vorpal, 465 W Bdwy (777-3939). Tues-Sat 10-6, Wed til 9, Sun 1-6.

Dennis Wheeler–Paintings, collages, and xerographics from 1971 to 1977, thru 11/6. Hansen, 72 Wooster (431-5904).

OTHER

Colo/Robert Llimos–Contradictions in violent abstractions by both, thru 11/22. Spanish Institute, 684 Park at 68th (628-0420). Mon-Sat 10-6.

Ben Dienes–Forms emerging from nightmarish backdrops, thru 11/4. Gallery 36, 200 Park Ave (973-7000). Mon-Fri 9-5.

Fritz Eichenberg–Wood engravings, 10/29-11/23. Associated American Artists, 663 5th Ave (PL5-4211).

***George Grosz**(1893-1959)–Drawings, watercolors, collages, photos, and illustrated postcards, thru 11/5. Goethe House, 1014 5th Ave (744-8310) Tues-Thurs 11-7, Fri & Sat 11-5.

J. Gary Kornmayer/Bob Perrault–Photomontages/Abstractions, thru 11/6. Noho, 542 LaGuardia Pl (473-9619).

***Reginald Marsh**(1898-1954)–80 paintings, drawings, and prints of popular entertainments in the 20s, 30s and 40s, thru 11/19. Astor, Lincoln Center, Bdwy at 65th (790-6551). Mon-Sat 12-6.

John Torreano–Heavily painted surfaces embedded with glass jewels, thru 11/12. Droll/Kolbert, 724 5th Ave (541-6006).

***Mark Tobey**–Paintings fron 1920 to 1975. Drawings, lithos and etchings from his last years, thru 10/30. Transworld, 600 5th Ave (757-2700).

GROUP SHOWS

57th STREET

***Alexander**–20 W 57th (757-3721). Selected prints by leading American artists since 1960, thru 11/8.

Findlay–17 E 57th (HA1-5390). French impressionists and post-impressionists, thru 11/5.

Kennedy–40 W 57th (541-9600). Clipper ships, battle scenes by Buttersworth, Dawson, Salmon, others, thru 10/29/Portraits, landscapes, by Chase, Cassatt, Prendergast, others, thru 11/19.

***Pearl**–29 W 57th (838-6310). American geometric abstraction of the 1950s, including works by Bolotowsky, Diller, von Wiegand, others, thru 10/31.

MADISON AVE & VICINITY

African Tribal Arts II–37 W 53rd (582-5056). Jointed, painted wood puppets from satirical play of the Ibibio peoples, thru 10/30.

Christopher–766 Mad Ave (737-3224). Gallery artists, thru 10/31.

***Cityana**–16 E 53rd (752-2079). Posters, prints, books, photos, paintings of NYC from 1625-1977, thru 10/31.

Cucalón–145 E 72nd (472-8741). Ideas-Images, words in paint by Beckley, Horn, Shaw, Stamm, and Taggart, thru 10/29.

Deutsch–43 E 80th (861-4429). Burchfield, Lawson, Marsh, Porter and other well-knowns, thru 11/2.

Gerst–681 Mad Ave (755-5655). Mon-Sat 11-5. Impressionist paintings, Chagall graphics, others, thru 10/30.

Griffin–850 Mad Ave (737-6116). 19th and 20th century paintings and sculpture by Matta, Masson, Riopelle, others, thru 11/1.

***Gurewitsch**–55 E 74th (RE4-7302). Tues-Sat 1-5. Balsam-wood reliefs by Ceroili, abstractions by Sawin and Velays, thru 10/29.

Hirschl & Adler–21 E 70th (535-8810). 18th, 19th, and 20th century masterworks, thru 11/19.

***Julie**–687 Mad Ave (688-2345). Fantastic faces in masks by many, thru 11/1.

Kottler–3 E 65th (RE4-3491). Mon-Fri 12-6, Sat 12-4. Cave, Jean, Nordic, others, thru 11/4.

Lerner-Heller–956 Mad Ave (861-9010). American painting (1910-77), including Avery, Bluemner, Dove, O'Keeffe, Stella, others, thru 11/30.

***L'Ibis**–667 Mad Ave (935-0490). Coptic textiles and relief carvings, vessels, amulets from Ancient Egypt, thru 3/6.

Reinhold-Brown–26 E 78th (RE4-7999). Advertising posters from 1905 to 1920, thru 10/29.

Ronin–46 E 70th (535-2221). Mon-Fri 10-5, Tues till 8, Sat 10-2. Japanese ghosts and other apparitions, thru 10/31.

Stone–48 E 86th (YU8-6870). Recent paintings by Cummings and Hollingsworth, wood sculptures by Hochhausen, thru 10/29.

Wiener–963 Mad Ave (249-2100). Mon-Sat 10-5:30. Askin, Kosmoski, and Norton, thru 10/31.

SoHo

Bromm–90 W Bdwy (431-3927). Tues-Sat 1-6. Gallery artists, 11/1-26.

***Castelli**–420 W Bdwy (431-5160). Architectural drawings by Meier and Venturi of America, Rossi of Italy, Abraham and Pichler of Austria, Ambasz of Argentina, and Stirling of England, thru 11/12.

***Drawing Center**–137 Greene (982-5266). Mon-Sat 11-6, Wed til 9. Drawings for a more modern architecture by Allen, Mitchell/Girugola, Stern, Venturi, others, thru 11/6.

OK Harris–383 W Bdwy (431-3600). Sculpture by Capps, paintings by Horn and Kacere, Roman and Iron Age pottery, thru 11/5.

Prince St–106 Prince (226-9153). Tues-Sun 12-5. Small scale sculptured environments, thru 10/26.

Schafer–71 Greene (752-5363). Tues-Sat 12-6. Floral fantasies in soft sculpture, painting, drawings, and clothing, thru 10/31.

***SculptureNow**–142 Greene (966-3066). Sculpture yesterday and today by di Suvero, Doyle, Forakis, and Ginnever, 10/29-12/3.

Volpe–457 W Bdwy (533-3900). Paintings, drawings & prints by American artists c. 1910, thru 10/30.

Ward-Nasse–131 Prince (925-6951). Landscapes by Cerese, abstractions by Conklin, figurative works by Scanzoni, and abstractions by Zakin, thru 11/3.

OTHER

African-American Institute–833 United Nations Pl (949-5711). Mon-Fri 9-5, Sat 11-5. 80 sculptures, paintings, and graphics by 20 contemporary African artists living in America, thru 1/14.

Artists Space–105 Hudson (226-3970). Brauntuch, Goldstein, Levine, Longo and P. Smith, thru 10/29.

Center for Inter-American Relations–680 Park Ave (249-8950). Tues-Sun 12-6. Warp-patterned weaves of the Andes, thru 11/13.

***China Institute**–125 E 65th (744-8181). Mon-Fri 10-5, Sat 11-5, Sun 2-5. Ceramics, paintings and calligraphy from I-Hsing, China, 10/28-1/29.

Elliott–349 2nd at 20th (533-4949). Mon-Sat 10-6. Pinball, the best of the Penny Arcade from 1930 to 1977, thru 11/19.

Glass–315 Central Park W (SU7-4704). Wed-Sat 1-6. Landscapes by Feinberg, Goff, Licht, Marcus, and others, thru 11/5.

nternational Arts–28 E 4th (473-6072). Wed-Sat 1-6. Mexican ritual and ceremonial masks, thru 10/29.

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Lucas–981 2nd Ave (PL5-1516). Prints by Hogarth, Rouault, others, thru 10/30.

***New York Public Library**–Fifth Ave at 42nd (790-6551). Tues 10-9, Mon, Wed, Fri, Sat 10-6. Sacco and Vanzetti case, including posters, letters, newspapers, thru 12/31.

Songwriters' Hall of Fame–One Times Square (221-1252). Mon-Sat 11-3. Song sheets, photos, memorabilia of America's popular songwriters.

***Turkish Center**–1st Ave at 46th (949-0150). Mon-Fri 10-5, Sat 10-1. 71 contemporary Turkish artists, thru 10/29.

Photography

Roland Antonelli–Hand-colored views of Little Italy, thru 10/28, McGraw-Hill Bldg, 1221 Sixth Ave. Mon-Fri 10-6.

George Bennett/Jane O'Neal–Mannequins, thru 10/28. Foto, 492 Broome (925-5612). Wed-Sat 1-6.

Pierre Cordier/Margo Davis–Chemigrams/Dimensional sculpture, thru 11/12. Neikrug, 224 E 68th (228-7741). Wed-Sat 1-6.

Peter J. Eckel–The life of John C. Drumgoole, a janitor turned priest in the late 1800s, thru 10/30. Henry Street Settlement, 466 Grand (466-7868).

Mark Flomenbaum–Color abstractions of human cells, thru 11/14. Camera Club of NY, 37 E 60th (838-9710). Mon-Fri 1-6.

***Grey**–NYU, 33 Washington Pl (598-7603). Tues-Fri 10-5, Wed til 8:30, Sat 1-5. Panoramic views from the Civil War to the Viking I, thru 10/29.

Alan Ludwig–Draped and naked figures, thru 10/29. ACIA, 28 E 4th (473-6072). Wed-Sat 1-6.

John Phillips–The surrender of the old Jewish Quarter in Jerusalem, 1948, and those sites today, thru 12/30. American-Israel Cultural Foundation, 4 E 54th (751-2700). Mon-Fri 10-4.

***Jacob Riis**–The slums of NYC from 1887-1897, 11/1-26. Prakapas, 19 E 71st (737-6066).

Sy Rubin–Candid portraits of city people in public places, thru 11/6. Double Exposure, 340 6th Ave (260-6051).

Steven Scher–Firefighting in NYC, thru 11/30. Image, 565 5th Ave (TN7-4747). Mon-Fri 9-5.

Ben Shahn–Vintage photos from 1932 to 1936 by this social realist, thru 10/29. Prakapas, 19 E 71st (737-6066).

***Soho/Steiglitz**–34 W 13th (675-9721). Fri-Sun 1-6, Tues 7-9 pm. Dancing in NJ by Fetter, erotic *temples of Khajuraho by Goldsmith, others, plus* portraits of women by George Alpert, 10/30-11/29.

Robert J. Steinberg–Heliographics, thru 10/28. Pfeifer, 825 Mad Ave (737-2055).

***Alfred Stieglitz**(1864-1946)–70 vintage prints covering his whole career, thru 12/3. Helios, 18 E 67th (988-5593).

***Paul Strand**–A retrospective of his images of NYC from '291' to the later views from his garden in Orgeval, France, thru 10/29. Light, 724 5th Ave (582-6552).

***Doris Ulmann**(1884-1934)–Soft focus images of Ap*palachian craftsmen and southern blacks,* 11/1-12/23. Pfeifer, 825 Mad Ave (737-2055).

James P. Valentine–Georgia's wilderness in color, thru 12/5. Images, 11 E 57th (838-8640).

***Witkin**–41 E 57th (355-1461). Julien Levy Collection, including Amero, Cartier-Bresson, Kertesz, Man Ray, Nadar, *Umbo, others, thru* 11/12.

Museums

American Museum of Natural History, CPW at 79th St. (873-1300). Mon-Sat 10-4:45, Wed till 9, Sun 11-5. *Peru's Golden Treasures:* Spanning a 2,000 year period and representing the pre-Inca cultures; thru December. **Hayden Planetarium:** *The Cosmic Laser Concert:* Laser light and recorded music; Fri & Sat at 7, 8:30, 10 & 11:30 Sun at 7, 8:30 & 10:30.

Asia House–112 E 64th (PL1-4210). Mon-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5. The flora and fauna of Japan on handscrolls, ceramics, lacquer boxes, other, from the 12th to the 19th century, thru 12/4.

Brooklyn Museum, 188 Eastern Pkwy (638-5000). Wed-Sat 10-5, Sun 12-5. *Lace:* 120 examples of lace from the 17th to the 20th century; thru 10/31. *Women Artists, 1550-1950,* thru 11/27.

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St. (860-2011). Tues 10-9, Wed-Sat 10-5, Sun 12-5. *Drawing Toward a More Modern Architecture;* thru 11/6.

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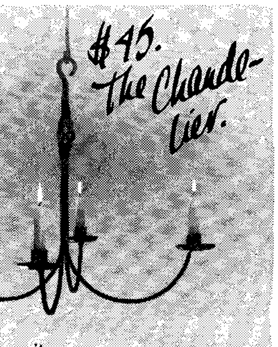

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Fraunces Tavern Museum, 54 Pearl St. (425-1776). Mon-Fri 10-4. *Battles of the Revolution;* thru 1/31.

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave at 89th (860-1313). Tues 11-8, Wed-Sun 11-5. *Lucio Fontana 1899-1968:* A retrospective; thru 12/8.

Hudson River Museum, 511 Warburton Ave., Yonkers. (914-963-4550). Wed-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5. Collages by Romare Bearden; thru 11/6.

International Center of Photography, Fifth Ave. at 94th St. (860-1783). Daily, except Mon, 11-5, Tues til 8. *Weegee the Famous; The Russian War:* The Russian side of World War II. Thru 11/6.

Metropolitan Museum of Art, Fifth at 82nd (TR 9-5500). Tues, 10-8:45; Wed-Sat, 10-4:45; Sun, 11-4:45. *Seurat As Draughtsman:* Fifty drawings and oil sketches; thru 11/27. *Treasures of Early Irish Art: 1500 B.C. to 1500 A.D.;* thru 1/15. *Rococo Fountains in Prints:* About 40 etchings and several books by Watteau, Boucher, and others; thru 11/27. *Highlights of the Irwin Untermyer Collection:* About 400 works of English and continental decorative arts; thru 6/78. *Blue and White:* Japanese export porcelain of the 17th century; thru 1/31. Louis XVI period-rooms, including the newly-acquired J.L. David portrait of the Lavoisiers. *Signac: Paintings, Watercolors, Drawings, and Prints:* 32 works by the Neo-Impressionist master (1863-1935); thru 11/27.

Pierpont Morgan Library, 29 E 36th St. (685-0008). Tues-Sat 10:30-5, Sun 1-5. *American Literary Autographs:* From Washington Irving to Henry James; thru 11/27. *Medieval Musical Manuscripts;* thru 12/4. *Rembrandt Etchings:* About 40 of his landscape and portrait etchings; thru 12/4.

Museum of the American Indian, Broadway at 155th St. (283-2420). Tues-Sun 1-5.

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W 53rd St. (977-8989). Tues-Sat 11-6, Sun 1-6. *Young Americans:* Works in fiber, wood, plastic, and leather; thru 12/31.

Museum of Holography, 11 Mercer St. (925-0526). Wed-Sun 12-6. *Holodeon:* Innovative holographic movies, thru 12/31.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W 53rd (956-7070). Mon, Tue, Fri, Sat, Sun 11-6, Thurs 11-9. *Cézanne:* More than 100 paintings and watercolors focusing on the ten years preceeding Cézanne's death in 1906; thru 1/3. Graphics assembled by designer Jan Tschichold in the 1920s and 1930s; thru 10/31. *Universal Pictures:* thru 1/31.

National Art Museum of Sport, Madison Square Garden Center, Penn Plaza (244-4127). Tues-Sat 10-6. *African Wildlife:* Drawings, paintings, and photographs by Arnold Carl Savrann; thru 10/29.

New-York Historical Society, 170 CPW (873-3400). Tues-Fri, Sun 1-5; Sat 10-5. *Jenny Lind in New York:* thru 11/30. *Moving in the City:* Three centuries of transportation in New York.

Queens Museum, NY City Bldg., Flushing Meadow-Corona Park (592-2406). Tues-Sat 10-5, Sun 1-5. *Masked Rituals:* Masks, dance costumes, and photo enlargements of African, Oceanic, and North American cultures; thru 11/13.

South Street Seaport Museum, 16 Fulton St. (766-9020). Daily, 11-6. Etchings by Aida Whedon, thru 11/14.

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave. (427-5959). Wed 10-9, Tues-Fri 10-6, Sat & Sun 1-6. Works by Ghanian artist Andrews Ofori Danso. Works by Andrienne W. Hoard. Thru 11/6.

Ukrainian Museum, 203 Second Ave. (228-0110). Wed, Sat & Sun 1-5; Fri 3-7. Also by appt.

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave at 75th (794-0663). Tues 11-10, Weekdays 11-6, Sun 12-6. *Jasper Johns:* A retrospective spanning 22 years; thru 1/22. *Foirades/Fizzles:* Etchings by Jasper Johns and texts by Samuel Beckett; thru 11/20. **Whitney Museum Downtown,** 55 Water St. (483-0011). Mon-Fri 11-3.

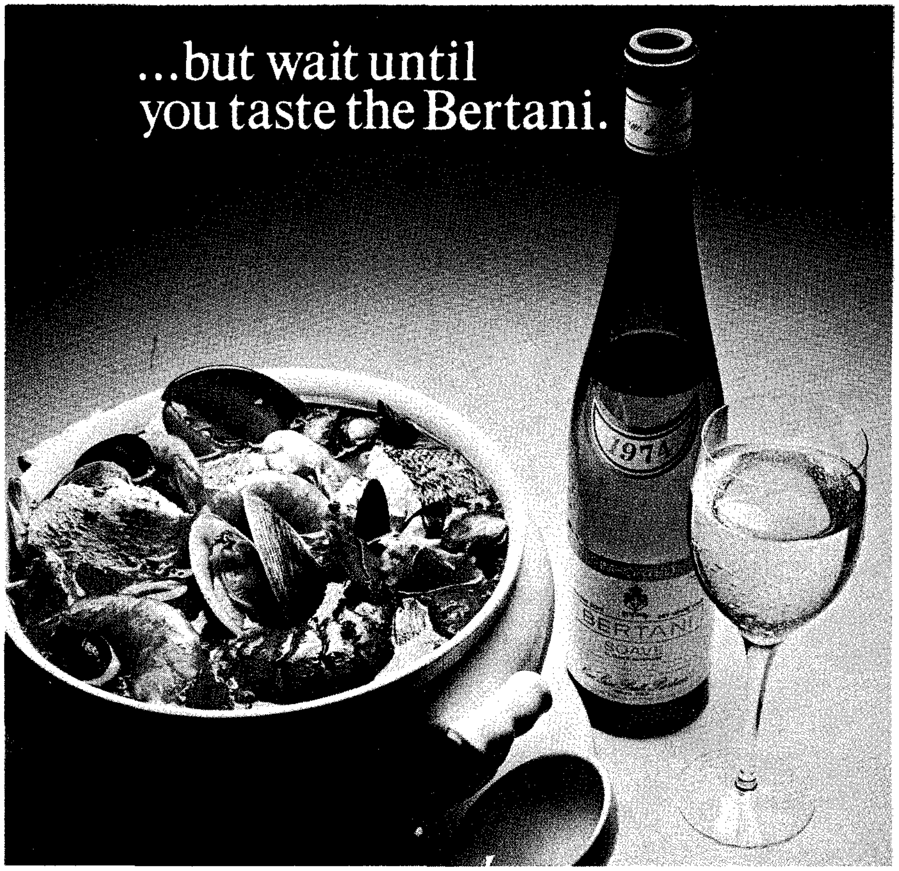
Sports

Rangers, Madison Square Garden (564-4400); vs. St. Louis Blues, 10/26; vs. Los Angeles Kings, 10/30. At 7:35.

Islanders, Nassau Coliseum (516-694-5522); vs. Buffalo Sabres, 10/29 at 8:05.

Knicks, Madison Square Garden (564-4400); vs. Cleveland Cavaliers, 10/25 at 7:30; vs. Detroit Pistons, 10/29 at 8.

Nets, Rutgers Athletic Center (201-935-8888). vs. Atlanta Hawks, 10/26; vs. Boston Celtics, 10/28. At 8:05.



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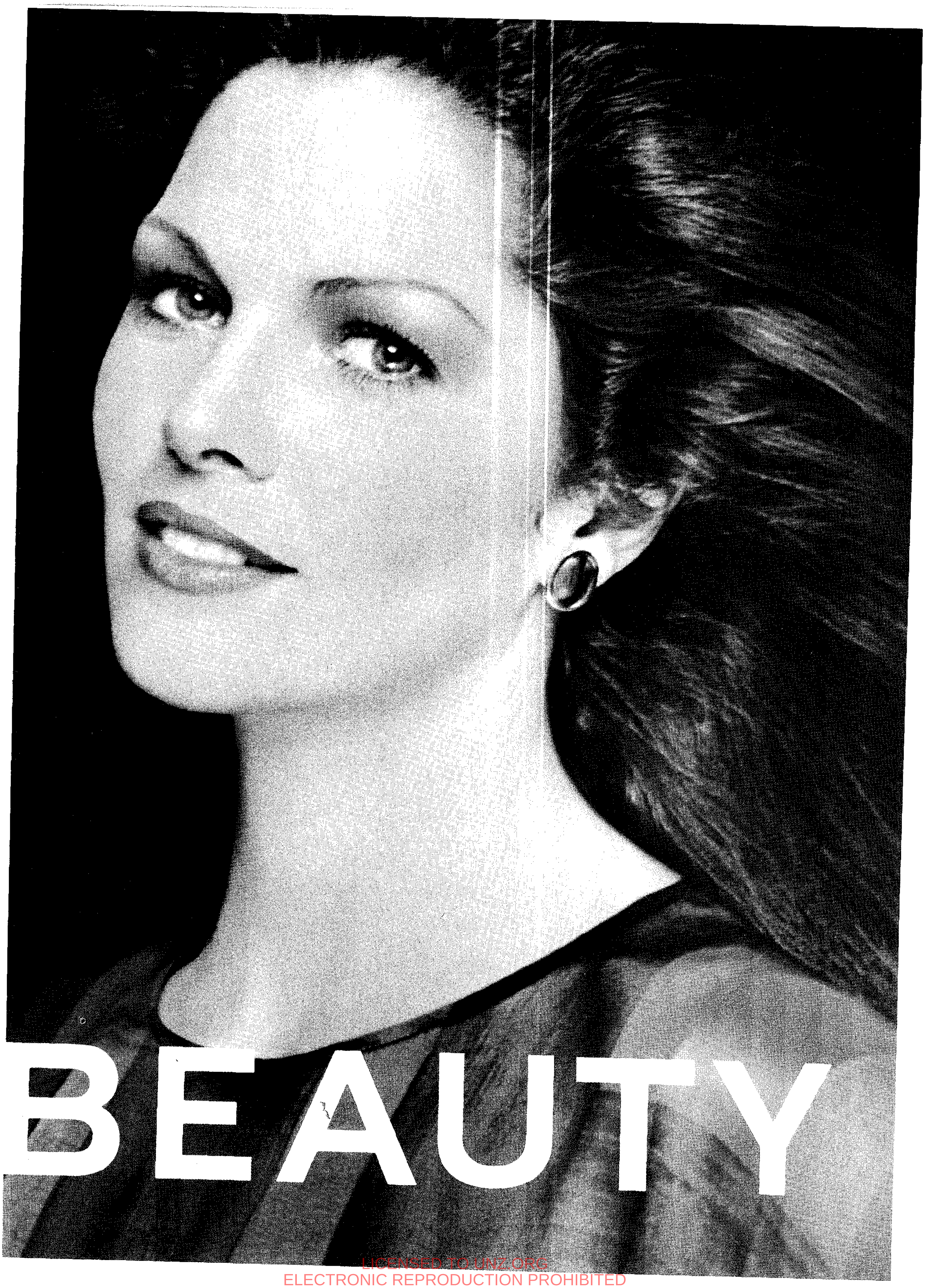

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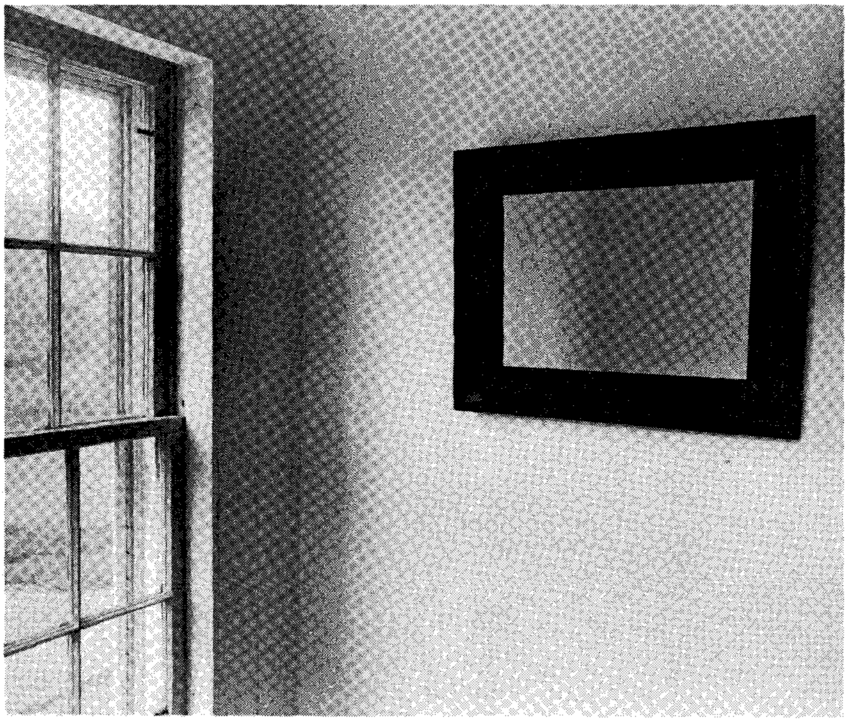
NEW YORK

Emerging from Schizophrenia: A Case History

By Ann Loring

"...'He'll need custodial care for the rest of his life,' said the psychiatrist. I'm so thankful we didn't accept this verdict..."



Huddled in an open doorway, he squats, swathed in rags and old newspapers, surrounded by a cluster of overstuffed shopping bags—one of our cities' pathetic derelicts. I cannot pass him by, but stop to stare, forced to remember: *the moment when we finally located my young cousin Benjamin, unkempt, bearded, seated forever, it would seem, on a park bench, his once handsome face upraised to stare into the sun, unapproachable, mute, and withdrawn, all his worldly goods packed into a torn paper bag, still clothed in the same sweater and pants he had worn when he disappeared some ten months before.*

As I stand there, I am filled with sadness. From what world of family and friends, I wonder, did *this* human castoff slip away? I want to approach him and counsel, "Get help. There is help." But for him and for others like him, what help?

What alternatives do exist for the deeply disturbed in our society? This abandonment to the street? Or the splintering of their families, should they be allowed to remain at home?

I remember another moment: *Benjamin, home again, standing endlessly in a corner of the room, his ankles varicose and swollen like melons, his hands clasped as if in prayer or twirling his beard with nervous fingers, plucking out the hair which he then plaited into small circles—symbols of some strange power that affected his sick, secret world.*

"Benjy, talk to me. Please. Will you?"

"Why do you ask?"

"I want to help you. Don't you see?"

"Why do you ask that?"

With an enormous effort at control: "I ask because I love you. You know that's true, don't you?"

"Why do you ask?"

Never any answer in his psychotic game of avoidance. Only "Why do you ask?" until all love and patience come to breaking point.

No family, however sympathetic, however willing, is trained to cope with an illness so bizarre, so devastating.

Then what is left? To be forever immured within a state hospital? To sit huddled along a sterile hospital corridor—bathed, perhaps, but tranquilized, electroshocked, shut up behind locked doors, denied all dignity and hope?

I remember the final moment of anguish: *the psychiatrist at Columbia-Presbyterian Medical Center, biting down on the already broken stem of his pipe and saying: "One can't say 'never.' Naturally, no one can state decisively that he'll never get well, but . . . " And the long silence. Sheila and I looked through the glass wall of the cubicle in which we sat to where the drugged, thin, stooped figure of her son was shuffling off to his room like a wizened old man.*

"Consider his history," the voice went on. "Benjamin's been in this severe psychotic state for four years now, and . . ."

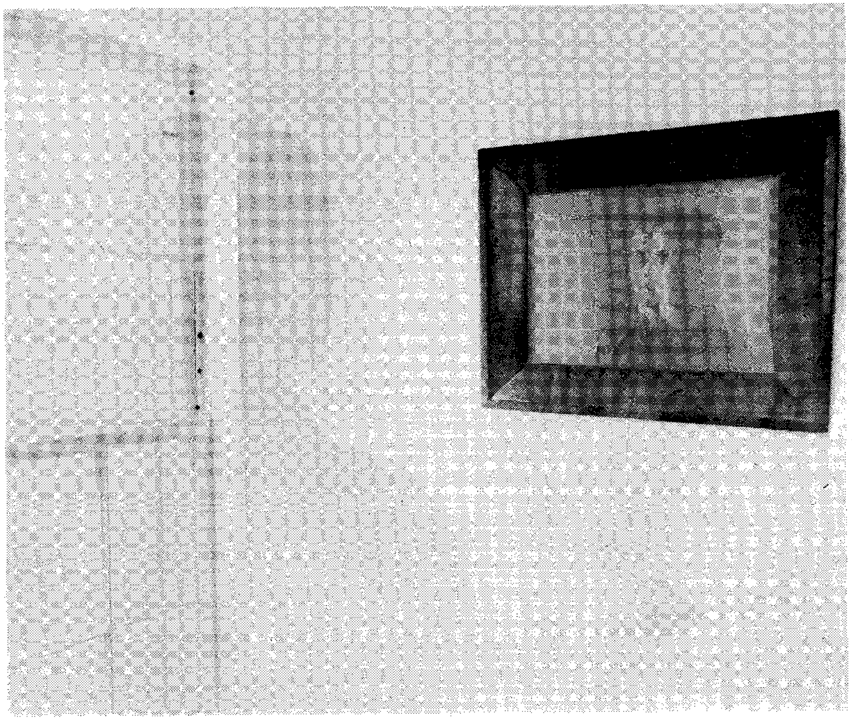
The frustration. For the past four years, we had considered that history.

From the moment that Sheila had called me on the scorching day in July of 1971—"Ann, get over . . . to Benjamin's apartment . . . quick . . . some-

Photographed by Duane Michaels

"...We all laughed. Benjamin too. By turns gentle, harsh, humorous, Dr. Honig was piercing Benjamin's wall of 'craziness'..."

thing terrible's happened to him"—and I had arrived to find Benjamin starved, his eyes sunken, staring around wildly, his cheeks hollow, pacing, pathetically frightened at the change taking place within him, to find that he had not eaten for nine days except for a few spoonfuls of cereal crumbs and a sip of water; to the time when, after the frantic rush of telephone calls in an effort to locate a psychiatrist during this summer month, only to find that all of them seemed to be vacationing at Martha's Vineyard like a migratory herd of animals and would not consider returning, we finally were recommended to a doctor who urgently stressed the need to get Benjamin into a psychiatric ward before he became dehydrated and irreversibly damaged; to the time when, after Benjamin, now thoroughly frightened, had run away for the night, to be discovered hiding in the stairwell of the floor below, and, under threat of being taken to a hospital by the police, was finally persuaded to commit himself voluntarily to the Payne Whitney Psychiatric Clinic: When, after all of this, had we not vivisected the past?



Past the disbelief, past the grief, past the tears, we had explored the long years of his experience for clues to what might have led to this awful breakdown.

The birth trauma? Benjamin was a low forceps delivery.

The trauma of a particularly ugly divorce of his parents? Benjamin was a first child, extraordinarily beautiful and equally precocious. He learned quickly and easily and developed in quite a superior way. Since his father was working in a profession that gave him a considerable amount of time at home, Benjamin was coddled and played with and treated almost as a "pal."

Things changed radically, however, when Sheila became pregnant with her second child. Benjamin's father suffered a temporary professional setback. He became progressively insecure and frightened until one day he walked in and summarily announced that he had become enamored of another woman. She was rich, and Sheila understood, as I did, that *this* had precipitated the announcement. Within a few hours he had packed his clothes and left. And this only four days after their second son was born to Sheila.

The shock was severe, particularly for four-year-old Benjamin. There was the strange presence of a newborn infant to cope with, the confusion of whispers and loud arguments, the unbearable tension and pain that filtered through every room in the large California home. The breakup was made even more cataclysmic by Sheila's return to New York. Bringing Benjamin with her, she came to live at her mother's house until she could get on her feet again.

The household in which Benjamin grew up was filled with his grandmother, who, although sometimes quite impatient with the behavior of an active boy, nevertheless loved him dearly. Aunts and uncles and their children visited often. There were kids of all ages, friends to play with. There were the usual activities of street and school—hopscotch and bike riding and projects and shared homework—and Sheila constantly playing den mother to Benjamin and this covey of neighborhood youngsters, making the rounds of museums and swimming pools and movies and boat rides every weekend, so that these friends and outings might fill the vacuum. There was encouragement and pride in his attainments. There were parties to celebrate the holiday—yet all occasions seemed to be haunted by the invisible, absent father.

The two phone calls from the coast every year, the few letters that came, the predictable biannual gifts, one at Christmas and the other on Benjamin's birthday, did nothing to allay the slow change that was taking place. From his being a vigorous, happy child, there was a steady sobering, a quieting down, a final bereavement that permeated almost all of his world.

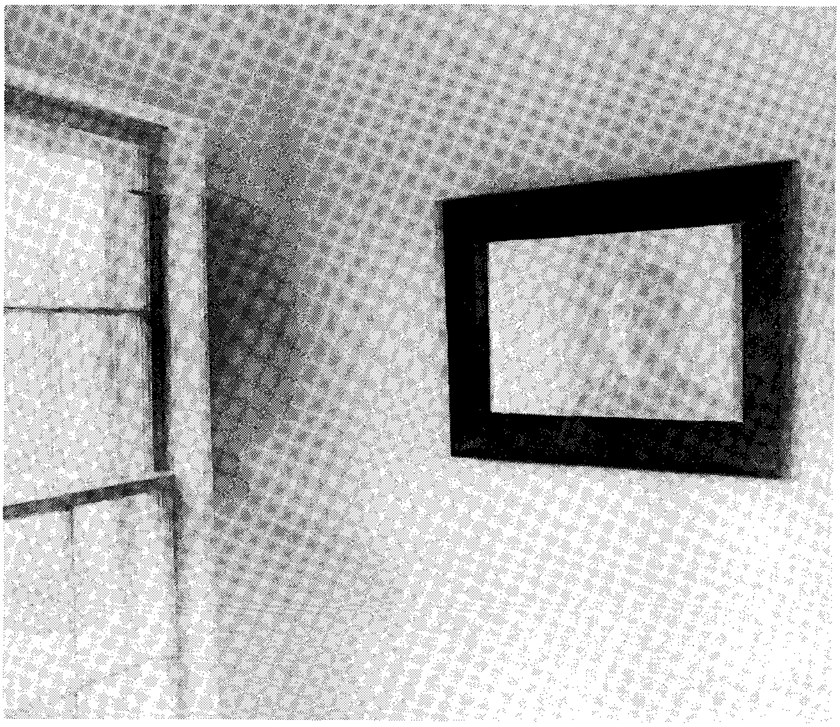
Eating became a difficulty (interesting, in light of the first serious symptom of his psychosis). Stubbornness set in. Fear of the dark and the tiniest touch of ritualism; a need to pull down all the window shades at bedtime. And rage. A strong inner rage that would remain suppressed most of the time and then burst into a furious moment. And, as an overlay to all, a profound sensitivity, as though delicate antennae were fibrillating along the path of his experiences, quick to retreat or withdraw at a harsh touch, cautious in their movement, always searching.

Yet he was still normal through the long years that passed; through elementary school, where he earned high enough marks to enter an honors high school; through college, where he received his B.A. degree with further honors; through graduate school, where he obtained his Ph.D. in clinical psychology; through practice at an outpatient clinic.

There were a few strong friendships. There were girls, and a first affair—then stronger relationships; he was loving and loved. The tightness and rigidity of his younger years mellowed into a tolerable punctiliousness. No longer did he seem enveloped by a cocoon of sadness.

"I repeat," the psychiatrist said, cutting through the lock of memory, 'consider his history. Severe psychosis for four years. Chronic. He wasn't helped any by his stay at the Payne Whitney Clinic." (Indeed not. In and out in three months exactly, from the hour of his arrival, with no counsel, no follow-up advice, no guidance—merely dismissed.) *"He's disappeared and lived on the street for long spells."* Never to forget—the horror of the trip down to the police offices on Broome Street to look at 400 photographs of dead men's faces in varying degrees of decomposition—hoping, praying not to find Benjamin's face among them. *"Benjamin's been through Roosevelt Hospital for evaluation for several months. He's been here at Columbia-Presbyterian for a year. We've done everything we can for a year. We have done everything we can for him and he hasn't responded. We know," the voice continued, now with a detached, impatient tone, "I reiterate, we know that he's going to need custodial care for the rest of his life. We can keep him only two weeks longer. Therefore, we are going to recommend permanent institutionalization."*

The ultimate fallback of failure. "If you can't cure them, bury them, hide them away," I think, as I finally walk past the human derelict still crouching in the doorway. I am profoundly thankful that Sheila refused to accept this verdict but decided to search instead for a place, a doctor who could help.



Dr. Albert Honig is a man who believes "neither in hospitals nor in hopelessness." He is the founder and medical director of a small clinic with an absurdly long and formal title: the Delaware Valley Mental Health Foundation, a name that does little to suggest the few cottages, the barn, and trailer nestled within fourteen acres of sprawling farmland in Doylestown, Pennsylvania. It does even less to suggest the community of adults, roaming over the grass, playing with the numerous cats and dogs and rabbits, working in the large field or sitting under the apple trees, a community, one soon discovers, that is composed of desperately sick people—psychotics—many of whom have come after long hospitalization elsewhere, and most of whom, like Benjamin, have been declared "incurable."

The name does nothing to suggest the intimate and trusting atmosphere within each cottage or "unit," where five or six patients live together with a family-therapist couple—a husband and wife—who are present 24 hours a day. Assisting this couple are ancillary therapists, who do not necessarily live on the grounds but come every day to serve as alter egos, as models, and as friends. These can often be former patients, whose recovery acts as a motivating force to help others get well. Still others are students from various colleges, and yet another group are ordinary people—musician, carpenter, even a clown—who come because they want to share their specialized skills. There are also visiting or "primary" therapists, who are directly in charge of the patients' treatment, working in groups or private sessions.

Look for the stiff starched white uniforms, the wards, the locks, or drugs. You will not see any. Look for the frustration of imposing rules and regulations, or the divisiveness between "authoritative doctor" and patient. You will not find this either. Dr. Honig believes in the structured family setting, where the patient—living in a normal family going about its daily routine, cleaning house, preparing meals, shopping for supplies in town, sharing, helping—can face the vigorous give-and-take of his substitute parents and brothers and sisters. Here the patient is never allowed the isolation that fosters his psychosis and keeps him encapsulated within his world of fantasy and hallucination.

Dr. Honig became interested in mental illness when a favorite cousin had a total breakdown. He was analyzed by Theodor Reik and when he began to practice, soon became appalled by the rigid formula followed by state hospitals. He began to train under Dr. John Rosen, author of the book *Direct Psychoanalytic Psychiatry* and one of the pioneers of a more personal and compassionate approach. Rosen believed in getting his patients into the countryside, in small homes, away from urban pressures.

Honig's plan to open his own clinic bore fruit in 1963, when the Delaware Valley Mental Health Foundation was established. After only three years, the foundation was written up by a Scandinavian journal as one of the major advances in medicine and surgery worldwide. To quote Dr. Honig: "This is a technique of making a variety of daily assaults upon the patient's defenses, allowing the patient to feel his infantile needs, whether or not these needs are socially acceptable. Disturbed patients, people who have been psychically damaged, often need to grow up all over again. We try to help that growth. For example, if a patient is frightened or alienated and alone, we will often rock him or hold him in our arms until he is feeling better. Play therapy is also used; the patient is encouraged to play with toys, blocks, stuffed animals, and the like. This is also used as a way to relive childhood and childhood experiences and work through a primary trauma. For the extremely regressed, diapers are often used when there is an inability to control bed-wetting, and this too has a therapeutic effect, since it also helps the patient examine the issues and feelings associated with infancy. Even giving the patient a baby bottle to suck on can help him past his terror.

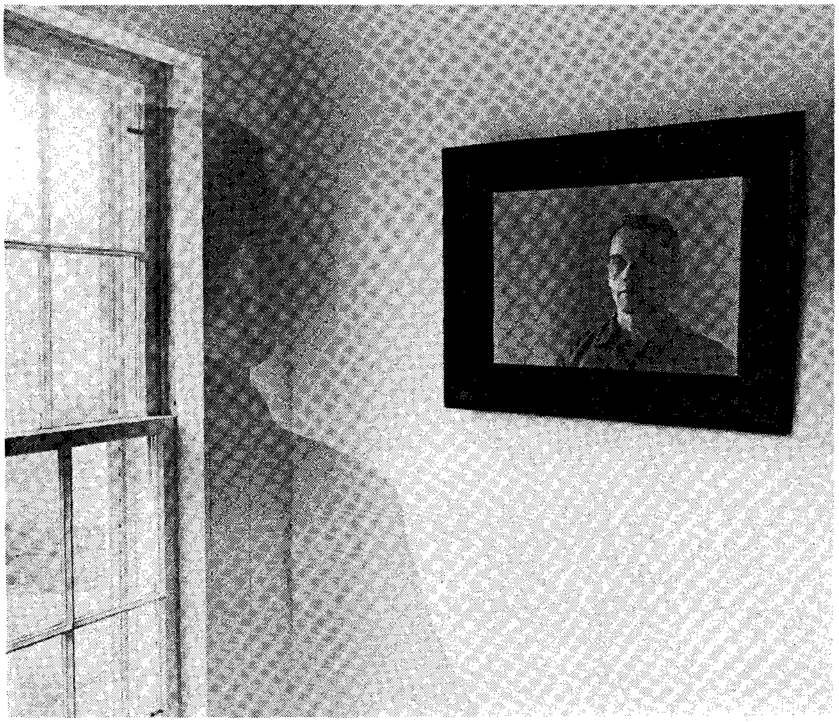
"At other times the assault is tough and challenging. A very inhibited or

". . . Benjamin was responding to this attack. He was talking, answering, as if he had shed the armor of his insanity . . ."

suppressed individual may be baited into expressing his negative or angry feelings, so that he can learn to use them in a constructive and more appropriate way.

"Occasionally, the assault is physical. Someone will yell at or sit upon or wrestle powerfully with the patient, forcing him to undergo the torturous but absolutely essential process of breaking through the unconscious wall of defense he has built to stave off his fear of life.

"The triumph of the battle comes when this daily bombardment, augmented by the responsibility of living together in a family, succeeds in intruding upon the insanity, upon the individualized 'crazy' world, so that slowly, persistently, with tolerance and understanding, the patient is brought back to a world of sanity."



At each visit to the clinic, the progressive "jump" in Benjamin's behavior away from remoteness and weird ritualism and the fear of being touched has been astounding.

The first time, after only a three-month stay, Benjamin greeted me with a shy "Hello," something he had not done for years. He offered to make me a lemonade, which he went into the kitchen (open to all at all times) to prepare. He suggested I might be more comfortable sitting under a tree shaded from the sun. A conversation of sorts followed—halting, self-conscious, and difficult for both of us. But almost gone was the invidious and maddening phrase "Why do you ask?" *He* even volunteered a few sentences to break the long moments of silence. When two other patients hovered close by, watching and listening, it was touching to see the dignity with which Benjamin introduced them; John, a young man of Falstaffian dimension, who did not then stop asking questions, and Sylvia, thin as a straight pin, disheveled, trembling, who was unable even to acknowledge the meeting.

At one point in the long afternoon, Dr. Honig strolled across the grass toward the cottage. He waved his hand, beckoning to a young man who was tinkering with the motor of an old jalopy and to another who was painting a window of the unit. Like the Pied Piper, he was followed by these two patients and several others who straggled into the house after him. Everyone—patients, ancillary therapist, housemother and housefather—gathered around, on pillows, on the floor, in an atmosphere at once disciplined and relaxed, for the daily group session.

Since I was available as a conduit to so much of Benjamin's past, the session soon centered around him.

Dr. Honig led the way. "Well, Benjamin, let's get to you. How's the God game today?"

The smallest hint of a smile began to play around Benjamin's mouth.

"It's easing up a little, Al."

"Did you know," Dr. Honig said, turning to me, "that Benjamin considers himself a wise guru—something Godlike? That's why he stands around doing nothing. Gurus do nothing but think, and Benjamin's not going to allow anyone to penetrate his concentration. Right, Benjamin?"

There was no answer.

"Yes, he 'thinks' so he can 'hear' the answer to life's problems. Did you tell your cousin that, Benjamin?"

There was a mounting tension.

"Why do you . . ." Benjamin began, then caught himself in mid-sentence. "No," he paused. "I . . . I never talked about it."

"Why not? That's what you believe."

"It was . . . private."

"Private . . . ? Come on, Benjamin." Dr. Honig, in his quiet calm voice, was driving a little harder now. "Why not? Were you ashamed of it? Like you know it's nuts. Crazy. A nice middle-class American guy like you, trying to act out something you're not. Standing around immobile. And those eating habits of yours. They're crazy too." And turning to me, "You know about the yogurts."

(I knew. Sheila or I had bought fifteen containers a day—anything to keep Benjamin from starvation—at home.)

"Well, he's getting better. He's down to five a day. And he's beginning to eat other things too. Even a wise guru has to live on something more than yogurt. Bamboo shoots . . . lamb's eyes . . . other good things like that."

Again Benjamin smiled. Then, seriously, "Yogurt is nourishing and I have not been sick."

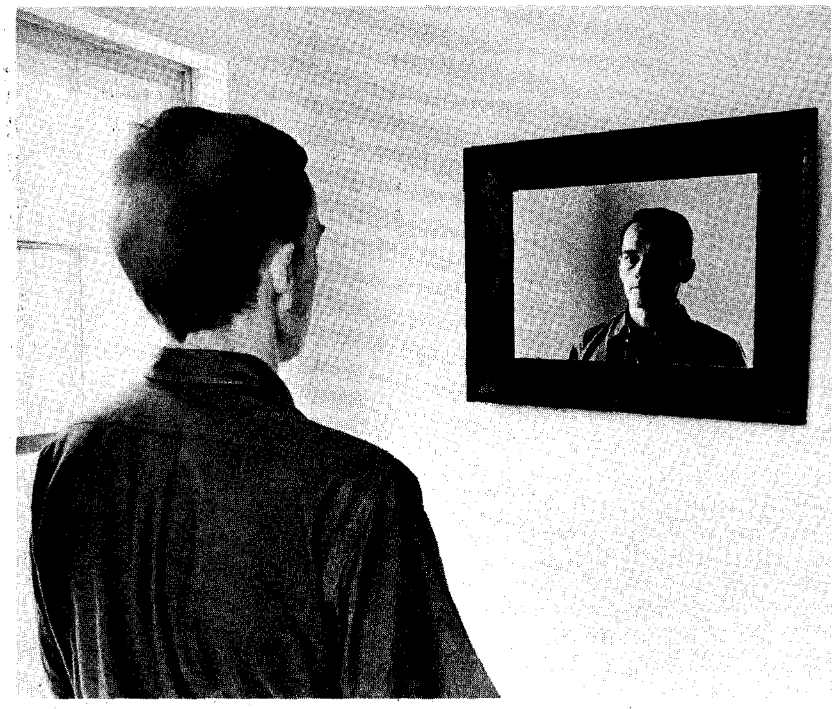
"Nourishing, yes. But hell, you look like a stick. A bent stick. Round-shouldered. You can't even keep your body straight. Hey," he said, with a change of mood, "can you imagine if Benjamin had all that power that he thinks he has, and he commanded everyone to a sole diet of yogurt? What would happen? The whole damn economy would be ruined. Only a whole white world of yogurt."

We all laughed. Benjamin too.

By turns gentle, harsh, brutally honest, incisive, humorous, caring, Dr. Honig was attempting to pierce through Benjamin's wall of "craziness." This wall of defense that served to guard Benjamin against human contact and prevent him from recognizing and admitting his psychosis; this posture of the wise guru, which enabled him to tell himself that he was not ill but merely adopting a socially "different" life-style was being challenged. Ripped into. Exploded.

And Benjamin was responding to this attack. He was talking. Laughing. Answering. It was as if, for those few hours, reactive to the personality of Dr. Honig and the group, Benjamin was able to shed the armor of his insanity. Once the session was over, Benjamin once more receded into his protective shell.

Later that evening, Benjamin, hesitantly and with a degree of awkwardness, invited me to remain for dinner. In the large, comfortable dining room, glass-walled to command a peaceful view of the green fields beyond, the "family" gathered again. With an almost Victorian traditionalism (the atmosphere in each cottage is highly individualized), we all took our places and waited for the housefather to seat himself at the head of the table.



The patient, John, I saw with something of a shock, was allowing himself to be put into a straitjacket. (Lest the very word *straitjacket* repulse you, let me explain that there is nothing cruel or abusive in its occasional use here. Sometimes it is necessary to control violence, whether outwardly or inwardly directed. Sometimes a patient will even request that he be put into restraint. If he suddenly begins to feel too confused or disoriented or unable to concentrate, a jacket can "center" him. He is always accompanied by a therapist who handles him in a tender way; he always remains part of the group; he is fed at mealtimes and encouraged by the group to talk at length about what is creating his inner turmoil. In John's case, it was the fact that he was enormously overweight, ate greedily and quickly, then worked himself into a fury if he finished his meal before anyone else. The restraint came off the moment the meal was over.)

John turned to me. "I like you," he said. "Would you feed me?" Naturally, I answered yes, but the housemother intervened. Turning to Sylvia, who now sat wraithlike in her chair, she whispered, "I want *you* to feed John." Very slowly, Sylvia rose and shuffled over to John. Silently, she began to spoon his food to him.

This was a form of reciprocal training: for John, to learn to control himself; and for Sylvia, to learn responsiveness. Had this been the way with Benjamin too?

Before taking my leave that night, I managed to find a quiet moment to speak to the housefather. "With Benjamin," I asked, "how did you manage to break through?"

"How? It's a combination of a lot of things. You saw the group session today. And there are the private sessions with Dr. Honig. In the first few days, a special therapist, one of our ex-patients, was with him hour after hour, to talk and keep him attached to reality. And—there's us: my wife and me." He paused as he recalled. "We'll use any technique here. These people who come to us are so disconnected from real life, we'll use any tools at our disposal—touch, taste, sight, sound, smell—anything. Benjamin was tough for me. He'd already been here awhile, and I was getting damn frustrated. Anyway, the day before the Fourth of July I was in town and I happened to see a string of those tiny one-inch firecrackers. I bought them to celebrate the holiday. Once back at the clinic, watching Benjamin in his wooden-Indian stance, I got an idea. I threw a lighted firecracker near his feet. He jumped, startled. Then I threw another and another. By the end of the string, Benjamin was alert and waiting for the small crack of sound. He was looking right and left and moving around. It really started then."

He caught my smile.

"It probably sounds awful to an outsider—but you've got to understand that you're chipping away at a ten-foot stone wall. Anyway, it worked."

In the following months, Benjamin's progress continued. He was taught to box (to build his strength and bring him into body contact with another body), not on the grounds of the clinic but at the local Lansdale "Y"—a move, also, into the real society he would ultimately have to confront. He was now eating every kind of food. His conversation had become increasingly free and open. He even verbalized an interest in affairs outside of himself, inquiring about my life and that of his real family. Benjamin was on his way to becoming the man I had known and loved from the moment he was born.

On my last visit, he had grown healthy enough to share, to a degree, some of his problems, his hopes, his anxieties about his future and possible plans. With a quiet pride he invited me to watch him take over what is known as "coverage" for the day. Here, in a unit other than his own, his job became that of an ancillary psychologist. I saw him encourage the withdrawn, soothe the restless, gentle the shouts and wild ramblings of a highly distraught patient. He dealt all the while with concern, honesty, and love—the elemental force that underlies the successful cures for so many patients here.

It is now just over two years since Benjamin was declared "hopeless." He has already begun to practice his profession, helping Dr. Honig test incoming patients, doing diagnostic workups, even working with the very ill.

I do not know what precipitated Benjamin's breakdown. Perhaps I never shall. Nor do I know the intricate, deeply buried labyrinthine twists of his mind in his long struggle toward health.

Soon, Benjamin, a Lazarus risen from the tomb, will be able to function in his chosen career, like fifteen other "hopeless" cases discharged from Honig's clinic since 1974. He will be able to make a very real, and a very special, contribution to the society of the mentally maimed. ■

How I Got Beefaloed

By Ira Barmak

"...It brings to mind the 'shmoo'... it's fur-producing, docile, disease-resistant, and has tender, low-cholesterol meat..."

I first encountered the word *beefalo* two years ago on a transcontinental flight from Los Angeles to New York. My work finished, I picked up an in-flight magazine. There, across a centerfold, was a mammoth meat machine with a half smile on its face—it looked a little like a cross between Elsie the Cow and Ferdinand the Bull. For the quintessential city slicker, this was galvanizing reading, and I raced through the piece. My pocketbook has never been the same.

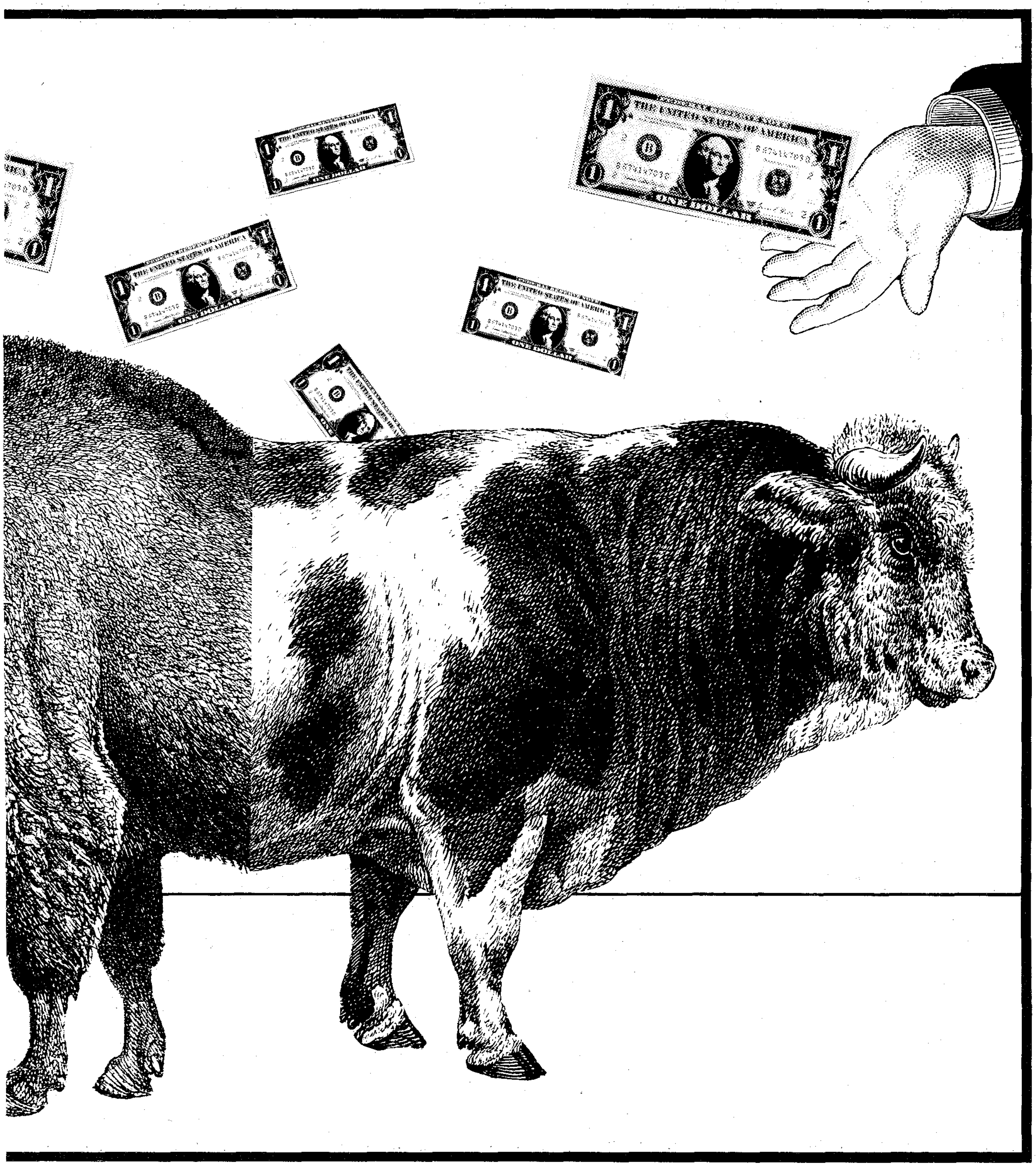
The article reported that after years of failing to crossbreed buffalo with beef cattle, a California rancher named D. C. Basolo had hit the genetic jackpot, and out had come an animal that reaches its market weight of 950 to 1,100 pounds in only a year instead of the eighteen to twenty months normally required for beef cattle. Even better, the animal does it almost solely on grass, and requires only five pounds of that abundant and cheap food source to put on a pound of lean, red meat. This is in contrast to the highly inefficient animals we now look to for our steaks, which munch away on eight to ten pounds of high-priced corn, oats, or other grains in order to give us a single pound of meat, and even begrudge us that one pound by intermixing it with generous dollops of cholesterol in every bite. The beefalo has supposedly inherited the buffalo's magical digestive tract, scarfing down weeds and high-cellulose chaff that any other commercial bovine would be offended to find in its trough.

Now, if the buffalo's digestive tract does all those wondrous things, one would naturally wonder why we don't just eat the buffalo. First of all, the buffalo has a personality akin to Frank Sinatra when asked for an autograph. It hates being crowded or fenced in, is highly territorial, and is smart enough to suspect that man isn't feeding him for nothing. More important, however, is that you need only recall the buffalo's massive head and tapered, thin rear (remember the back of the Indian-head nickel?) to realize that this animal's mass is about 70 percent forward of his midline. It turns out that almost all the meat in that area is essentially hamburger, while all those steaks and roasts and fillets and eye rounds are in the back end, the end painfully wanting in the buffalo. Ah, but not so the beefalo. It has an extremely square configuration and an unusually elongated body, so that it produces not only low-fat, short-grained (and therefore tender) meat but has virtually as much in back (read expensive cuts) as in front. And, what do you know, it is sweet-tempered, mild-mannered, docile, a veritable pussycat. I told you, he was smiling up out of the page at me.

Then there is the matter of unusual resistance to disease, supposedly a result of the buffalo's aeons of Darwinian evolution out on the range. Not to mention the fact that the beefalo has a pelt, not a hide, with three to four times as many hairs per square inch as beef cattle, and is thus much more resistant to extremes in climate. Which also means that when he is no longer using that fur to keep warm or cool, the pelt can be used for making coats and fur trims.

Well, it brings to mind the "shmoo," Al Capp's mythical animal, that supplied just about every food requirement of man. The only qualities the shmoo had that aren't being claimed for the beefalo were the ability to lay eggs and the tendency to die of happiness if you look at it hungrily. In short, here is a fur-producing animal that apparently costs 40 percent less to feed than cattle for the same weight gain, that has high disease-and-climate resistance, that is docile, and produces

Illustrated by Jim Harter



low-cholesterol meat that is naturally tender. Finally, unlike other hybrids, the beefalo is said to be as fertile as the normal commercial cow. This clearly has to be the meat of tomorrow. A great opportunity to cash in, right? I resolved to learn as much as possible about beefalo as fast as I could.

I found that most of the investment play in beefalo is, naturally, in the breeding stock. Beefalo meat itself is still some time away from everyone's dinner table. The ideal beefalo bulls and heifers are still being developed, and that is where the action is. One Canadian syndicate, I was told often, shelled out $2.5 million for a single full-blood bull.

The way to start off investing, I was informed, is to buy a prize heifer that is part beefalo already, inseminate her with full-blood beefalo, and hope for daughters and granddaughters. For example, if you buy a half-blood heifer, and it calves a heifer, she will be three quarters beefalo. If her calf is, in turn, a healthy heifer, you have a seven-eighth heifer—and now you have it made. Such a heifer is considered full-blood.

Now you start hoping for boy calves, since a fifteen-sixteenth beefalo bull is considered full-blood.

“...We wanted to keep the three-quarter-blood heifer and use her to breed full-blood bulls that we could sell for $2.5 million each...”

There is a lot of genetic crap shooting in all this—every time you get the “wrong” sex (i.e., a bull when you wanted a heifer calf), you lose a whole year in the breeding chain. Gestation takes nine months, and the mother cow requires between two and three months before she can be impregnated again.

I poked around until I found the offices of a company called Beefalo East, and dragged my brother Gene, along to a lunch with the company’s president, Phil Miller. Over a pleasant ’72 Mouton Cadet, we learned that everything we had already heard about the beefalo was almost an embarrassing understatement. And there were more wonders: The density of the animal’s bones is remarkably close to ivory (a polished piece was brought along and screamed to be laminated on piano keys); and its liver purportedly tastes more like chicken liver than beef liver, thus lending itself to extraordinary pâtés. In calf form (the counterpart of veal in beef, and nicknamed “beefalette”), the meat was such a delicacy that there was said to be a standing order by “21” for all the beefalette meat that could be produced. My brother and I were now hooting with laughter, suggesting uses for the ears as fine linen and the sweetbreads as an inexpensive substitute for caviar. The president wasn’t laughing, but then he wasn’t into that second bottle of Mouton Cadet either.

Then we took a look at a set of prize animals that Beefalo East had up for sale. The half-blood heifer Rhoda’s Pride (they’re always called somebody’s “pride”) was ravishing, and her three-quarter-blood calf, Jacqui’s Pride, was clearly the heiress apparent to the beefalo monarchy.

The president of Beefalo East explained that these animals were being syndicated, that there would be seven shares at $5,000 per share, that two were spoken for by a Du Pont who was keenly interested in the breed, two were going to be retained by Beefalo East, and one was going to a rich dentist whose ranch neighbored on that of the mysterious Du Pont. Quickly, Gene and I calculated that there were still two shares left and it would take a mere $10,000 to get them. Still we hesitated. Actually, Gene hesitated. Between my animal attraction to Jacqui’s Pride and my social-climbing attraction to the Du Ponts, I was a goner. Then came the big finish. The president told us the noble animals were going to be the star attractions of an upcoming auction. He showed us their picture on one whole page of the brochure and explained that a conservative estimate of what the animals would bring ran to about $50,000 or more. Thus, in a matter of weeks we could decide whether we wanted to keep the animals or take a quick 43 percent profit. Gene finally agreed it was a good opportunity.

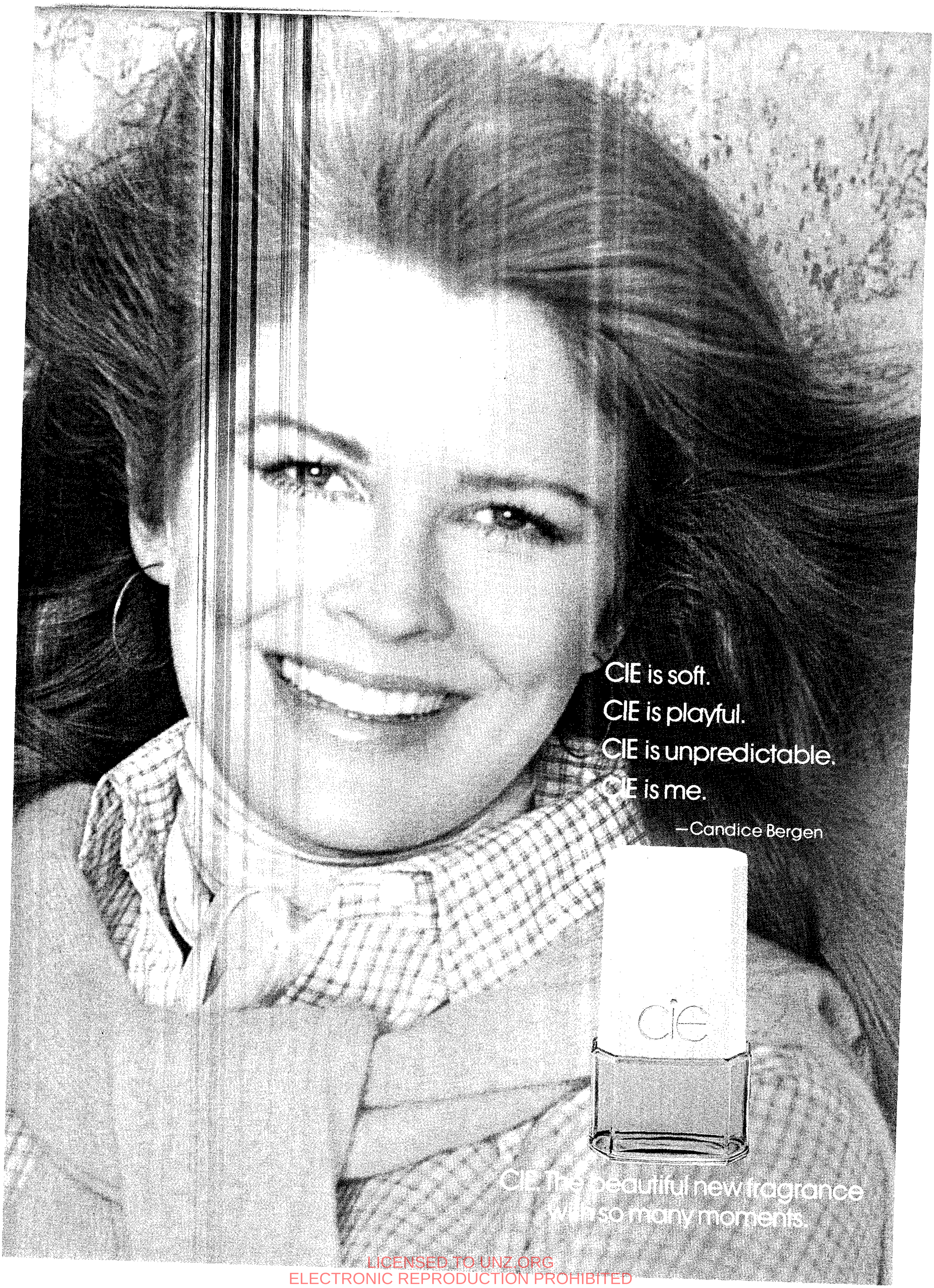
My brother lives in London, so our tortured determinations on whether to take a profit or keep our beloved animals had to be done by phone and letter. The postage and tolls could easily have been saved. The bidding on these two priceless animals came to a screeching halt at $34,500. I was in charge of bidding for the syndicate up to a top of $35,000, and, remarkably, the man aggressively bidding against me fell instantly silent after that bid. As soon as the bidding was over, everyone crowded around to meet the rich doctor from Beverly Hills (they bandied around my M.D. a lot, even though I don’t practice) who had just paid so much money for a pair of beefalo. No one knew I was only part of a syndicate that included the sellers themselves, and clearly this little exercise was used to establish a new price high. Later, when I really thought about it, I recognized it as a fake transaction. But at the time, I was caught up in everyone’s enthusiasm, and Gene and I had decided we didn’t really want to sell anyway. We wanted to keep that champion three-quarter-blood heifer and use her to breed full-blood bulls that we could sell for $2.5 million each.

Not long afterward, the first serious warning bell went off. We discovered that we weren’t going to end up chumming around with the Du Ponts, because they weren’t in on the syndicate. Neither was that dentist. As a matter of fact, it was just us and Beefalo East. Since that placed us in a minority holding position, and was counter to representations made and put into our contract, we asked about getting our money back. The president said he’d get back to us on it, but he didn’t think that would be a problem. It certainly wasn’t a problem compared to his other problems. A week later he was canned. A few days after that, we were informed that Beefalo East hadn’t gotten around to insuring our animals, and that now a strange little complication had arisen. Our three-quarter heifer, Jacqui’s Pride, previously destined to shape the future of the breed, was now stubbornly refusing to grow and seemed to be clearly ailing. She was now uninsurable.

I went to a meeting with the board of directors of Beefalo East, in which I eloquently described how we had been taken and how I was now going to seek legal redress. The men were dignified, intelligent, and I think, sincerely distressed. It was clear the company was overextended, that this sales technique had been used without their approval, and that the company now had a serious cash-flow problem.

Some efforts were made to right the wrong. We were offered other animals, but there was nothing offered that was worth the money we had invested. The company made a vain effort to cure Jacqui’s Pride by sending her to several veterinarians and a major university, but nothing more was ever diagnosed than some chronic respiratory problems, and still it was clear her growth and breeding potential were zero. Meanwhile, Rhoda’s Pride had another three-quarter-blood calf, which happily turned out to be a heifer, and we finally settled on full right and title to the mother and this new calf. We had no choice. Beefalo East was in the process of going bankrupt, and most of their other animals were under liens and weren’t going anywhere until the company paid its bills.

Okay, I’m a great one for chalking up losses against the fun I had incurring them, and my brother and I agreed we’d had a terrific time playing cowboys. So that should be the end of the story. But it isn’t. First of all, we still had Rhoda’s Pride, our beautiful half-blood cow who had turned out two heifers in a row. Secondly, we had that new calf, which we had named Ruth’s Pride, after our recently deceased mother. So we had to find a place to keep them. I became friendly with the new president of the American Beefalo Association, B. A. Rucker, who had been much more seriously hurt by Beefalo East than we were. He helped us reclaim our animals and took charge of their care. And his conviction that the animals themselves are every bit the breakthrough they’re claimed to be is the backbone for our continuing involvement in the breed. The experience with Jacqui’s Pride is hard to shrug off, but Mr. Rucker claims there are tough breaks with every breed, and our new three-quarter heifer is performing spectacularly since weaning, weighing over 750 pounds at nine months of age. And just to come completely clean,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"...I'm an optimist. The fact that the field of beefalo is riddled with hucksters is not necessarily damning to the breed itself..."

we also own another half-blood and her three-quarter heifer, which we bought for $3,000. This was because Rucker said they were every bit as good as our first pair, and Gene and I decided to "average down," so we were only $6,500 into each pair. This would have been sound investment thinking if it were not for the fact that we later picked up three pregnant half-bloods for $800 each. We were gambling that at least two out of the three would have heifers. Remember, the trick is to keep getting heifers until you have a seven-eighth heifer, which is considered a full-blood. From then on, you want bulls.

Was anyone else having the right bulls? Or, more important, was anyone at all making money? Basolo was doing fine. He has a new semen distributor for the East Coast and has gained back all that territory east of the Mississippi that once was the domain of Beefalo East. He's still selling animals, and remains the central figure of this breed. But it's sure hard to find anybody else who's doing particularly well. And it's awfully easy to find people who are doing just lousy.

The *Wall Street Journal* ran a piece entitled "How Beefalo Became a Discouraging Word to a Lot of Investors," detailing an alleged fraud involving the loss of millions of dollars by investors in Europe and the United States. The *WSJ* quoted investigators in the state of California, saying this was a "classic example of how easily such legitimate technical advances as the beefalo can be seized upon by nimble promoters."

Not long ago a full-blood heifer was supposedly sold at auction for $148,000. I was getting suspicious of these high prices set at auction, and checked into it. I learned that Basolo promised to deliver the animal "with calf" as a condition of the sale, or, failing that, to replace her with a comparable animal "with calf." The deal fell through, and the man never paid his $148,000.

And what about that $2.5-million bull I kept hearing about, that was sold to the Canadian syndicate? Well, as best I can piece the story together from the people I've interviewed, here's what happened. Ten partners north of our border agreed to chip in $250,000 each, to be paid over a period of time, during which they would have possession of the bull and start to market the semen. The first payment of $300,000 was made on time, but the syndicate was late making the second payment. They got an extension from Basolo but didn't meet the due date of the extension. At that point, the bull was returned to Basolo. The reasons aren't clear. The official story is that the bull became infertile in Canada, which was chalked up to its being homesick. Upon its return to Basolo's ranch in California, it presumably became fertile again.

I got curious about how other investors were doing, and ran across a chap from Long Island. He thought he'd hit upon a way of helping Mother Nature along, and thereby helping himself. He had purchased a three-quarter-beefalo heifer and had sent her to Nebraska to undergo embryo transplants. That intriguing genetic shortcut involves flushing fertilized eggs from the beefalo heifer, then transplanting them into ordinary cows. Obviously, if the eggs are left in the original heifer, only one could fully mature (twins are rare with cattle). This process requires no surgery and doesn't injure the animal. The point of it all is to avoid having to wait nine months to find out if your calf is of the sex you want. With the embryo transplants, you end up with anywhere from four to eleven or more calves, all genetically from the same mother and father, and in the same period of time. So your chances of getting a full-blood heifer are multiplied tremendously. It sounds like a great idea, and probably would revolutionize breeding, except so far it doesn't work. At least not for my Long Island friend. The vets were able to extract eleven fertilized eggs, but only three of those eggs led to a successful pregnancy.

How about as tax shelters? A doctor friend of mine was waxing enthusiastic about a plan he had just enrolled in that involved beefalo. He didn't know about my investment in the field. I had a look at his prospectus, and horror crossed my face. Apart from the questionable tax advantages that the plan claimed, which are far more tenuous today with the new IRS regulations, the purchase prices of his animals were about ten times the normal market prices for comparable animals. Happily, he was able to pull out of the plan in the nick of time, and get his money back. And I suspect I'm now one of his new best friends.

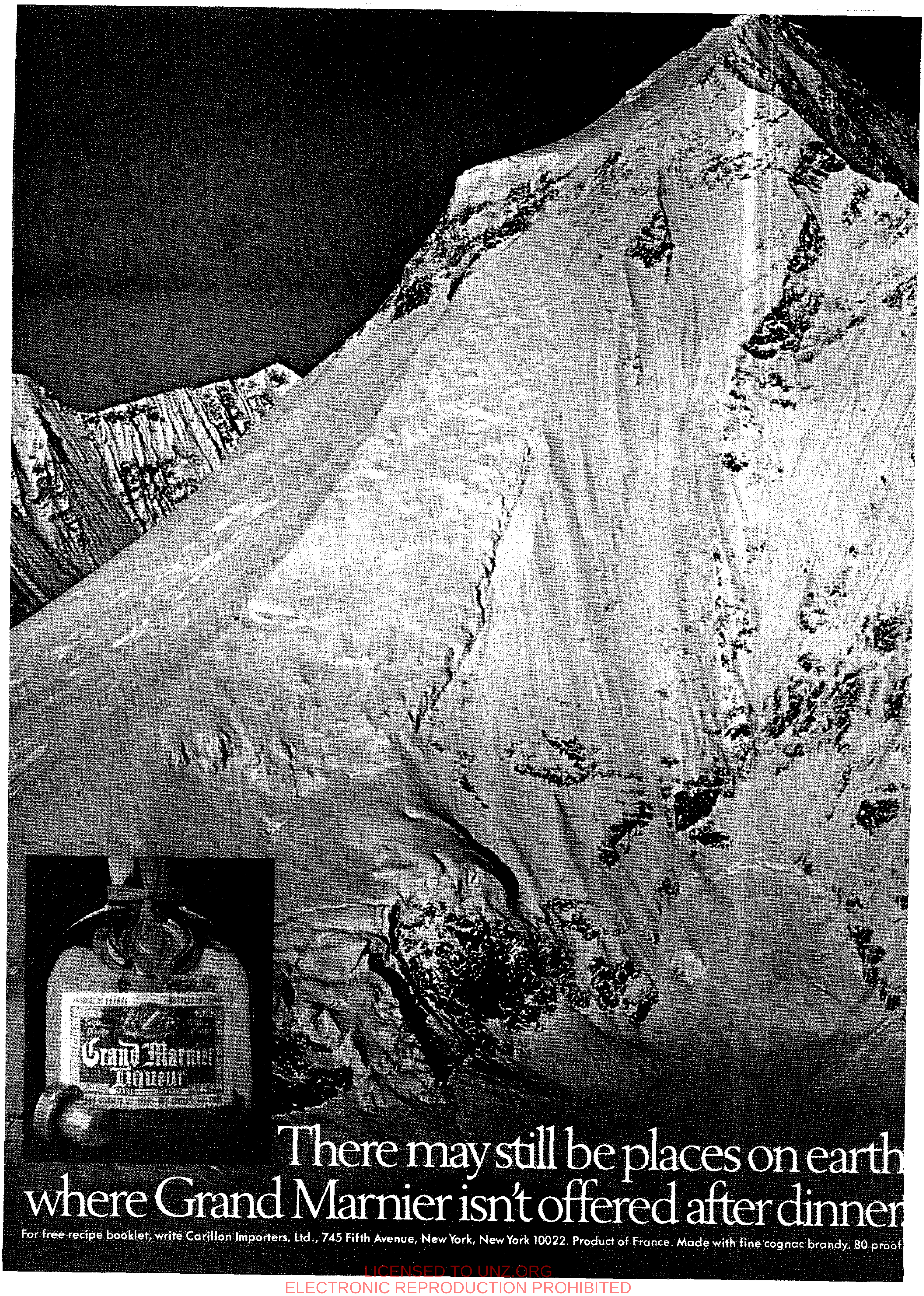
But I'm an incurable optimist. The fact that the field of beefalo is riddled with hucksters is not necessarily damning to the breed itself, any more than the fact that the Brooklyn Bridge has been fraudulently sold so many times implies that it isn't a valuable and productive bridge. I have within my files a study done at a large Amarillo meat-packing house that utilized 486 half-blood beefalo averaging twelve months of age and 955 pounds in weight. The conclusion was that, had all their cattle been half-blood beefalo, the packing house's earnings for one year alone would have increased by $11,718,000, due to the larger yield of total meat and of choicer cuts. The official at the packing house, Carl Boyer, stated at the end of the study that he believes within ten years all slaughter cattle will have some bison blood, and that the Beefalo Association claims for percentages of meat yield are "understatements."

Ralphs markets, a major supermarket chain in California, just test marketed beefalo in its stores in August and quickly sold out its supply. An official of the company told me the response was very positive, that many buyers asked when it would be available again, and that the store would not hesitate to sell it again when more of the meat comes on the market. Other test marketings in Minneapolis, San Francisco, and Portland, Oregon, have been equally successful.

Personally, I find beefalo meat delicious, as do most of the people I know who have tasted it. It's not unlike conventional beef in flavor and appearance.

In addition, there is strong evidence that the meat is substantially lower in cholesterol. One study I've seen puts it at 97 percent lower and thus offers an interesting alternative red meat for people on low-cholesterol diets.

I have to believe in beefalo. Reading that fated article in that in-flight magazine has cost me a total of $10,462.50, not counting legal fees, veterinary bills, feed and maintenance costs, membership in the American Beefalo Association, and sales commissions in the future. This week, my brother and I attended an auction and watched the prices dip slowly in the sunset. Naturally, we did the only sensible thing—we bought five more heifers. And that's not the worst of it. Now we have to go shopping for a ranch, a safe place to house those critters named after my nephew, my two nieces, my sister-in-law, my best friend, my girl friend, and my dear departed mother. ▬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Psychology Of the New York Work Space

By T George Harris

You'd refuse to live in my favorite kind of office: a small and private broom closet crowded with a nondescript desk, a 1911-model Underwood, a stenographer's chair, two black phones, and three layers of shelves that are within arm's reach on three sides, for stacking papers. To most people, anyway, my working heaven might feel like a large, dirty wastebasket.

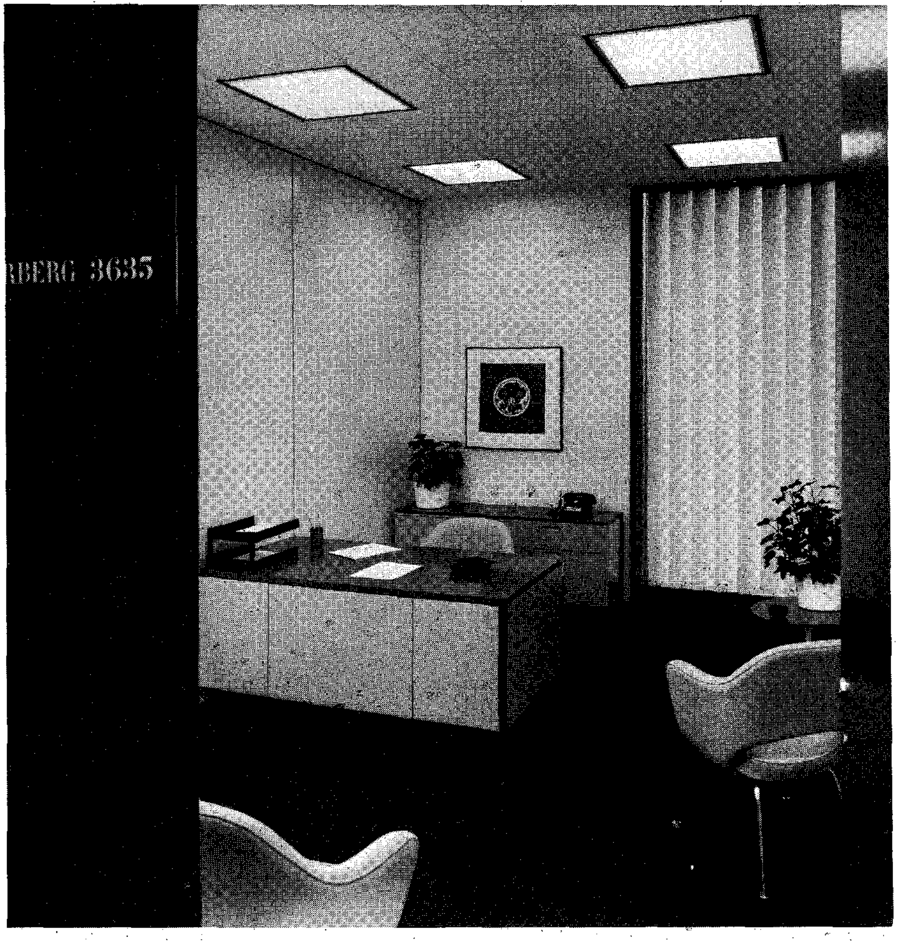
No doubt you'd want, instead, something more like the chic and roomy offices set up by several well-known New Yorkers (see "Office, Sweet Office," page 55). Or like the more standard rooms inhabited by the people who talked with Orde Coombs (see page 69). But I'm sure you'd always want to make changes to adapt any of them to your personal working style and taste.

That's the point: An office is not just a paper-processing machine or an accessory to your style of dress. For artisans of the out box, millions of us, the office is a highly personal tool shop, often the home of the soul. Unless it fits our habits and bears at least a faint mark of the user's personal stamp, it is strange and hostile ground. This fact may sound simple, but it eludes most architects, office designers, and thousands of regulations writers in hundreds of giant corporations. They have a mania for uniformity, in space as in furniture, and a horror over how the messy side of human nature clutters up an office landscape that would otherwise be as tidy as a national cemetery.

In this golden age of corporate palaces, the 36-story CBS headquarters at 52nd Street and Sixth Avenue stands as a monument to the super-neat ideal of office buildings. "Black Rock" has the hard and ominous feel of the monolith in *2001: A Space Odyssey*. To keep it hard-edged and tidy within, the corporation wrote such strict regulations when the place opened twelve years ago that a producer could not look at film slides in his office without first nursing two interoffice memos up through the facilities hierarchy—one memo to dim overhead lights, the other to move a chair.

Such strict controls reflect a Civil Service style of management. CBS secretaries are ranked D (lowest) through G (executive)—not to be confused with the Alphas and Betas of *Brave New World*—and are allowed no more than 60 square feet of working space, plus 15 square feet for files and machines—about the amount of space each prisoner gets in a U.S. Army stockade. They sit at plastic-topped desks; they use the regulation equipment (like the special CBS stapler) firmly specified in the CBS administrative-services manual. In the officer class, levels are numbered, not lettered, and a manager (levels 7, 8, and 9) is allowed to roam around 100

"...The purpose of 'hard architecture,' says psychologist Sommer, is to control the inmates, put the institution's stripes on them..."



ROBERT DAMORA

Strictly according to the rules: *A standard CBS office.*

square feet—a fact clearly advertised by the four light units in his ceiling, each centered in a five-foot-by-five-foot module. When he's reached director status—levels 10, 11, and 12—the employee is allowed 150 square feet (to accept less is bad form, a mark of disrespect for company values), and he graduates from the plain plastic desk top to wood-colored plastic. Directors also get arms added to their visitor chairs (two each), plus a living plant in a white CBS pot. The corporation's official plant tender does not throw out unofficial plants, but neither does he water them.

The canons of official décor naturally grow more generous near the peak of the corporate obelisk. CBS vice-presidents, of whom there are more than 200, are allowed 225 square feet, and nine light modules, but a daring young veep with clout can scrounge another 100 square feet or better. He qualifies for a real-wood desk, but few accept them; almost all opt for large worktables without the file drawers found in desks. They have risen above such menial acts as keeping their own files. But there's still much to strive for. Presidents of divisions get sixteen light modules of space, marble-top tables, and a bar, plus the right to use the corporation's Gulfstream jet and to tap into the building's television cable.

Rebels down in some departments, notably the rock-music managers of the records division, often betray considerable disrespect for proper order (see Bruce Harris's story, next page) by cluttering their offices with posters and personal memorabilia. (The walls are meant to be chaste, gray steel protected by corporate canon from Scotch tape.) But the codifiers of office regulations keep striving to counter the threat to uniformity. One way is to cheapen the status currency so that people at each level get fancier furnishings without breaking regulations. This year, for instance, vice-presidents were allowed for the first time to have arms on their office couches. One freshly commissioned vice-president, pointing at his couch arms, said happily, "I hit it lucky."

CBS controls space and office perks with more precision than most companies—still, others have made quite remarkable advances along the control axis. Before McGraw-Hill moved into its new building at 49th Street and Sixth Avenue in 1972, it set up a Deviation Committee to rule on any request to make any change in the physical setup specified in a positive blizzard of advance memos. At Chase Manhattan, nobody below a vice-president is allowed to take along his desk when he shifts offices.

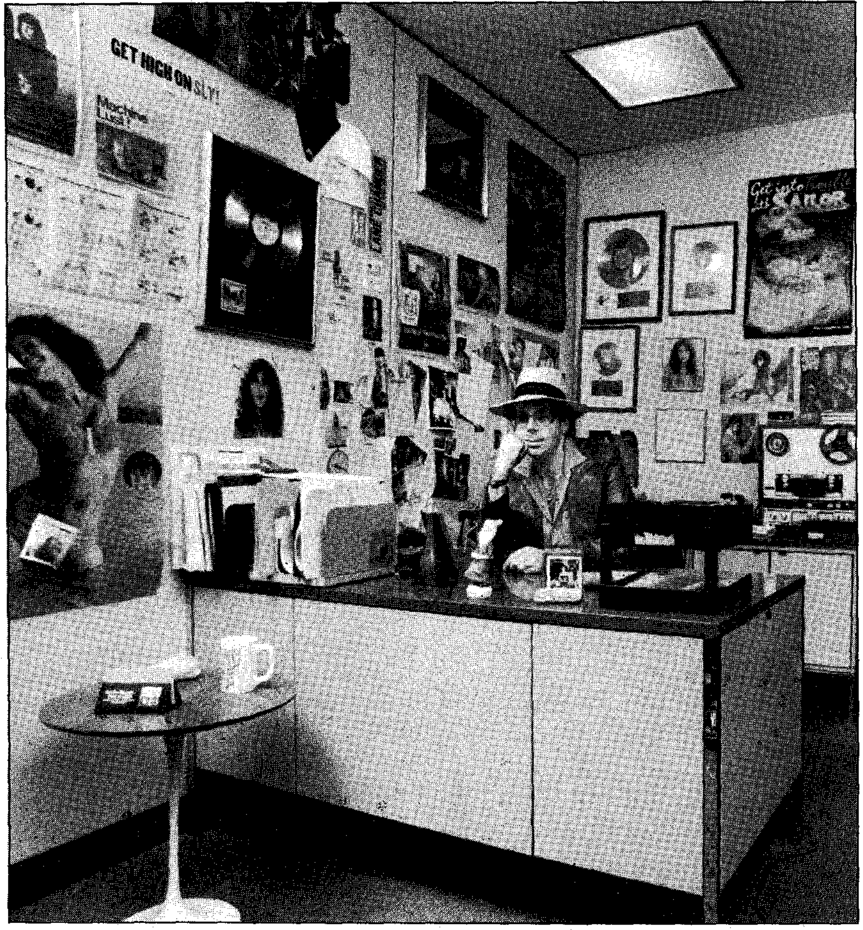
Some companies use architectural tricks in an effort to right the worst abuses of the office caste system. In San Francisco, the Italian-bred Bank of America built triangular bays into its new tower to provide sixteen corner offices, not just four, on each floor. In many other corporate palaces, architects have used open spaces rather than private offices so as to put everyone within sight of a window and give equal access to air-conditioning ducts. But such "landscaping," invented in Germany to let bosses see whose desk is bottle-necking papers, can lead to a sort of mental nudist camp where nobody, not even executives, has any privacy.

Almost nobody, however, attacks the deeper damage to the human spirit of uniformity, depersonalization. I once thought all the army supply clerks had been moved into companies to write their office regulations. But psychologist Robert Sommer looks into the deeper waters of institutional habits. After years of experiments and research on working space, he has tracked down the model of today's slick office design: the prison cellblock. "Hard architecture," he insists, is the same in both prisons and offices—it's impervious to the human touch. Its purpose is to control the inmates, put the institution's stripes on them, resist any human imprint.

Before getting into Sommer's evidence, let's look at the decades-old effort to find what kind of working space people like—and do their best in. Eighteen years ago, psychologist Norbett Mintz, then at Brandeis University, gave psychological mood tests to people in an ugly room and to a matched group in a bright, friendly room. He reported—no surprise—that the beautiful room was better; even the research assistants in the ugly room, he noted,

The Human Touch At Black Rock

BARBARA PFEFFER


GET HIGH ON SLY!

Strictly according to whim: *Bruce Harris's CBS office.*

Bruce Harris has his office his way. Even in the CBS building. His ten-foot-by-fifteen-foot room is director-size, naturally, because Harris is director of artists and repertoire for Epic Records, a CBS subsidiary. And that room is plastered with posters and photographs, album covers and publicity profiles of the famous and the aspiring. The whole place is such a celebration of rock that David Bowie's poster has to be satisfied with the ceiling and Boz Scaggs finds himself on the inner door. "The decorating scheme was devised to entertain me," Harris says, "but I've found it keeps my visitors amused too. People who bring their tapes in are really tired of hearing their own material for the thousandth time, so when they come here they get up and walk around and peer at everything while I listen. It keeps them from getting restless."

How can Harris get way with the personalization of his office space at Black Rock?

"I have heard stories," he says, "about people who have moved their desks three inches during the day and have come back the next morning to find them moved back to their original places. But that hasn't happened to us at Epic Records. I think the other people at CBS used to think of us as a strange group who spoke a different language and as such should be left alone. Now the company has come to terms with the fact that this division, because of its connection with creative artists, just has to have a free, understandardized atmosphere to work in."

Even the precise ranks of secretarial desks down the hall have been allowed their quirky personal touches. Rock-star posters and family photographs and Snoopy signs and slogans cover the walls (most, at least, put up with the proper magnet, but some, like Harris's stuff, stuck up with Scotch tape). Cardboard mobiles dangle from the light modules. And, violating the purity of the CBS gray-steel walls, there's a sign in the hall—EPIC IS THE GREATEST RECORD COMPANY IN THE WORLD—spelled out waveringly in masking tape.

Has CBS gotten less uptight, funkier, in recent years? "I don't know," Harris says tactfully, his eyes raised to the ceiling, "but no one hassles us here." Never? "Well, if you look at the ceiling, you will notice that I have taken out four of the fluorescent bulbs. They were too glaring. They gave me headaches. I put a piece of blue plastic over one, and I kept on only the light that was farthest from me. One morning, my blue filter was taken out and disposed of, and all the lights were turned back on. I didn't make a fuss. I simply replaced the filter, took out the bulbs, and went on as before. No trouble since then."

Harris's office space consists of a small black Yamaha piano, masses of stereo equipment, two blue visitor chairs, a standard director's desk, and record shelves. It is compact, designed to be functional. "I spend a great deal of time listening to unsolicited tapes or material our artists are working on. So this stereo is my main tool. I just swivel around from my desk and I'm at all the controls. That is why I don't need more space. I have to be able to touch everything at once."

Behind Harris is a floor-to-ceiling window. "Some people make a great deal of these windows, but I don't care that much. I would like to know if it's raining or snowing, but I am chained to this desk. The only time I really focus on my external space is when I have been listening to music for hours and I need to get up, to look at the crowds outside, and then to come back to listen to the nuances of the music with a keener, rested ear."

What might he change in the mélange of controlled clutter? "The paraphernalia on the walls. I admit this place could use some elegant stuff." I can see what he means. A "Get High With Sly" poster slices one wall; a Rick Derringer "American Lady" poster flutters in the semi-stillness; and all around, there are photographs of pouting, unknown blondes. "You must understand," says Harris, "that this space is now decorated like one room of my apartment before I was married. All I have really done is moved my den here." **—Orde Coombs**

> "...All the experiments proved disappointing. People suddenly put into 'good design' did *not* seem to wake up and love it..."

got mean to each other and were not eager to continue the experiment. While editing *Psychology Today,* I read the Mintz experiment several times; I'd been hunting for work-space-design research. But it seemed to me that Mintz had so overdone the contrast between ugly and beautiful that he'd failed to prove his point. For several years after that, I chased every rumor of an experiment that might prove what then seemed obvious: that people work better, feel happier, in "good design."

Nothing paid off. Researchers tested different colors on the walls of hospitals and other institutions. Architects built fancier corporate offices, wrote more complicated rules to control their use. One University of Texas professor experimented with the placement of coffeemakers in technical companies; when coffee machines provide a social spot for people to gather, he believed, they inspired the kind of accidental conversation that triggered new ideas: synergy! Much as I wanted to believe his argument, he never controlled the test enough to make the case. And the well-controlled experiments in room design and color kept disappointing the experimenters: People suddenly put into "good design" did *not* seem to wake up and love it.

Then in the seventies came the environmental movement, with its vivid concern for the quality of life, its hate for dirty, crowded spaces. Experimenters had found that crowded rats turned to violence, deviant sex, and cannibalism. But little of this "behavioral sink" showed up even in mild symptoms when scientists jammed people into tight spaces. NASA tried to prove a point by sending marine biologists to work for weeks in a small lab under the sea. No luck, just high morale and hard work. People, it seems, living in psychic space—they can adapt to miserable physical settings when the invisible environments in their heads feel good. The NASA experiment did, however, provide a useful clue. For those biologists living underseas on fancy prepared meals, the chance to choose what they'd eat was important; some wanted to cook their own out of cans rather than take what was wrapped up for them in advance.

The nice break came in research on noise in New York City. New York University psychologist David Glass discovered in 1971 that people are far less troubled by loud noise if they think they have the power to stop it or even to predict when it's coming. This disciplined work, and much more that followed, told us what we should have guessed: On the job, as in most of life, the human organism has a fierce need to control, to "own," its environment.

That's where Robert Sommer had been headed all along. For fourteen years, working out of the University of California campus at Davis, he has been running field tests of "hard" and "soft" rooms, those that users can't change and those they can push around to suit themselves. In prisons, classrooms, offices, and college dorms, he had found again and again that such symbolic freedoms as the right to paint your own wall, whatever color, helps turn institutional space into personal space. When a radical design group consulted Seattle white-collar workers about office furniture and layout for a new Federal Aviation Administration building, morale and satisfaction soared. Compared with FAA workers in a fancier building in Los Angeles, Sommer reports, the Seattle workers were significantly happier, more pleased with everything—from their jobs to the air-conditioning system.

The notion of control over the environment is beginning to turn up new possibilities. Out in Ann Arbor, Herman Miller's furniture research chief, Bob Propst, now designs office tables and cabinets that you can re-arrange in many ways to fit your habits.

Maybe the final war will be fought over privacy or, more precisely, the capacity to control who intrudes upon your work space. Two psychologists at the University of Tennessee just finished a major field study on managers as well as secretarial, clerical, and mechanical workers. The ones with the greater privacy, especially if protected from three sides, reported the higher job satisfaction. Do they work harder? It's hard to tell about managers, but among the secretarial-clerical-mechanical ranks, those working in greater privacy won the higher ratings from their superiors. We may, however, have a chicken-and-egg problem. I suspect that the workers respected by their superiors have power enough to grab more working privacy.

In New York State, Frank Becker of Cornell University's department of design and environmental analysis used Sommer's ideal of "participatory design" to infect the nurses, doctors, and patients at a small hospital with contagious excitement—even a friendly view of their bosses. With the help of a National Science Foundation research grant, his students went well beyond normal standards of architectural research by consulting patients at every step of a redecoration which involved changes in lighting, traffic patterns, color schemes, and furniture. What was most impressive, Becker says, was the eagerness of hospital staff to suggest improvements they'd always wanted to make but had never been able to.

But nobody has shown that well-designed places are bad for you. Most American workers at all levels take pride in their best work. All the evidence simply points to a new role for architects and designers: to work as consultants to the actual users of office space, rather than pushing on with their snobs' role as builders of monuments to themselves and as promoters for the hard-edged image of corporate clients.

"The notion of good design being imposed upon the user without consultation is itself bad design," insists Sommer. But a revolution in architecture and management will come hard. The American Institute of Architects, cream of the trade, still frowns on the worker-influenced FAA building in Seattle because it looks too heterogeneous, because it suffers, as one awards-jury member put it, from "a lack of discipline and control of the interiors. . . ." There, variety has now been institutionalized so that the regulations writers will have trouble taking control back from the office workers; a new employee can go off to a storage room to pick his or her desk and chair from a motley inventory. They, like CBS vice-presidents, have options.

Such symptoms of working dignity, though often petty, tend to spread like germs. Among 35,000 CBS workers, the company's tight little rules have become the most reliable source of reliable jokes. Some dine out on them. Like Bruce Harris, of the records division, others revel in the illicit pleasure of turning off a light module, capturing an extra CBS plant, or poking fun at the pompous perks of their superiors. Only one stock joke brings a reflective look to the face of almost any CBSer who tells it. That's the legend about the movable steel walls . . . you know, the one about the executive who fell out of favor and came in one Monday morning to find that his office and all trace of where it had been had disappeared. ▬

Office, Sweet Office

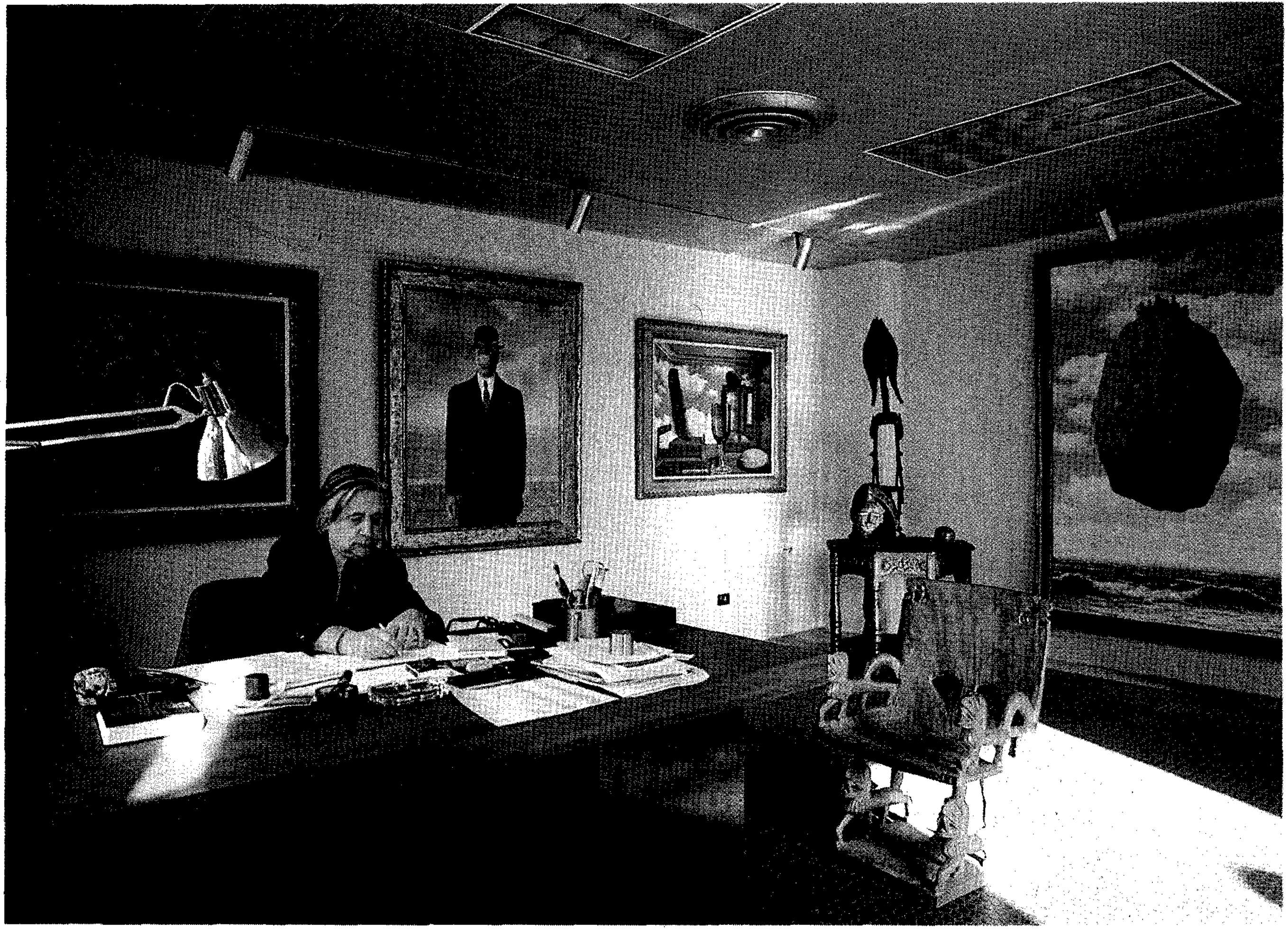
By Suzanne Slesin

"...These new work spaces have more than a touch of home about them: fresh flowers, plush sofas, fireplaces. There's even a bed..."

These days, if someone invites you up to see his etchings, chances are you'll find yourself in his office rather than in his living room. Or if you happen to overhear a colleague dropping a top decorator's name, you might find yourself eavesdropping on the latest style in office design. It's true enough that architects and designers were the ones who traditionally designed our office spaces—glorifying the corner office, the *Ficus benjamina* tree, the twenty-foot desk, the luxurious reception areas. But the new work spaces have more than a touch of home about them. Comfortable plush sofas, fresh flowers, scaled-down furniture, fireplaces abound, especially when New Yorkers are making their offices in spaces of their own choosing.

On these pages we show you six unusual offices—from the one where international lawyer Harry Torczyner works, surrounded by his Magrittes, to art dealer Karl Mann's private office, dominated by a carved and canopied Flemish bed. In some of them we were hard pressed to locate even a telephone. But don't assume these are nonworking offices. The longer work day we impose on ourselves is the reason behind this new look in work spaces. As John Saladino, whose extravagant office is featured on page 57 and on our cover, explained: "We spend so much time here, we wanted it to be as comfortable as possible."

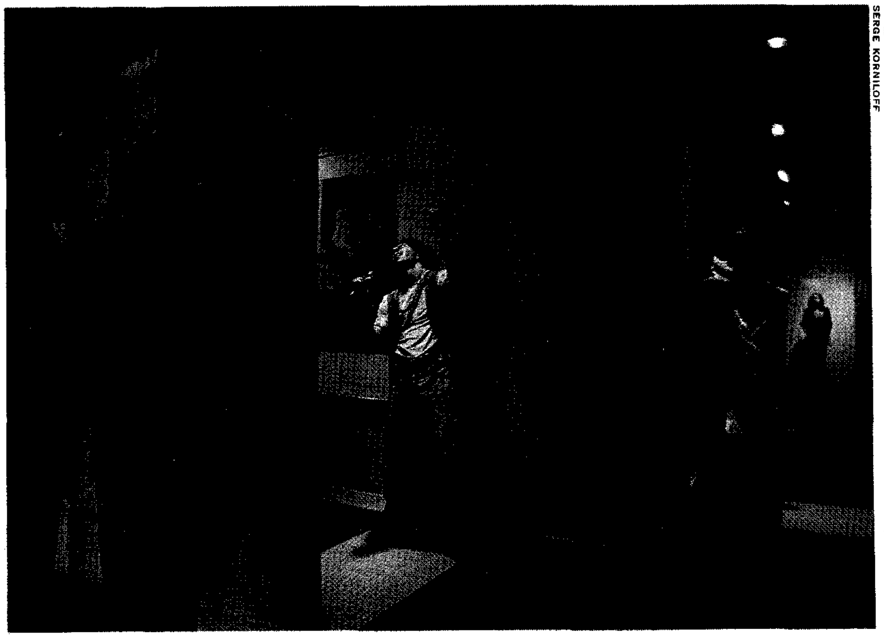
SERGE KORNILOFF



Kindred spirits: *Lawyer Harry Torczyner in his private office, surrounded by works given to him by his friend René Magritte.*

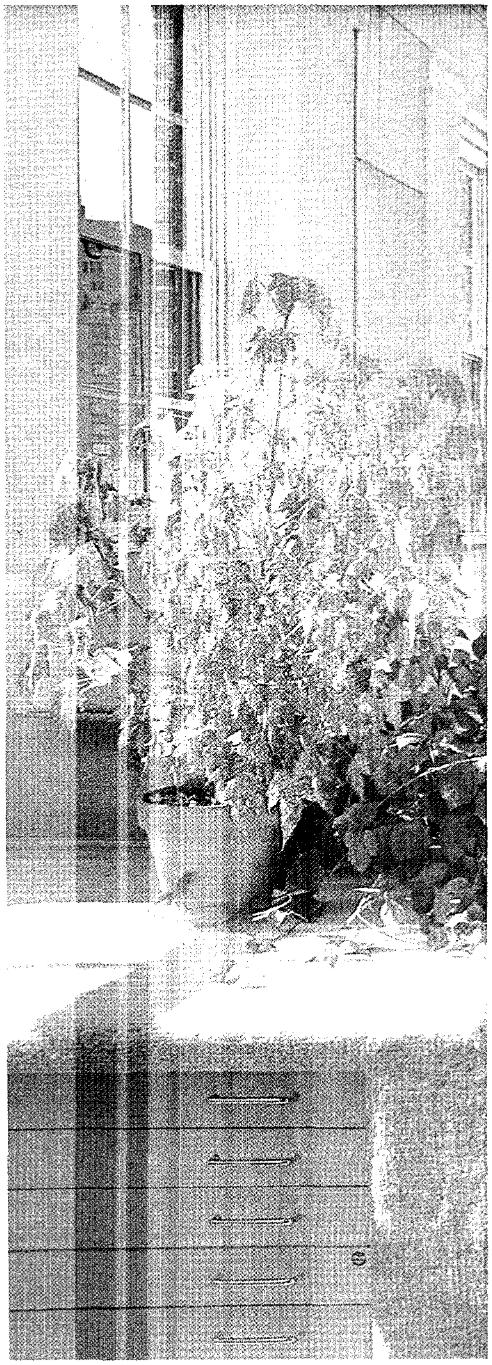
SERGE KORNILOFF

Bedside manners: *Torczyner and architect Torre flank George Segal's sleeping nude.*

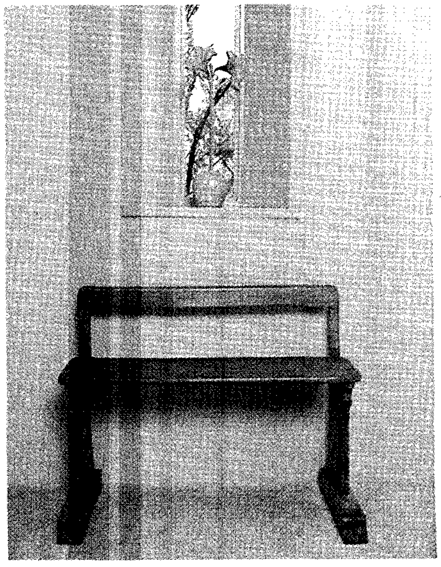

SERGE KORNILOFF

It's an illusion: *From left to right, partner Samuel Wiseman, Torczyner, and Torre.*

Surreal space: Once, during Harry Torczyner's absence, his mother visited his office. She didn't like what she saw. "This is not a lawyer's office," she told him later. "I don't see wood paneling; I don't see books. I am going to take your father's portrait back." Most people, though, find a visit to international lawyer Torczyner's office quite delightfully disorienting. Designed by architect Susana Torre, the interior is a cunning, stylized reflection of the outside of the building. There are brick walls inside, and trompe l'oeil clouds. And it is in this surrealistic frame that Torczyner has placed his artworks. There is a sleeping nude by George Segal near the law library; a Duane Hanson figure of a rock singer; what Torczyner calls his "mirror game"—two mirrors set at different corners of the inside hallway that create the illusion of a "finite infinite"; his African pieces—"representing my twenty-year association with Africa, and especially the Ivory Coast"; and the incredible number of Magrittes that line the walls of his private office. (Torczyner is the author of *Ideas and Images*, a newly published monograph on Magritte.) "All the artists surrounding me are kindred spirits," explains Torczyner. "I despise the word *collector*. I believe in the complete integration of one's work and one's intellectual and aesthetic affinities, so I surround myself with the work of friends—kindred spirits because one feels most comfortable with them."

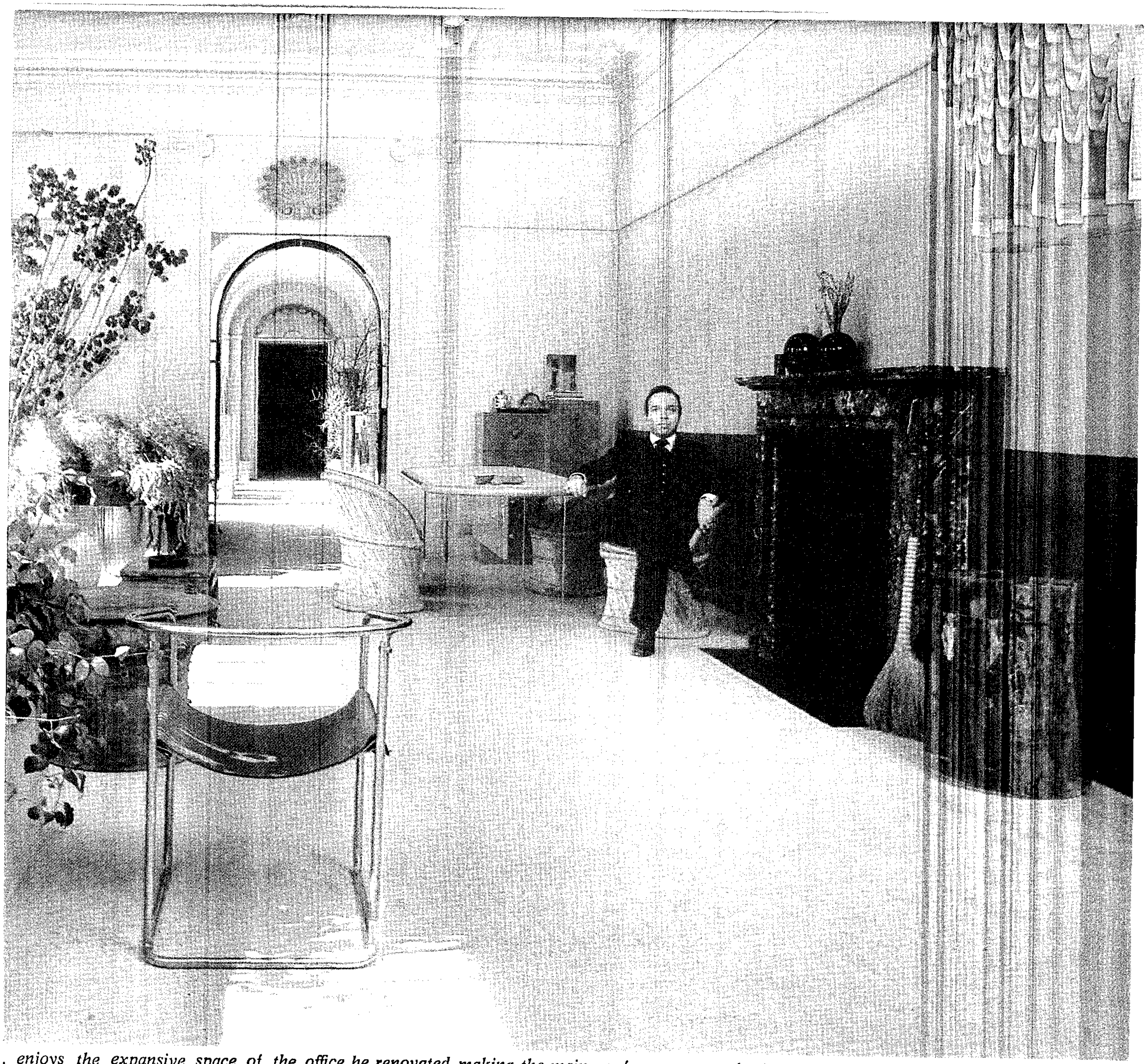


Penthouse palace: *Interior designer John Sala*

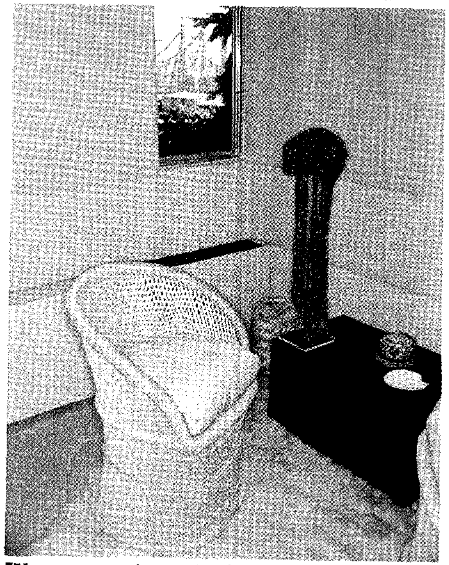


Little loggia: *A scenic slice of city skyline.*

Photographed by Armen Kachaturian



, *enjoys the expansive space of the office he renovated, making the main conference room the focus of an experimental color journey.*

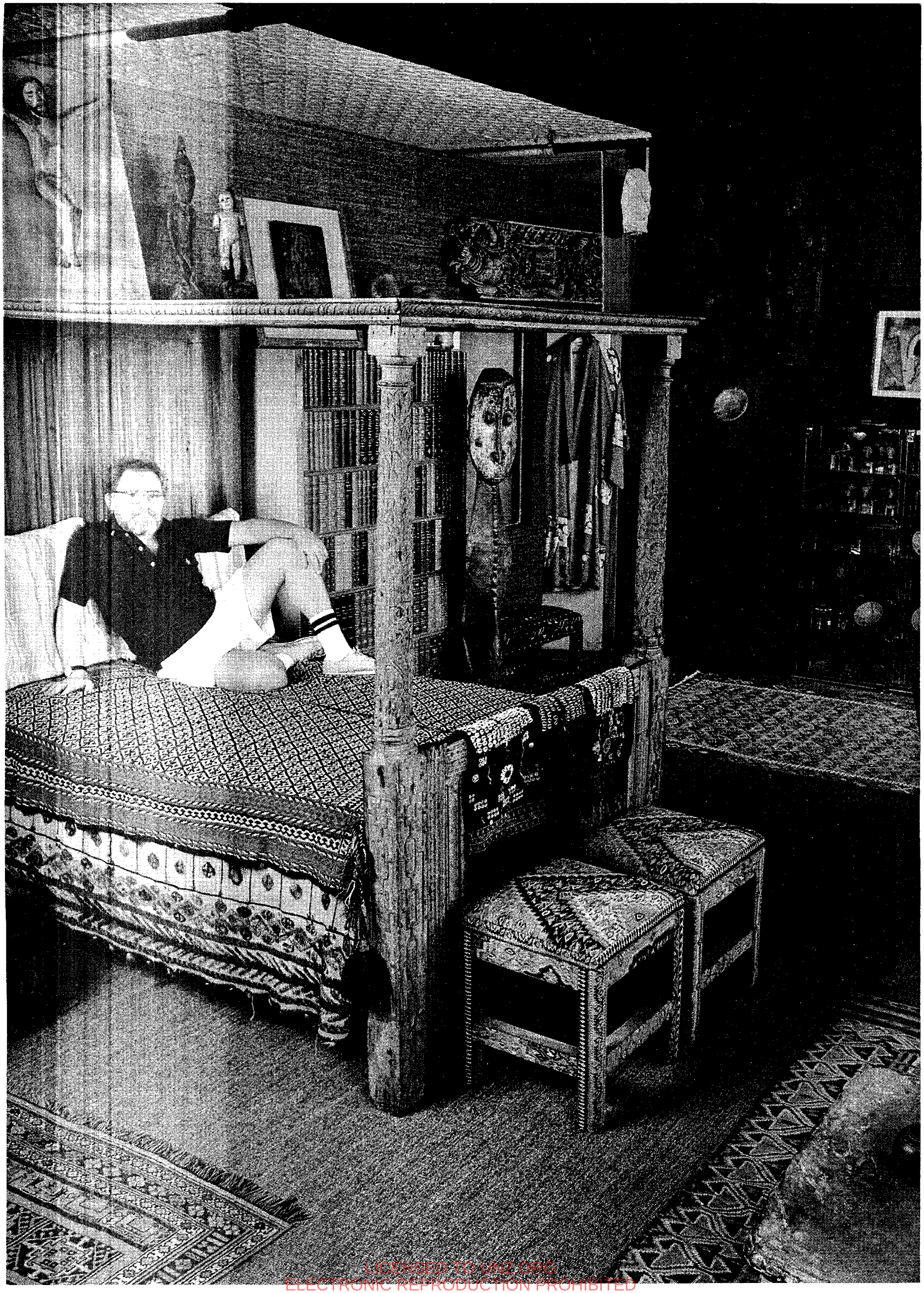


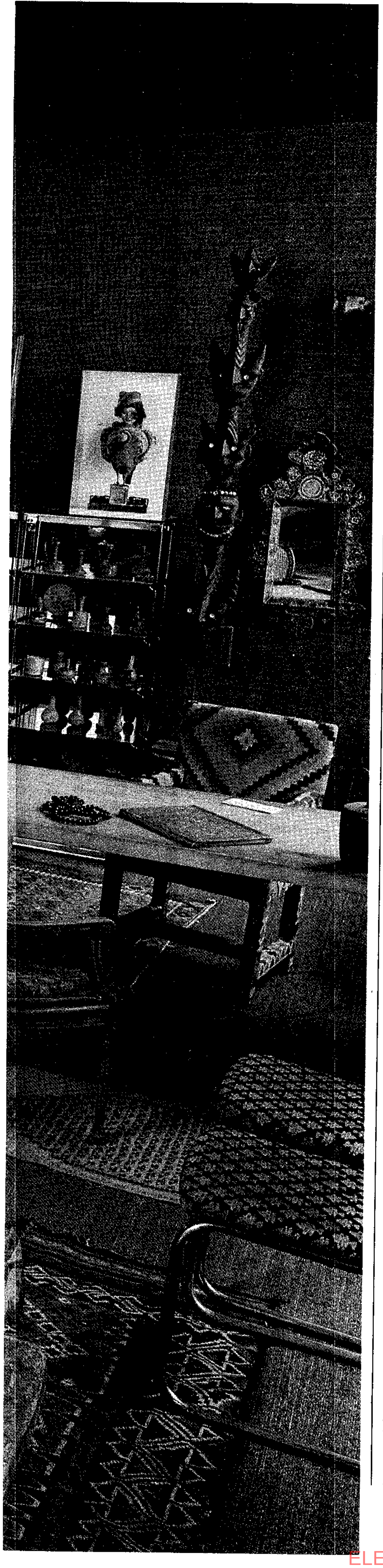
Warm reception: *A nice room to wait in.*

Coat closet: *A tangerine-lined storage unit.*

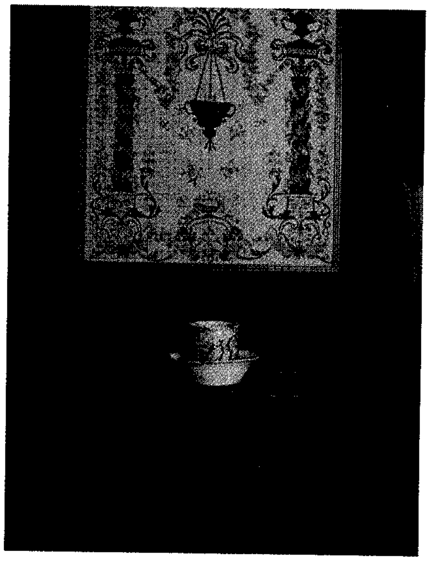
Sensual splendor:

The Jefferson-type windows were there; so were the classic pilasters and the marble fireplace; but they all had to be restored when John Saladino took over an East Side penthouse office to house his interior-design practice. "We took maximum advantage of the sequence of the spaces," he explained. "What was dark we made more constricted, and what was bright we exploded with daylight"—as in the spectacular main conference space, above. "This room was conceived as a serene envelope," he added, "a place of rest, a focus—it's the room where all the colors come together—the aubergine of the stair corridor, the marigold of the reception room. It's . . . sensual."

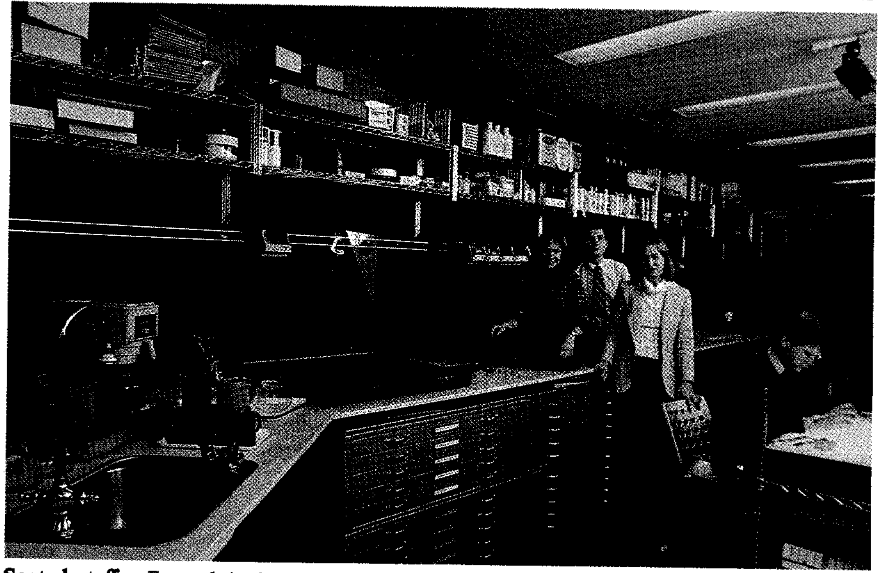




Personal place: "My office is somewhere for me to ground myself—a solace, a place where I can pause to try to make sense out of my confused life," says artist and art dealer Karl Mann (left, opposite page), looking around the loft office he has filled with "the things that are a comfort to me." There is a seventeenth-century carved and canopied Flemish bed—"One needs to lie down once in a while." There are Persian rugs on the floor and Kilims on the stools; an eighteenth-century crucifix above the bed; New Guinean sculpture; a collection of Persian and Roman glass; Russian icons; a Nepalese tanka; Peruvian antique dolls; Indian stone sculpture; small African chairs; English gold embroidery (photo at right); a nineteenth-century Japanese kimono; Afghan shell weavings; and some of his own collages. According to Mann, "This office is pretty much my life experience. The room is always changing. I never wanted to finish it. I've been influenced by all the bazaars I've visited all over the world," he says, "but I don't put anything in my place that doesn't mean something to me."

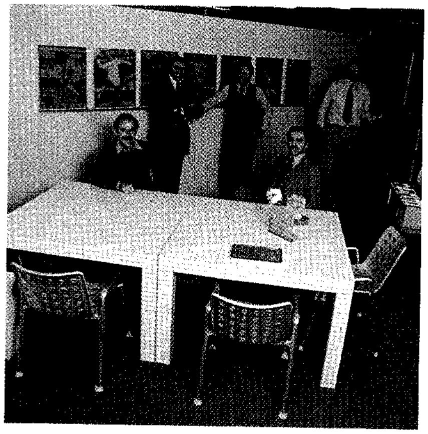


Good throws: *Antique velvet covers.*



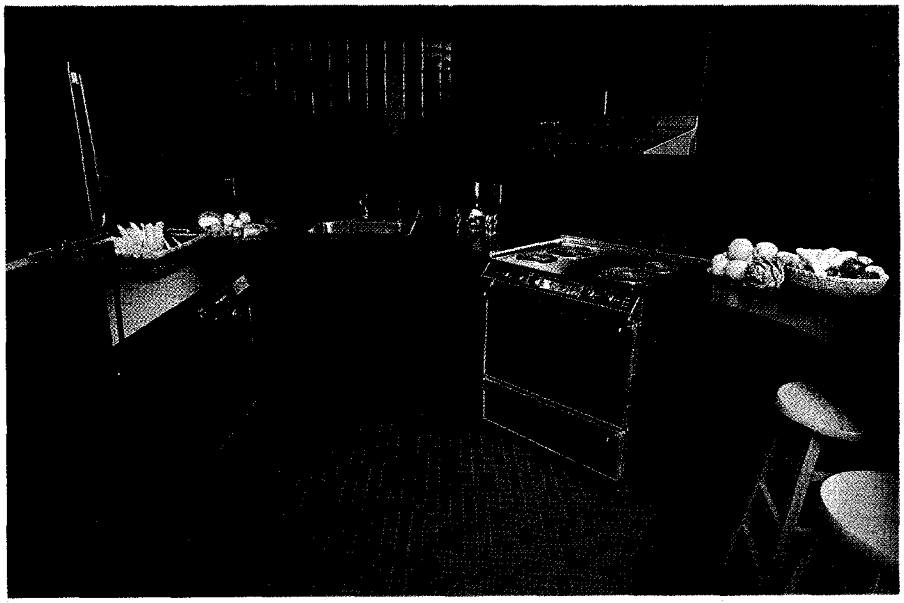
Seated staff: *From left, Denise Weber, Thom Augusta, Eileen Sandler, Ken Godat.*

Clinically cool: "I felt office gray had had a bad name long enough," explained Robin Drake, who planned the space for GBE&E, Inc., a graphics/advertising/industrial-design firm. The scheme Drake devised is hospital-like—"not antiseptic, just cool, neutral, and uncluttered." In the conference room (right), Drake (far left)—who's shown with Jerry Golin, David Enock, Andy Bachenheimer, and Stan Eisenman—said, "the grid on the tables inspires organization"; the spinnaker-cloth curtain hung on a hospital track provides privacy; and there is neon "for fun."

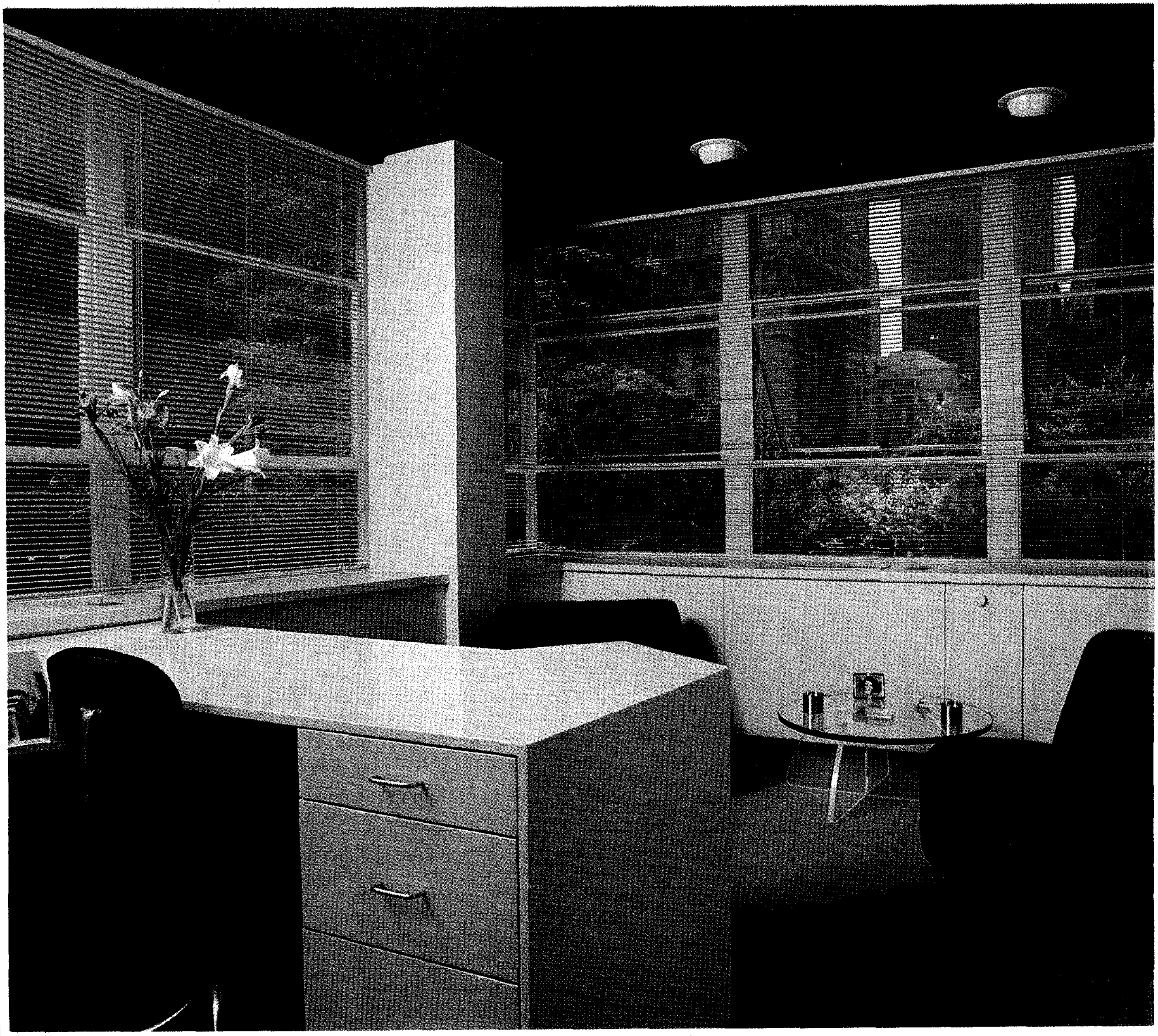


Graphic solution: *Office gray wins out.*

Agency angular: "It doesn't take more time and money to do an office nicely, but you must be willing to wait for the special space," says Henry Kuryla (center, in photograph at far right), who's in charge of TV production at Renning, Kuryla, Lieberman, Flynn, Inc., a newly established advertising agency. All you need is a little help from a friend. In the case of RKLF, the friend turned out to be designer Robert Shaw (kneeling, far right), who took what was a long and narrow space and "made it more interesting by planning angular rooms." He also designed custom furniture and had a kitchen (right) put in. "Now instead of calling up for hamburgers," says Kuryla, "we make our own, and clients enjoy coming up here."

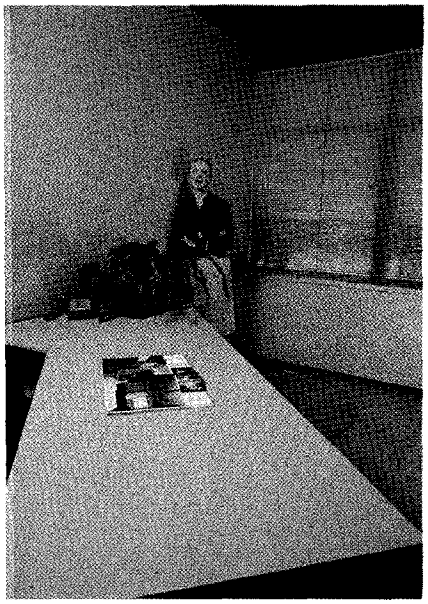


Cook's delight: *A fully equipped kitchen for business lunches and late-night snacks.*

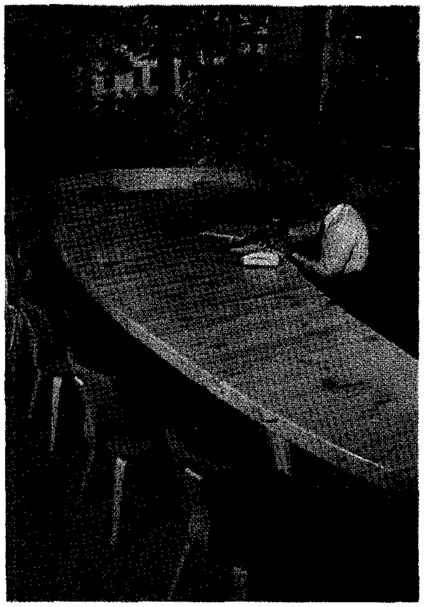


Better than home: *There's a custom-built desk, easy chairs, and a view onto a terrace that sweeps around Henry Kuryla's office.*

roup shot: *A place in the sun for RKLF.*



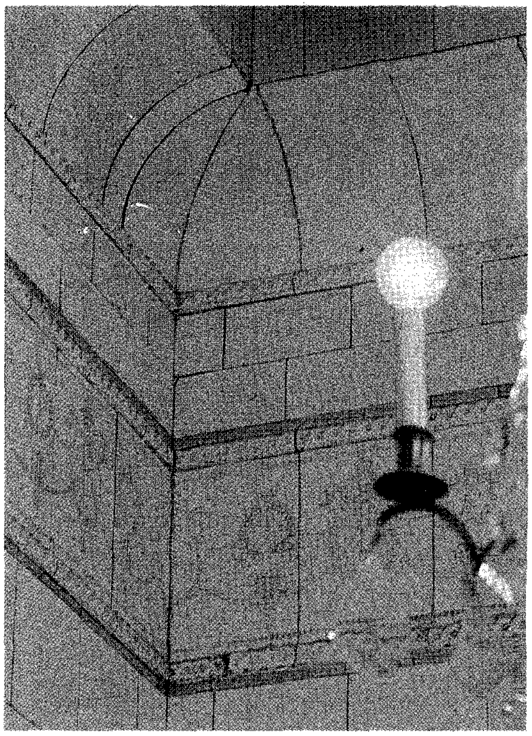
ink and blue: *Flynn's favorite colors.*



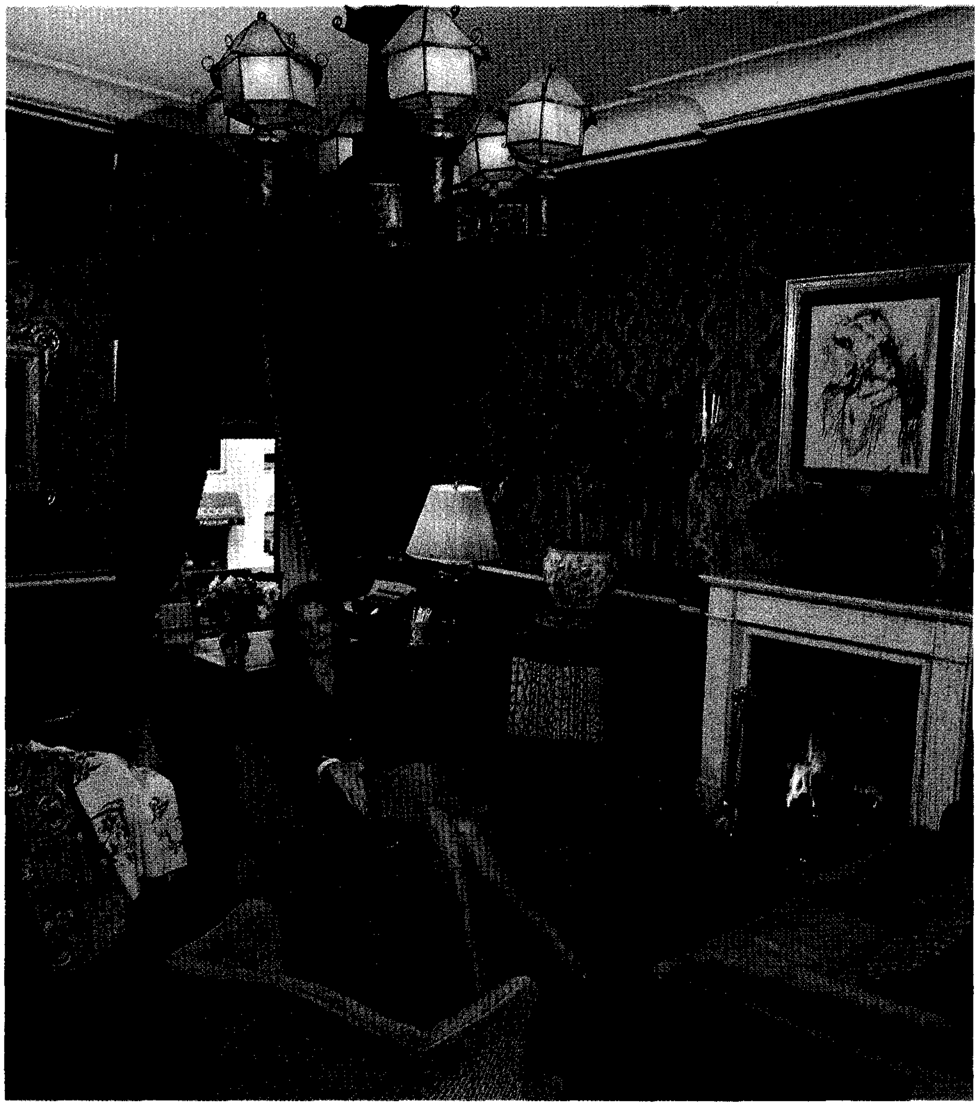
oomerang: *A table for two or twelve.*

Homey haven:

"It's so peaceful, flattering, and warm," exclaimed Grey Watkins (below) of her upholstered haven of an office overlooking 57th Street, where she works as *directrice* of the fabric company Clarence House. Originally the living room of an 1890 brownstone, her office has been decorated entirely by the firm's creative director, Robin Roberts, in one neutral color—taupe. Taupe for the velvet-embossed walls, velvet drapes, wall-to-wall carpeting, and the plush sofas and easy chairs which are used for client conferences. The desk and typewriter are hidden behind the sofa, looking a little out of place near the original marble fireplace, the "very early" Jackson Pollock charcoal, the antique mirror, the chinoiserie chandelier, and the iron cornices that frame the windows. "I feel this room is grand, but not so grand that it's not inviting," added Watkins. "It's a relaxing and calming influence in a frantic business."

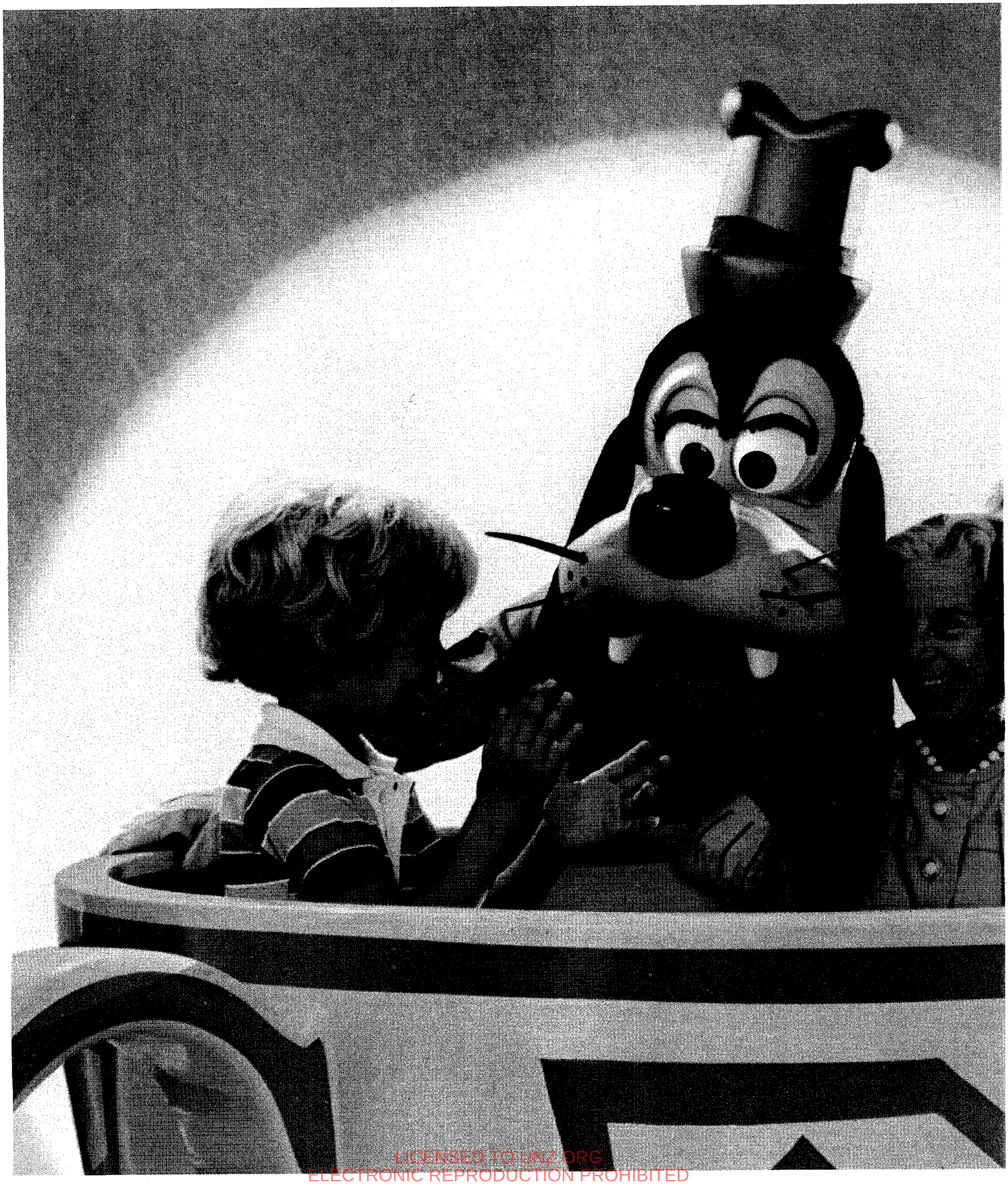


Beautiful bath: *A chandelier and antique tile.*

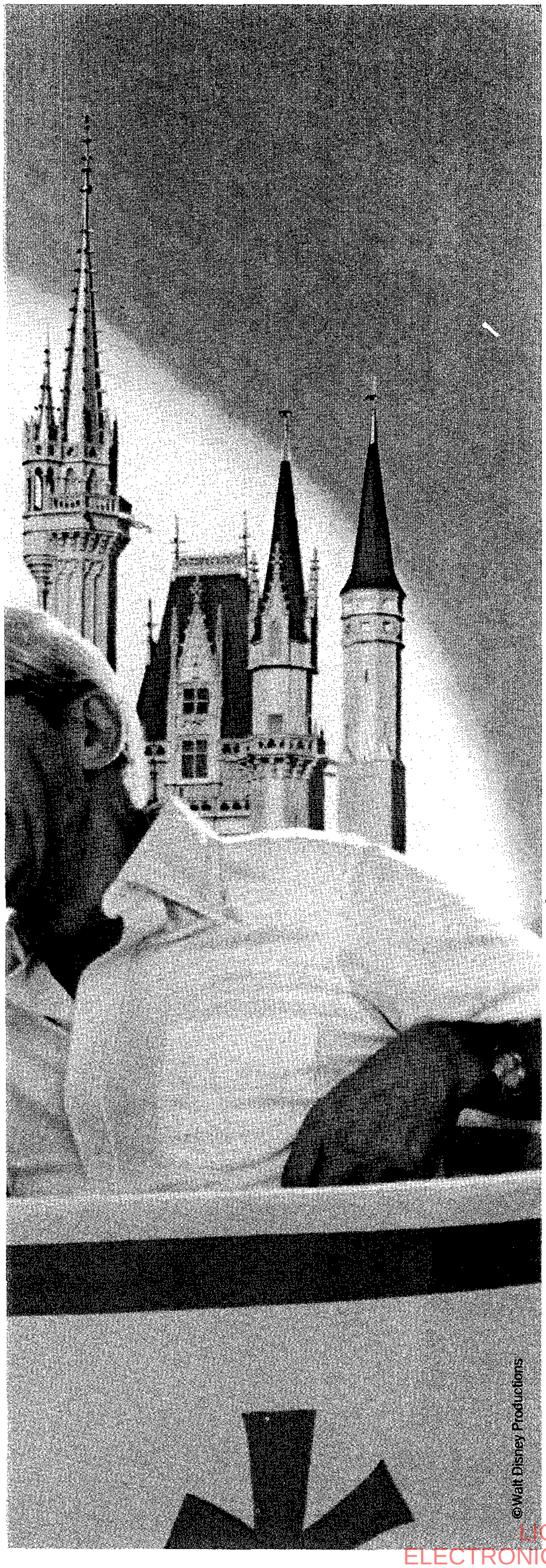


Gracious living: *Comfortable seating and a roaring fire in Grey Watkins's office.*

We've got yo



ur sunshine.



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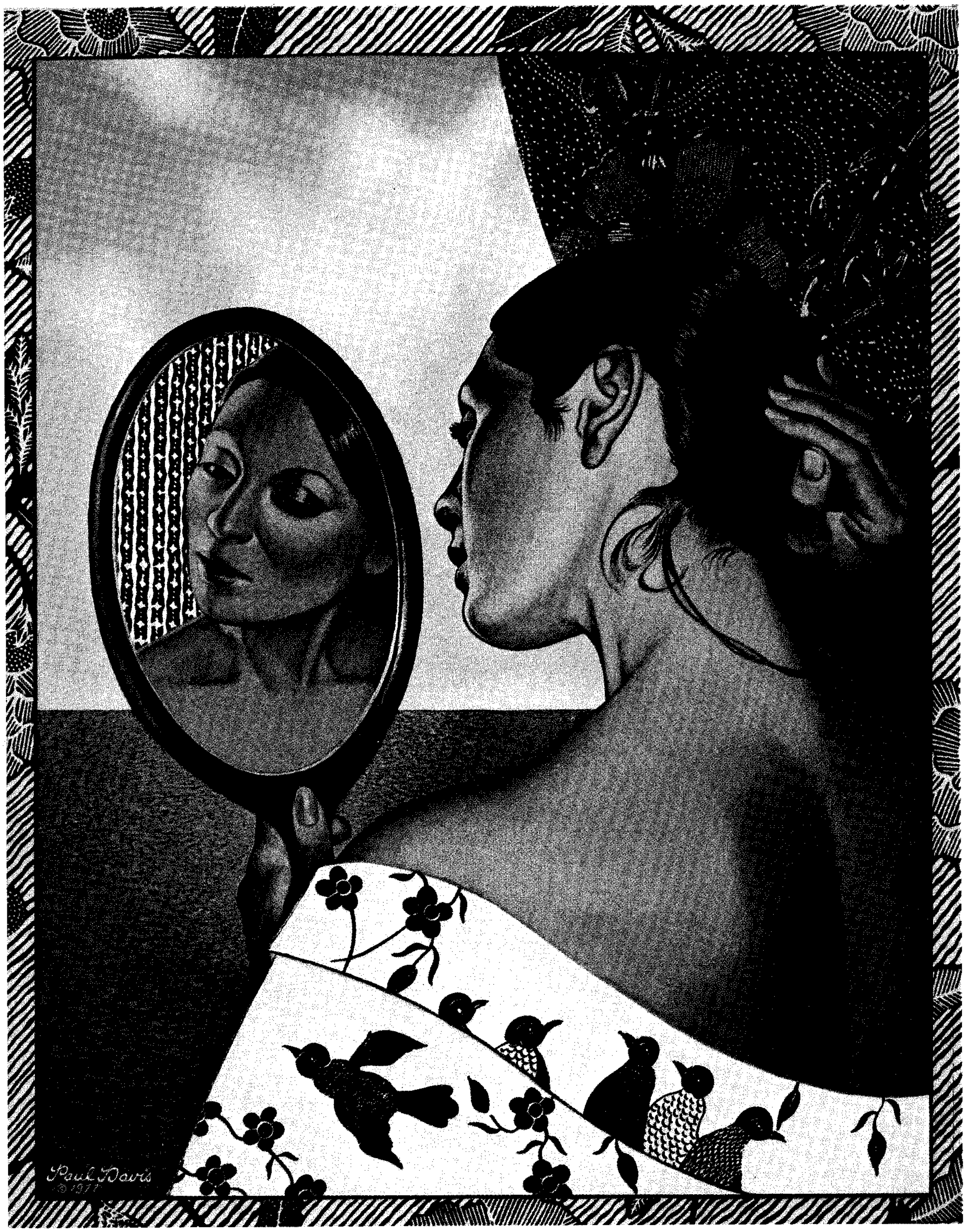

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Visible Means of Support

By Ruth Miller Fitzgibbons

"...On these pages, eleven handsome office chairs that rock, swivel, or tilt. We had an orthopedic surgeon test them for comfort..."

You realize, of course, that your status in the corporate hierarchy is silently affirmed by the size, shape, contour, tilt, and swivel of your office chair. It's as if managers and, say, secretaries were entirely different species.

Typists are assigned the standard unlovely, armless secretarial chair. Managers, who often get to choose for themselves, usually select a dignified overstuffed semi-recliner that lets them tilt back, rock forward, and rest their arms.

It does matter what kind of chair you spend your office hours in—and not just for reasons of rank. Back problems are the second most common cause of visits to doctors' offices in this country. And many of these afflictions can be traced to poor posture, which can be aggravated by improperly designed chairs.

"There is no clear evidence that the human body was ever designed for sitting," notes Niels Diffrient, an industrial designer who has spent many years studying the human anatomy and chair design. (He developed the seating for American Airlines.) "Sitting is an athletic event. You have to be trained to do it properly."

Doing it properly means keeping your feet squarely on the floor and making sure the small of your back (the lower lumbar region) fits snugly into the chair back. Secretarial chairs, which are adjustable, provide better lower-back support than executive chairs, most of which don't have adjustable backs. And high-backed executive chairs generally curve inward at the top, which causes the shoulders to slump forward, creating neck strain. A chair back should be straight at shoulder level; where it touches the lower back, it should be slightly convex, to accommodate the natural bend of the spine. And people who sit for long periods of time are better off using a chair with an adjustable back that can be moved forward or tilted backward as their posture shifts during the day.

"You should try on a chair as carefully as you would a good pair of shoes," says Dr. Leon Root, an orthopedic surgeon at the Hospital for Special Surgery and co-author of *Oh, My Aching Back!* (He's a backache-sufferer himself; he's chosen an office chair with a firm seat and back, both of which tilt when he leans backward.)

Because people come in all sizes and shapes, no one chair design can accommodate them all. Most manufacturers provide adjustable mechanisms that control the height of the seat and back. Some are as simple as a lever underneath the seat; some require a call to the office manager. If you're not satisfied with your chair's height, take the trouble to make that call. If the seat is too high, the undersides of the thighs are subjected to pressure. Over long periods of time, circulation problems, like the thrombophlebitis that afflicts ex-President Nixon, can result.

It's a popular misconception that a soft seat is more comfortable than a hard one. According to Diffrient, a soft seat feels good for a short period of time, but eventually the cushion will roll up around the sides of the buttocks, putting pressure on the hip joints. Unupholstered seats should be slightly contoured to accommodate the buttocks; chairs that tilt should have a soft incline at the front edge.

One way to study whether a chair is comfortable and good for your back, researchers have found, is by watching the sitter take the "wiggle test." People who consistently cross and uncross their legs are trying to get pressure off their underthighs. Sliding forward or slumping in a chair indicates a need to rest the lower back. Rocking from elbow to elbow suggests inadequate or uncomfortable armrests.

"Arm supports should be at least two inches wide, and firm but softly padded," says Diffrient. (They also ought to be adjustable, but for some reason we couldn't find any that are.)

In the past few years, office chairs have been designed to be both handsome *and* good for your back. We put together a selection of those that rock, swivel, adjust, and tilt, and asked Robert McMillan, a senior resident in orthopedics at the Hospital for Special Surgery, to test them for back support and comfort. His appraisals of eleven striking chairs you'd be lucky to find in your office (and which you can order for your home) follow. And remember, if your office chair is uncomfortable, don't squirm, speak up!

'amed: *Designed by Rob-*
t De Fuccio, this walnut-
amed secretarial chair has
ırved wood edges and an
pholstered seat and back.
't takes work to keep the
tter sitting erect,"
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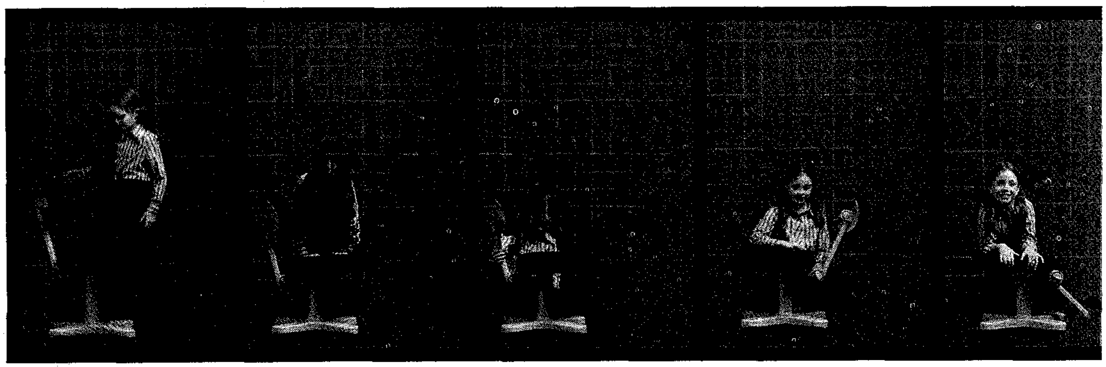
obert McMillan, who
ied out this chair and
ose on the next pages.
he chair at right lists for
*06 from Stow/Davis,**
0 Third Avenue.
hrough archiects and designers.

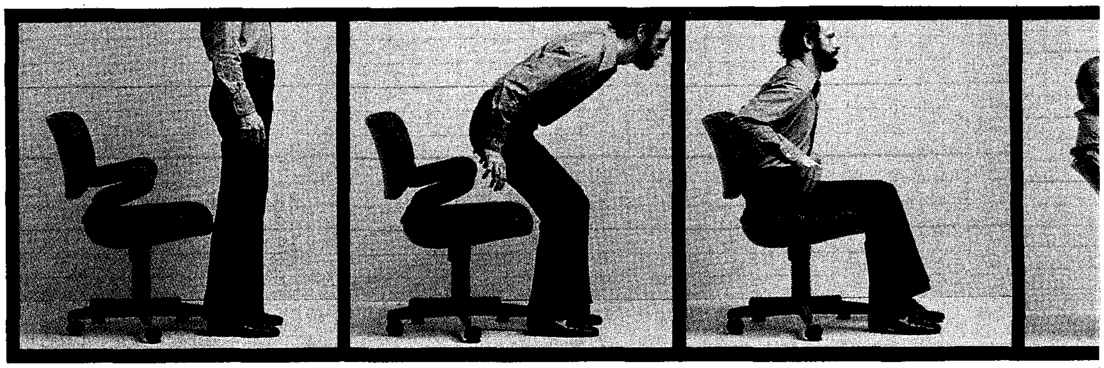
Photographed by Matthew Klein

Teacher's pet: *William Stumpf, a University of Wisconsin professor, designed the Ergon. It got good marks for its firm seat and back cushions, its padded arms that are short enough to roll in close to a desk, and front-edge padding that cushions the backs of the legs. The Ergon is $348 from Herman Miller, Inc.,* 600 Madison Avenue.*

Doctor's orders: *The Olivetti chair was one of the doctor's favorites because of its firm, comfortable seat and good back support. The chair is easy to adjust—just rotate the pedestal for seat height and turn a plastic screw to change the tilt of the back. It lists for $250 at Inter/Graph,* 979 Third Avenue.*



Spine design: *The Vertebra chair, designed by Emilio Ambasz and Giancarlo Piretti, adjusts its shape to yours as you tilt back, sit up straight, or lean forward. It got high ratings from Dr. McMillan for its relaxing mobility and easy adjustability. The manager's chair, shown at right, is one of five versions and lists for $417 from Krueger,* 20 East 46th Street.*

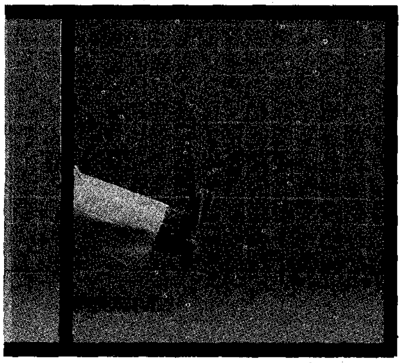


Kind to the behind: *Designed by Andrew Ivar Morrison and Bruce R. Hannah, this button-tufted padded office chair is quite comfortable, once adjusted —but you have to use a screwdriver and it's not as easy as it looks. Shown in a managerial version with arms, it's $393 at Knoll International,* 745 Fifth Avenue.*

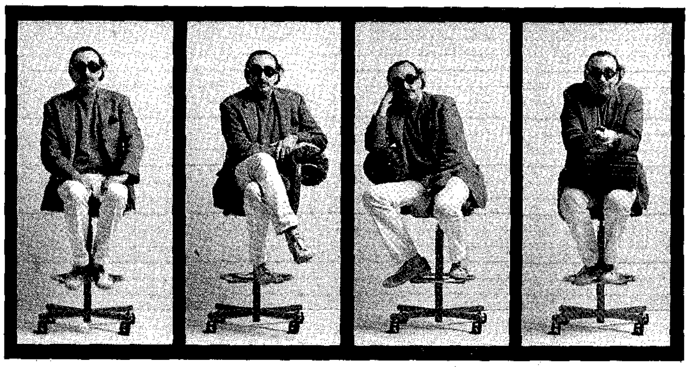
Armful: *According to
McMillan, this chair's
support is poor when y
sitting up straight or l
ing forward, but it's mc
comfortable when you
back in a semi-reclinii
position. This Italian-
designed chair has a r
able stretchy cover ov
padded shell. It lists f
$264 from Castelli, Fu
950 Third Avenue.*

Smoothie: *Although contoured, the molded plywood Kevi chair was judged too hard for long sitting spells. The good lower-lumbar support of the back was offset by the smoothness of the beechwood, which makes the sitter slide slowly forward and stops contact with the chair back. The secretarial version shown is $95 from the Workbench, 470 Park Avenue South.*

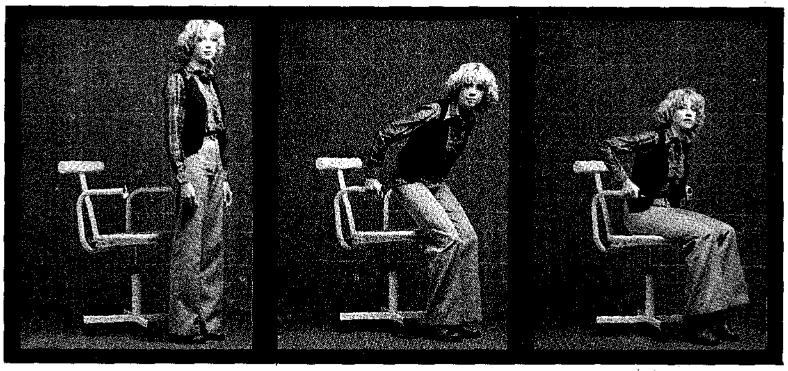
*Through architects and designers.

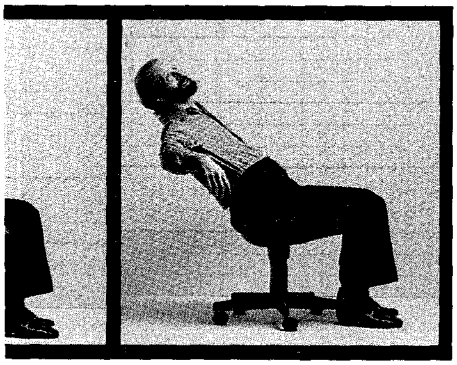


Smooth maneuver: *You can rotate the sausage-shaped back of this Rollback high stool to find the most comfortable back position. "All fine," said Dr. McMillan, "but the problem is that once you find a good angle, you can't adjust the height." But you can sit sidesaddle, or even backward. The stool is $400 from Herman Miller, Inc.,* 600 Madison Avenue.*

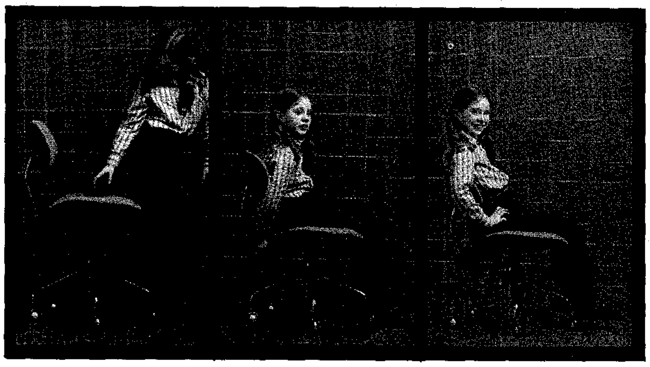


Painfully thin: *"It looks like the electric chair at San Quentin," exclaimed the doctor. Designed by Heron Parigi, the Polo chair has a skinny, rigid polyurethane back which is too narrow to distribute weight across the back, and, according to McMillan, the seat's contour promotes slouching. It's $173 at Sam Flax, 55 East 55th Street.*

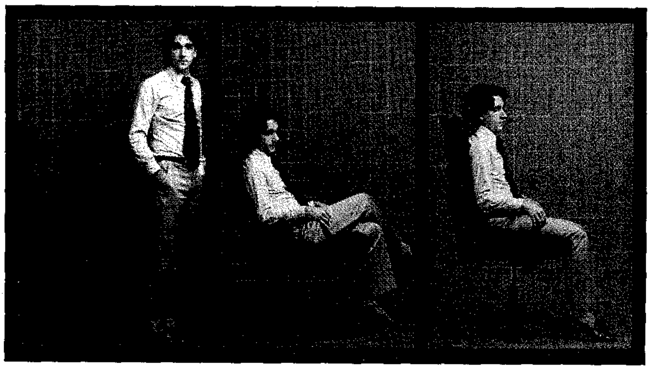




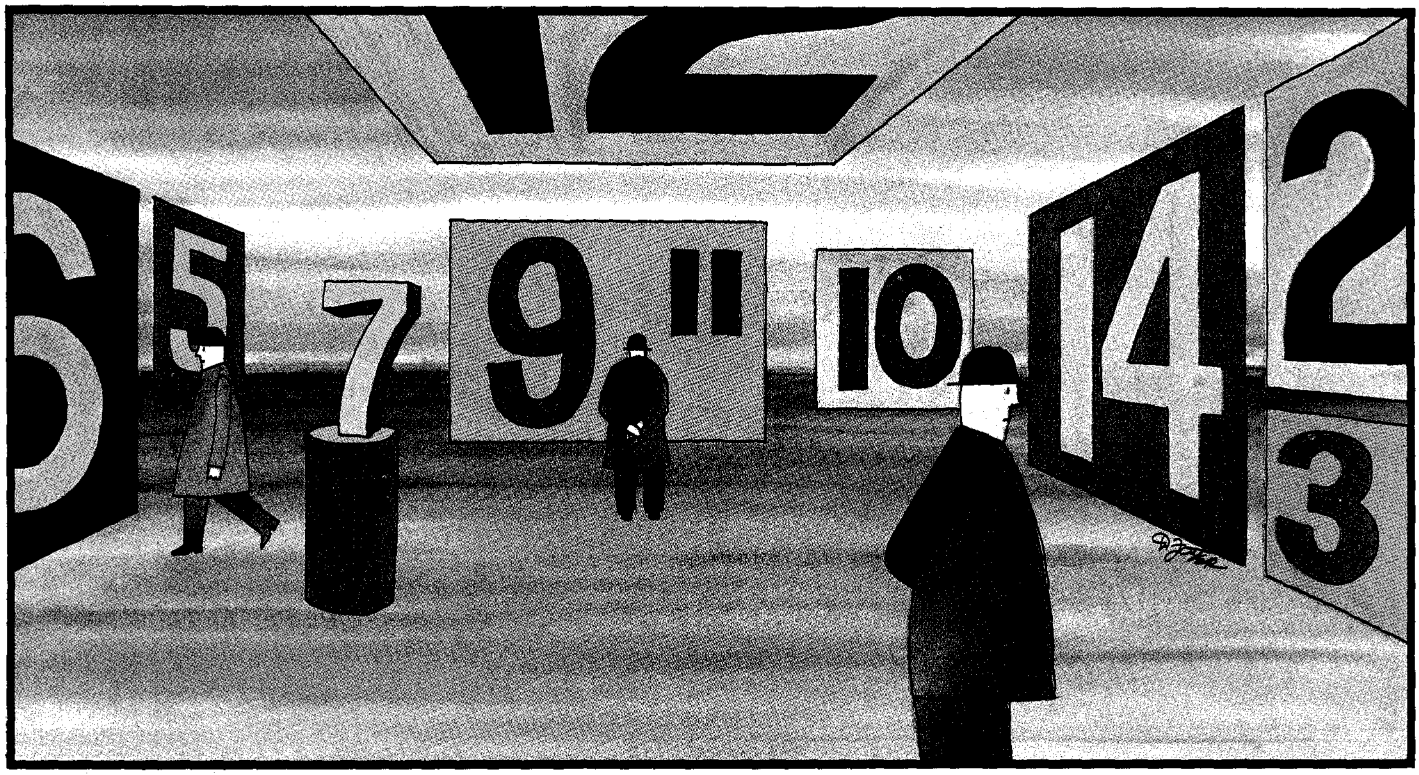
Spider legs: *Dr. McMillan liked the torsion-tilt adjustment that lets the chair back follow you as you move forward. Designed by Hans Krieks and a project team, the Suprchair from Designcraft has a range of pneumatic adjustments that were harder to work than they looked. The secretarial version shown at right is $185 at the Itkins, 290 Madison Avenue.*

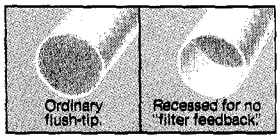


High and mighty: *"Not as soft as it looks," said Dr. McMillan of the Babar executive chair. "That's good, but the form of the back causes the spine to go straight rather than retain its slight curve," he added, feeling more comfortable the further he tilted back. One of a series of fourteen, this version in leather lists for $860 at Atelier International,* 595 Madison Avenue.*



There's more to choosing a low-tar cigarette than just picking a number.





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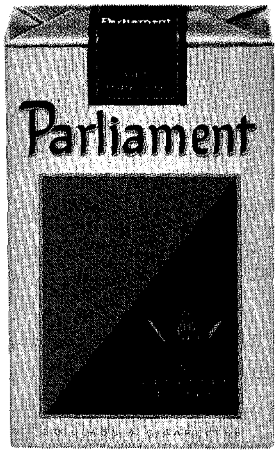

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Kings: 10 mg "tar," 0.6 mg nicotine—
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True Tales of the New York Workplace

By Orde Coombs

"...I began to wonder how the office environments imposed on New Yorkers affected their feelings toward their jobs..."

My English friend Elaine is 60 years old. She files claims on the tenth floor of a large insurance company—a grim job, but Elaine talks about going to work with a revivalist's gusto. One day she invited me up to her office, and I understood why. In that impersonal and cavernous room, she'd created a home. She'd set up family photographs and, for hating, a poster of a glum Nixon. There were four carnations on her desk, crocheted containers for her pencils and paper clips, a bright red cozy around her teapot. She'd refused to let that work space—unpromising at is was—stay the company's. For 35 hours a week, she lived—not just worked—there. I began to wonder how the astonishing variety of office environments encountered (and endured) by New Yorkers affected their attitudes toward the job. I suddenly noticed what I had done with my own office—removed all the objects I loved because they were distractions, surrounded myself with a monotonous beigeness. What I wanted to do, it seemed, was keep my working self apart from my total self. Then I talked with several New Yorkers whose working spaces had a strong influence on their lives. Here are their stories.

Cubicle Captive

Allan Falk, Medicare investigator, Blue Cross/Blue Shield

Allan Falk has been working for three years in what he calls "a huge loft space divided into cubicles," and he is about to go mad. He works in the Medicare division of Blue Cross/Blue Shield, investigating doctors and beneficiaries suspected of fraud. But these are times when he can't find much joy in winning one for the taxpayer, for his working space has become a trap. Falk is just one of 40 not-so-eager beavers in one area of a vast working floor, each confined to a nine-foot-by-four-foot glass-and-metal working space. "I'm a fish in a glass container," Falk cries, "and there's no way I can make this fishbowl mine. The authorities request that every night every desk be cleared. Everyone must use the same sort of file cabinets, the same wastepaper baskets. No posters are allowed. No photographs. Plants have to be a certain height. Do you see why these functional working spaces are a disaster?"

Prisoner of Third Avenue: *Allan Falk.*

The twenty-seventh floor of 622 Third Avenue, at 40th Street, was certainly not designed for the laborers' pleasure. Someone decided that uniform surroundings breed productivity, and so Falk must look, all day, at those ranks of standardized cubbyholes, at black-and-white industrial carpeting that is turning gray, at bright-blue walls that are designed "to keep the peons awake." But the bright walls are the good part. Every square inch of his tiny room is utilized. Falk's desk is built into the cubicle, and there is just one narrow strip in which he can put his chair. Behind him are reports, audit samplings, records, policy manuals, governmental guidelines, and medical books. His coat must be placed, not on the back of his chair, but in a specially designed nook. Working life on that floor has become West Point. Only the uniforms and the martial music are missing.

But there is music. Muzak. The selection, however, is not left to chance. "In the mornings," says Falk, "we listen to a soft pseudo-rock concert, but after three o'clock, the music gets rockier and louder. It's like the blue walls, I guess—designed to keep you awake."

In his glass-walled cell, Falk has no trouble staying awake. His confined space allows him to concentrate on what he is doing. "The whole thing gives you a sense of order, of security, until you begin to notice that this office is like an Erector Set. We could leave one night and come back to find all the cubicles gone. This is *the* modern office space, floating and subject to change. We have to forget that we, too, may be as movable as the office."

Falk likes the clean, modern lines of his space, and he likes the privacy his cubicle gives him. "I'd just switch the desks around to face each other, use plants as dividers, allow for eye contact and an occasional remark. You

Photographed by Barbara Pfeffer

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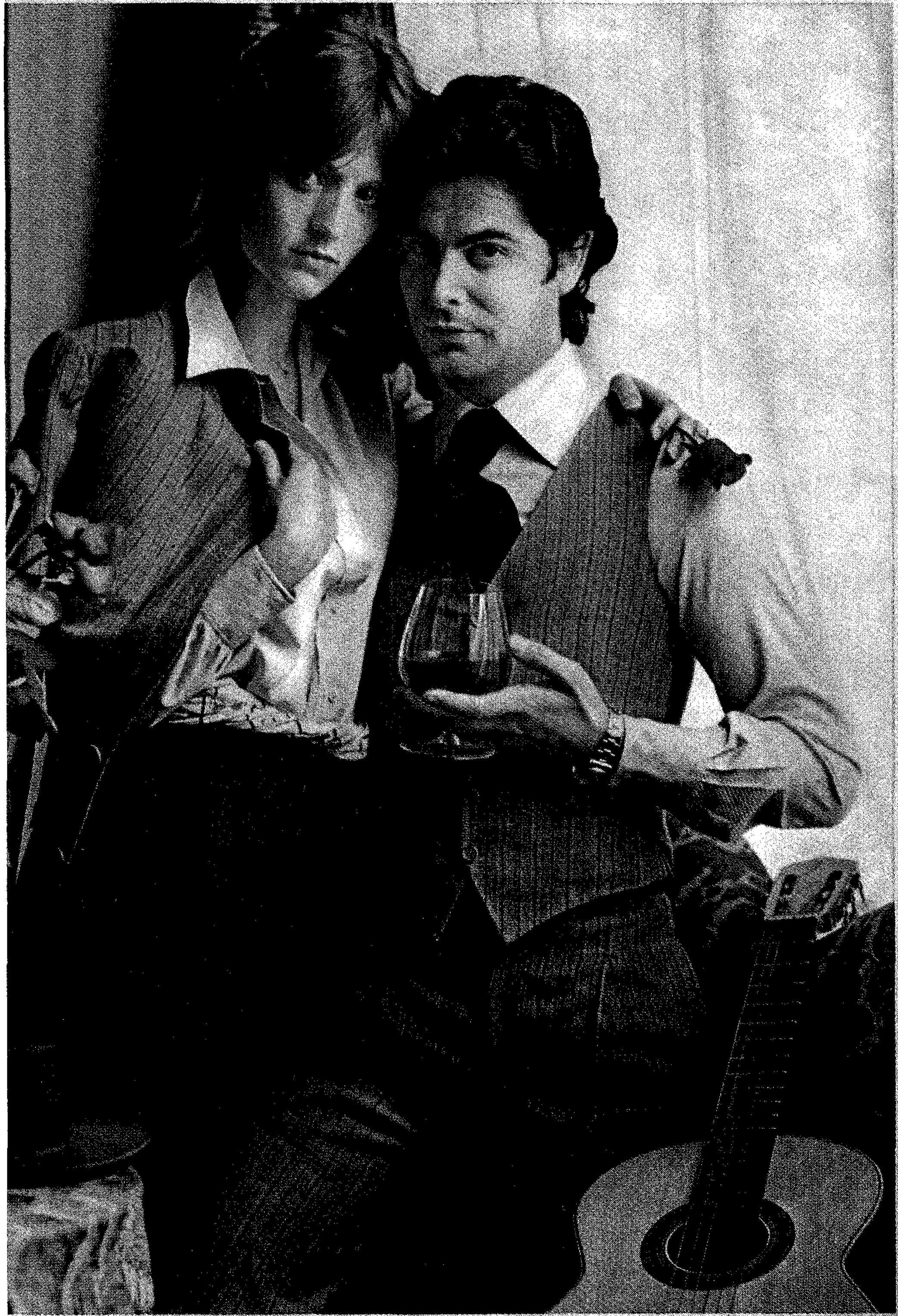

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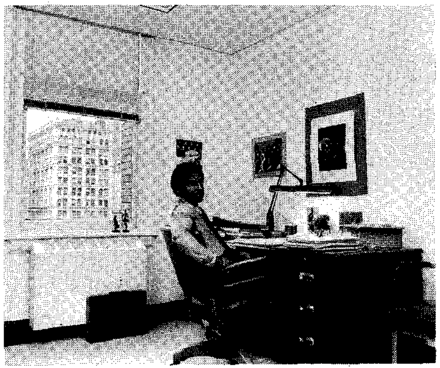
can hardly ever hear any laughter or conversation around here. People just don't congregate, even to drink coffee."

It is lunchtime, and as Falk squeezes out of his allotted space he takes in the diameter of his working world and sighs. "There's just nothing personal around here to make me feel at home. Work, I'm afraid, has become like a movie I've seen a hundred times, and I now know all the credits by heart."

City-Desk Man

Ernest Jones, director of complaint processing, New York City Commission on Human Rights



Not complaining: *Ernest Jones.*

Ernest Jones's room on the seventh floor of 52 Duane Street is small—110 square feet. The two windows look out on some of the ugliest buildings in Lower Manhattan, but if you strain your eyes, you can see a bit of Federal Plaza, some pigeons, some trees. For the office of a man who supervises 25 people, it is, well, tacky. There are your regulation government desk, table, three chairs, and one bookcase, all in various stages of deterioration. The table is stacked with many of the 600 complaints Jones's office receives every year from New Yorkers who think they have been discriminated against because of religion, race, sex, or national origin. Government guidelines are everywhere. Only Jones's penchant for organization keeps the paperwork from inundating him. "Why don't you open the window during a windstorm?" I ask, and Jones, the proper bureaucrat, is properly piqued.

On the white walls, he has put a few photographs of Fifth Avenue at Christmas time, in an attempt to bring dazzle to his dreary surroundings. It fails, but he doesn't mind particularly. He doesn't have the time to let his surroundings soothe him, for his office is, as he says, "constantly crisis-oriented, constantly under some kind of siege. People come in here off the street, thinking they have been discriminated against, and we have to listen to them and then, more often than not, direct them to some other

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city agency. They haven't been the victims of discrimination but of someone's hostility, and we can't handle that."

But how can he handle a Niagara of discontent unless he has an oasis to which he can retreat, to rewind, or curse? "Serenity doesn't come with this job, and I no longer expect it. The staff helps. My door is always open. People are always coming in. They make appointments to see me, but they know that they can just walk in to discuss a case. The relaxed relationship I have with the staff eases the daily pressures. It is no picnic to deal with people who think they have been wronged and who are out for some kind of acknowledgement of their pain. The intensity can be overwhelming."

Overwhelming, too, is the banality of this government space, and when I harp on this, Jones ignores me and pulls me back into his dedication to his job. "Look, I'm here to work. Until you asked me about how my space affected me, I never gave much thought to it. I moved from a cubbyhole with no window to a cubbyhole with one window to this cubbyhole with two windows. Maybe that's progress. But, really, nothing can be done with this space. All the plants I bring in and the photographs I put up don't help much. The only thing that would help would be for me to get out of here."

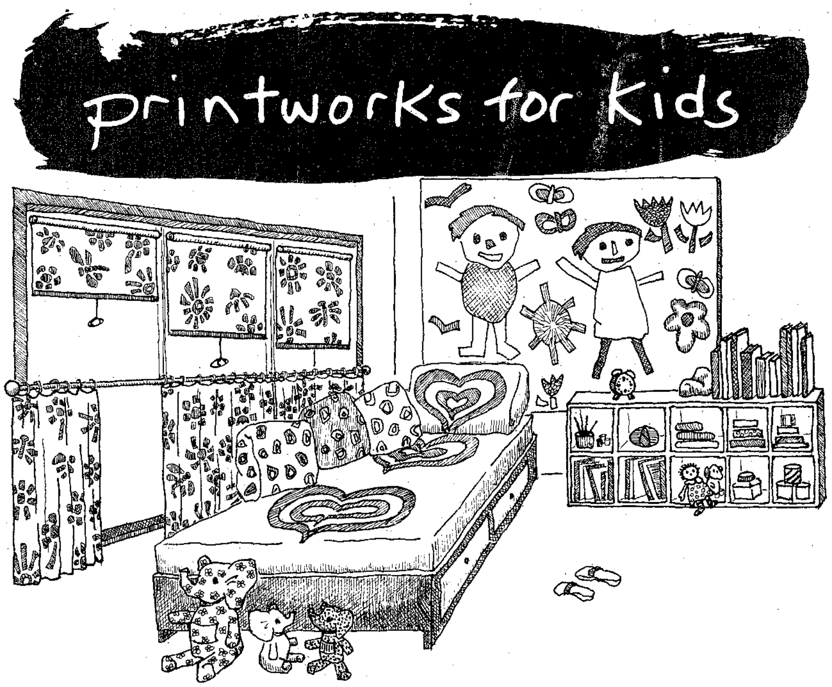
Womb Room

Lester Hayatt, designer,
Lady Madonna

Controlled room: *Lester Hayatt.*

His space is boxlike, ablaze with light. The walls are covered with shelves of fabric, and a pink-and-green kite floats from the overhead fluorescent light. Only one advertisement thumbtacked to the blackboard—"We make pregnant prettier"—suggests what Lester Hayatt does in this cell of color and disorder.

"I know you think all this is crazy," Hayatt says as I glance around this twelve-foot-by-fifteen-foot space that has no windows, no plants, no personal



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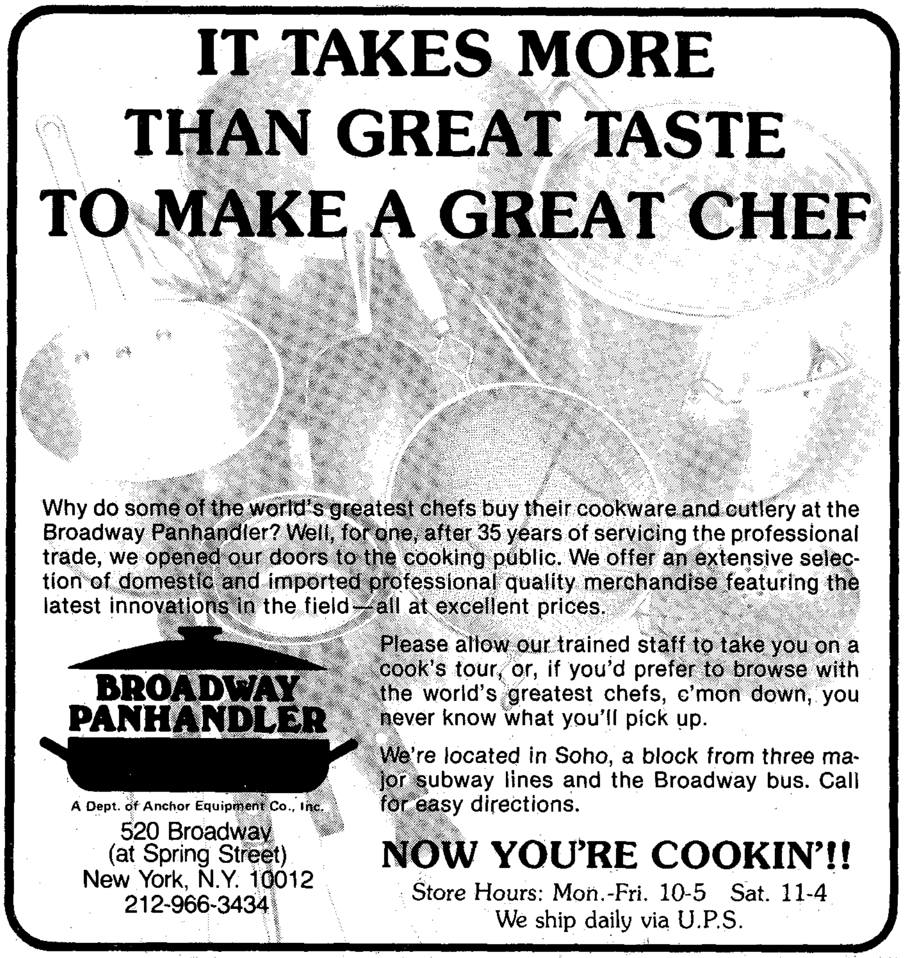
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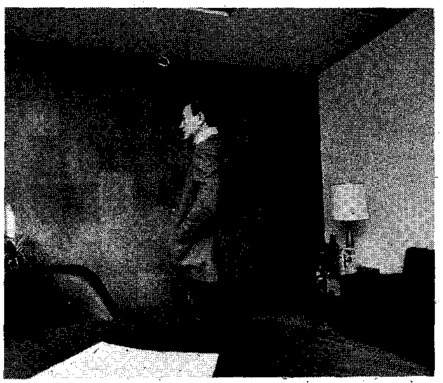
idiosyncrasies, "but when I come here, I come to work. I don't want comfort. I want movement, productivity. I am Lady Madonna's only designer, and we have 70 shops around the country. The only things I must have are this oversized Parsons table, on which I sketch, and the telephone.

"I must be able to look out of the corner of my eye and see silk in one place, natural cotton in another, crepe de Chine over there, match the whole thing up with my eye, and not move an inch from where I am sitting. I couldn't do all that if my space were larger."

So he lives in a cocoon that he can cross in ten paces and that he alone controls. At his sketching table on the second floor of this modest twelve-story building at 36 East 31st Street, Hayatt couldn't tell if the sky were falling. But he would get the news fast enough. For his door is constantly opened as sales personnel bring him new fabrics, or a finished dress is suddenly conveyed to his domain for approval, or a mini-sales huddle suddenly congratulates itself, in his space, on the strength of one line in the Midwest. "I know if you look around here you may think there's a touch of madness to it all, but it works for me. Don't get the idea I'm like a lonely monk in here, thinking only of pregnant women," he says. "Still, I've got to admit," he adds, smiling, "this place is a womb."

Order, Order!

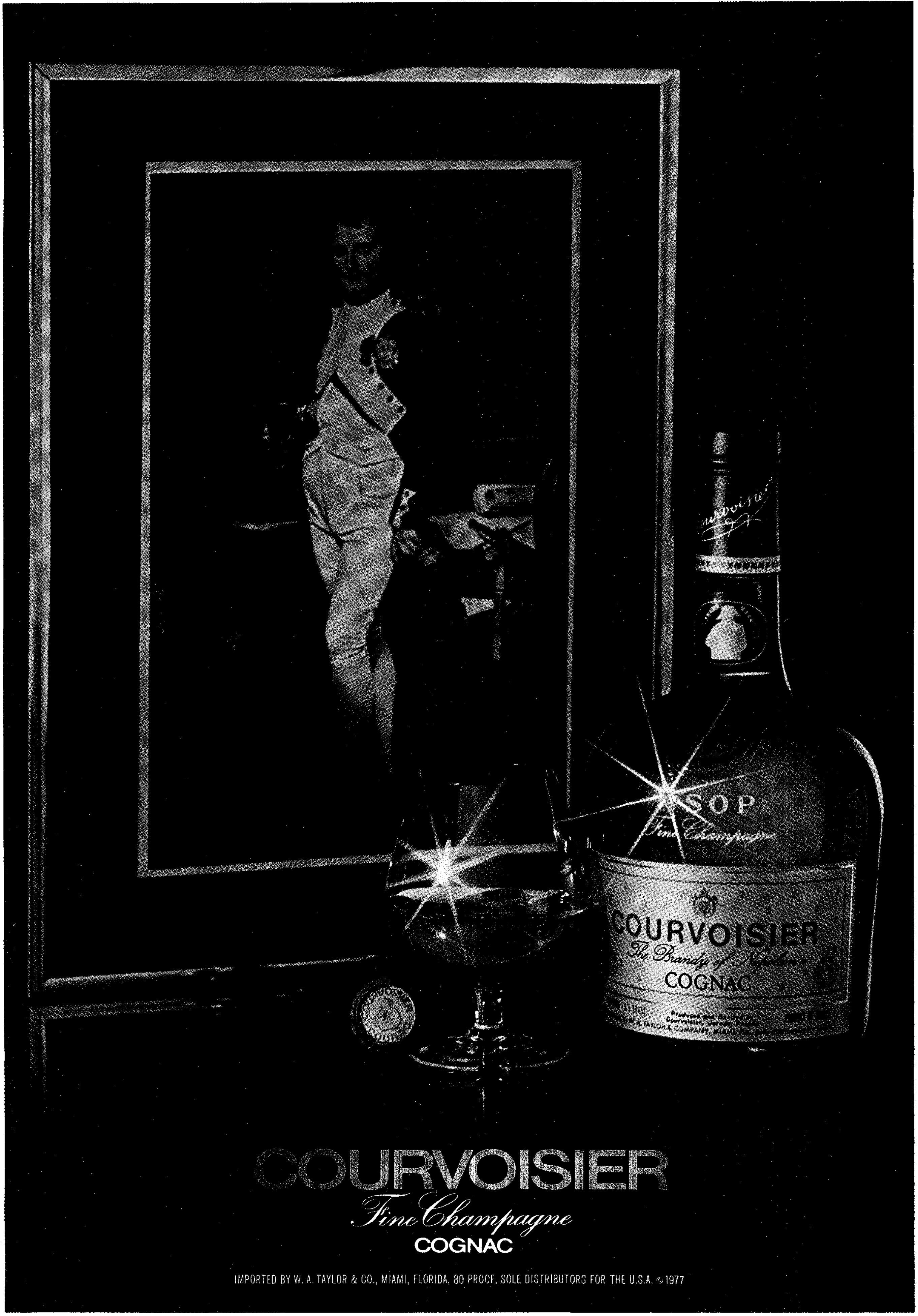
George V. Allen Jr., vice-president, Grey Advertising Agency



Neatness counts: *George Allen.*

George V. Allen Jr.'s office could belong to some modern ascetic. All is minimalism. All is serenity. There is no desk, only a round pecan table, a nondescript black-leatherette armchair, a wood cabinet, and, in the corner, a couple of chairs for visitors, plus a tweed couch to which Allen repairs for contemplation when the traffic on Third Avenue, six stories down, gets too distracting.

Everything is contemporary. Clean lines, says Allen, "to keep my mind free of fuss and bother. I couldn't work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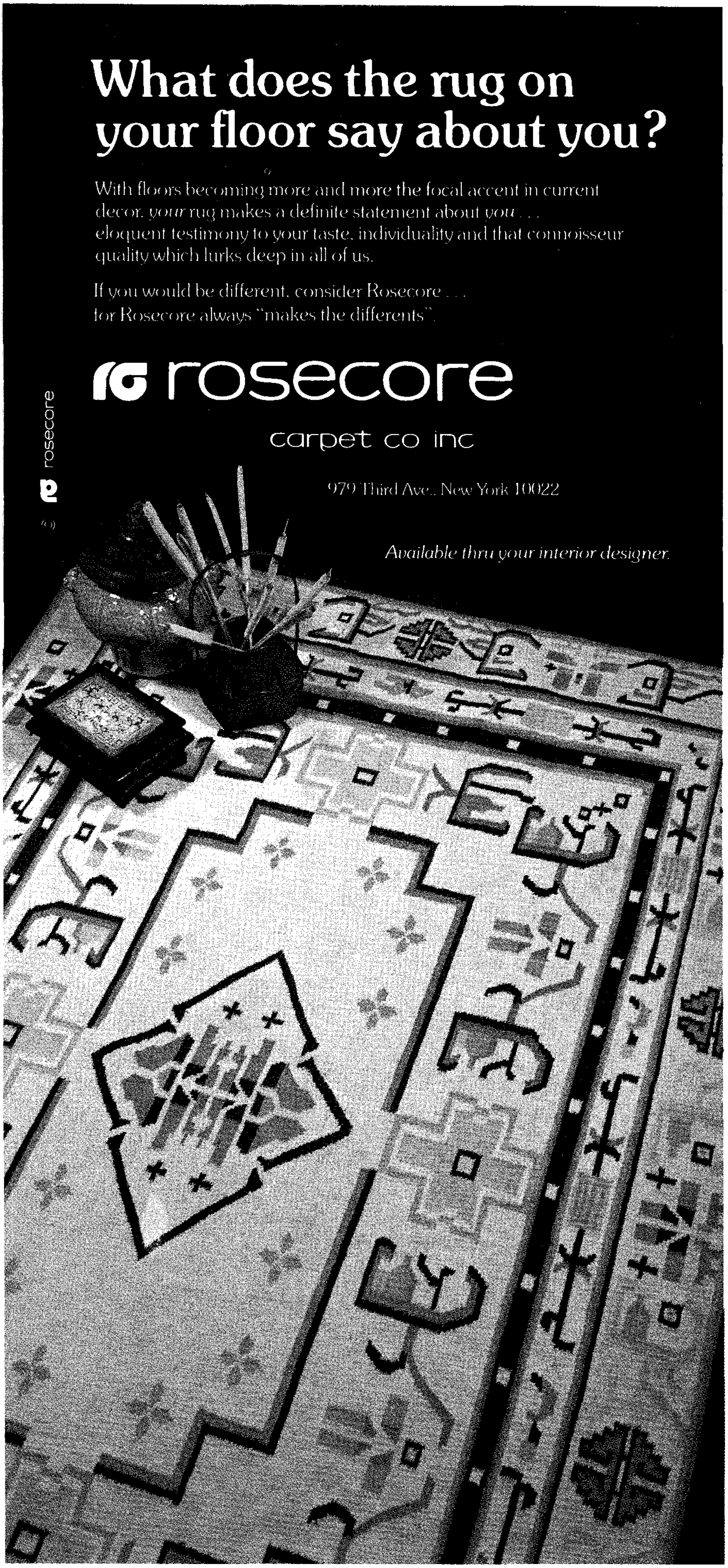
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well with baroque pieces around." Two of the walls have been left deliberately bare. "I used to have awards lining my walls, but I decided I didn't need that. I needed simplicity and order."

Simplicity and order amid the frenzied activity in the warren of offices of the Grey Advertising agency at Third Avenue and 48th Street. Allen is a vice-president and creative supervisor; his Spartan work space is in startling contrast to the plaque-and-poster-cluttered offices of his colleagues.

Allen has gotten rid of filing cabinets, magazines, and the tapes and charts that are the signature of his trade. "Every day, I throw out three-quarters of the paperwork that comes across my desk. It's just not necessary to keep that much material around."

His office trappings may be minimal, but his space (fourteen feet by eleven feet) is large enough "to let me pace—I pace a lot when I can sense the creative juices bubbling." To get all the creative-walking space he needs, Allen has pushed his table close to the window-sill. When he sits down, he is within touching distance of a garden, for the sill is covered with plants. His is one of *the* perfect working spaces.

The only picture Allen allows himself to see all day is a reproduction of the Cimabue crucifix, one of the earliest and most influential expressions of the Renaissance. When the Arno overflowed in 1966, the original was damaged in the great Florentine flood. "It reassures me," Allen says. "It tells me everything is going to be all right. It's a hanging on to roots. I grew up with religious icons around me. My uncle is vicar-general of the Jesuits in the Vatican. This crucifix keeps me balanced in my space, and in this uncertain and turbulent business, it reminds me that there are some certainties."

Low-Level Executive

Conrad Foa, president,
Foa & Son Corporation

Lucky thirteenth floor: *Conrad Foa.*

INSURANCE IS OUR BUSINESS AND WE INTEND TO STAY IN IT, proclaims the card on the receptionist's desk at Foa &

Son Corporation, on the thirteenth floor of No. 1 World Trade Center. Who'd dispute the Foa claim? The corporation has been selling insurance for 126 years.

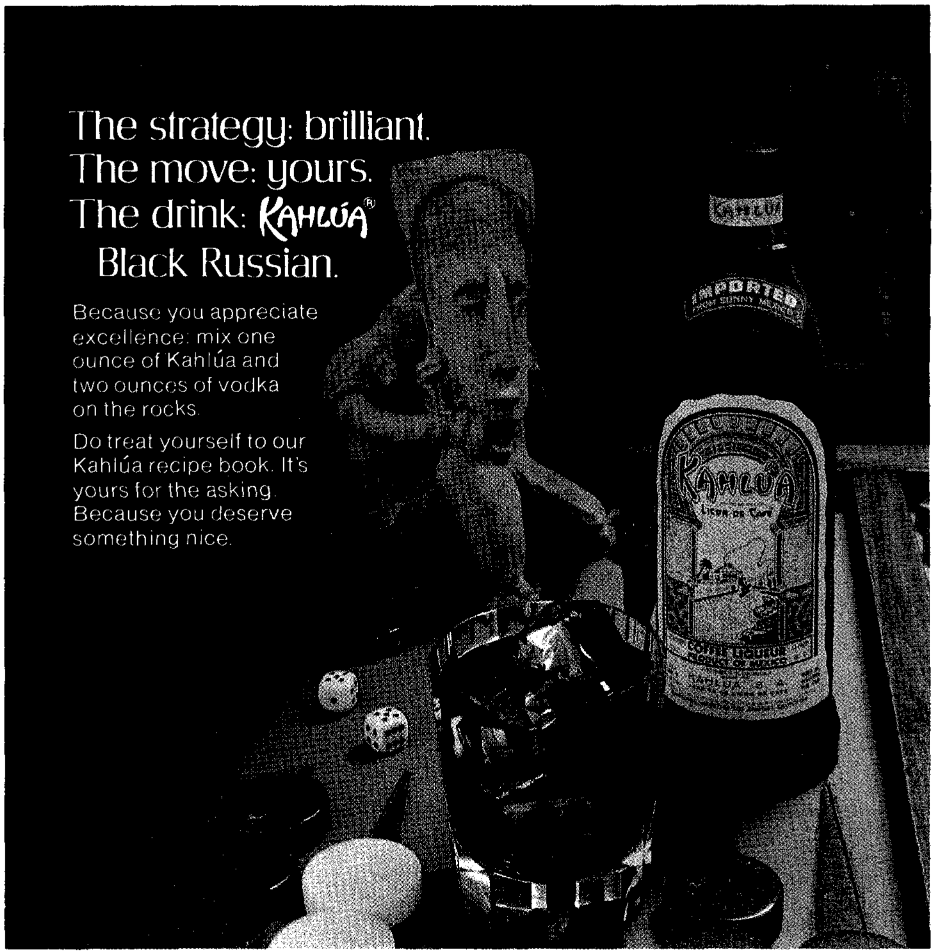
Conrad Foa, president of this corporation for the past six years, has just moved up to the thirteenth floor from the twelfth. Now who would *choose* the thirteenth floor of a 110-story building? "What you have to understand about the World Trade Center," says Foa, "is that every morning these imposing buildings bring you back to reality. They give you the right amount of insignificance with which to start the day. But I couldn't work any higher than I am. I would lose all perspective, all contact with what is human. And at street level, I'd be too distracted to work. The thirteenth floor seems to be the right one."

Even working on a floor that's an appropriate height up for human beings, Foa has had trouble adjusting to the Twin Towers. "This place was really sterile when we first came here—all cold steel and marble. Now, with the shops downstairs, it's a fairly pleasant place. The only thing I can't stand is those purple rugs in the lobby. They remind me of Good Friday, when all the statues are draped in purple."

Foa's working space is stark, with a minimum of distractions. No plants. Just two bookcases, his desk, and two beige chairs which match the too-short beige curtains. "We can't change them," Foa laments. "Every office in this building has them, and as soon as they are washed they shrink. We have to live by the rules."

A pedestrian working space inside, but the view . . . one window looks out on the Statue of Liberty, Ellis Island, the Battery Park City landfill, and masses of ships gliding over tranquil, dirty brown water. From the other window, giving on the plaza that lies between the towers, Foa has gazed at the antics of King Kong and at Diana Ross romping through the land of Oz. A honey of a window.

As I leave, I point out to Foa that he sits with his back to the view. It is not his fault. Desks in most offices are placed so that one has immediate eye contact with a visitor to one's space. That means that everyone sits facing the door. It also means that every day, across this city, millions are committing the deadliest of office sins: They are giving their backs to some of the most enchanting scenes in the world. "I know a man," Foa says, "who was so furious that his desk needed to be placed *away* from the view that he got himself a large mirror so he could sit and savor. Perhaps I should do just that." ▬



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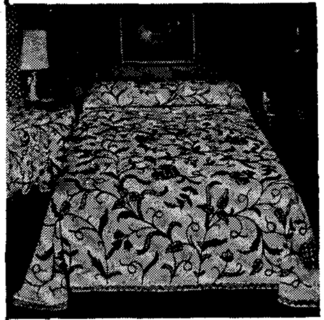

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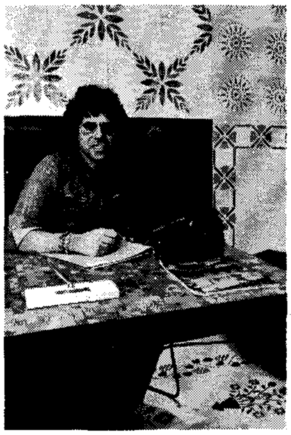

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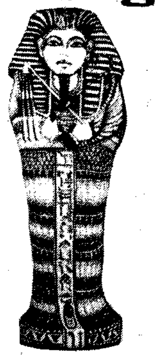

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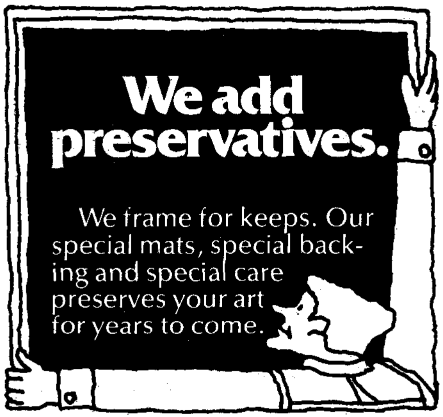

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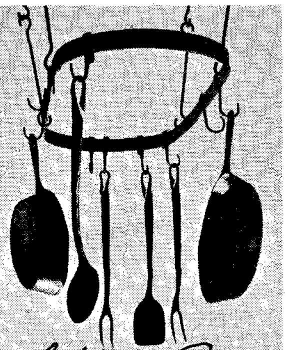

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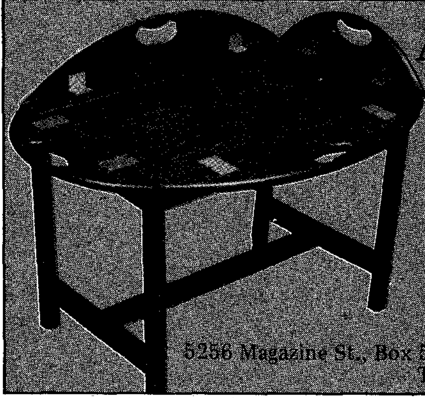

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Remarkable Names Of Real People

By John Train

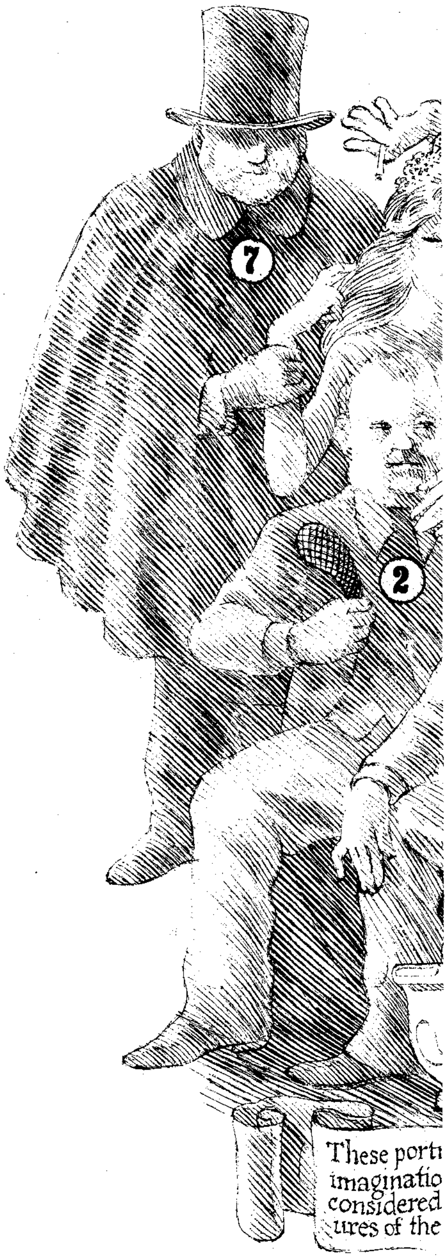
"...These people somehow survive under the burden their parents have laid on them..."

Earlier this year, soon after the Indian electorate swept Indira Gandhi into the dustbin, a lady novelist named Lois Gould wrote a purportedly satiric piece for the New York *Times.* Evidently her ire had been aroused by the statement of Morarji Desai, the new prime minister: "When a woman becomes devilish, she beats all the records. Now I can't say that she [Mrs. Gandhi] is all devil . . . but the good is suppressed and the devil is on top." Infuriated that Desai had thus kicked feminism in the groin, Miss Gould seized on comedy as an effective weapon to demolish him, and she conjectured three personalities for her lampoon—Dr. J. S. Mindblow of Harvard, Dr. R. V. Doppelgang of Yale, and a Dr. Tatiana Moxie, academic connection unspecified. The second I read these names, the *Times* fell from my nerveless hand and I was overcome by the mixture of neuralgia and depression that parlor comedians always induce in their auditors. That the fair columnist was as funny as a cry on the moors was instantly apparent, but I forced myself to finish her piece, and my suspicion was corroborated. As a novelist Miss Gould is doubtless superlative; I have yet to find out. As a wag, she had waded beyond her depth.

What bearing, you may properly ask, has the foregoing on the matter at hand? The answer is that, try as it will, art can never hope to surpass reality, and in assembling this gallimaufry of actual names, the industrious Mr. Train has ransacked nature to confirm the extraordinary riches of the world around us.

The people listed herein, let it be emphasized, are not fictional characters laboriously devised by the sophomoric to tickle the funny bone. They are real individuals, afflicted like the rest of us with bunions, flatulence, and presbyopia; folk who consult daily horoscopes, schlepp their wet wash to the laundromat, fret about their sagging busts or their potency, and survive—God knows how—under the burden their parents have laid on them at the baptismal font. And because they do exist, they excite a dual response in the reader—an astonishment so vast that he dissolves into laughter, coupled with relief that his own name is pedestrian. That is, unless he is an Armenian named Pedestrian, in which case his gratification subsides like a toy balloon.

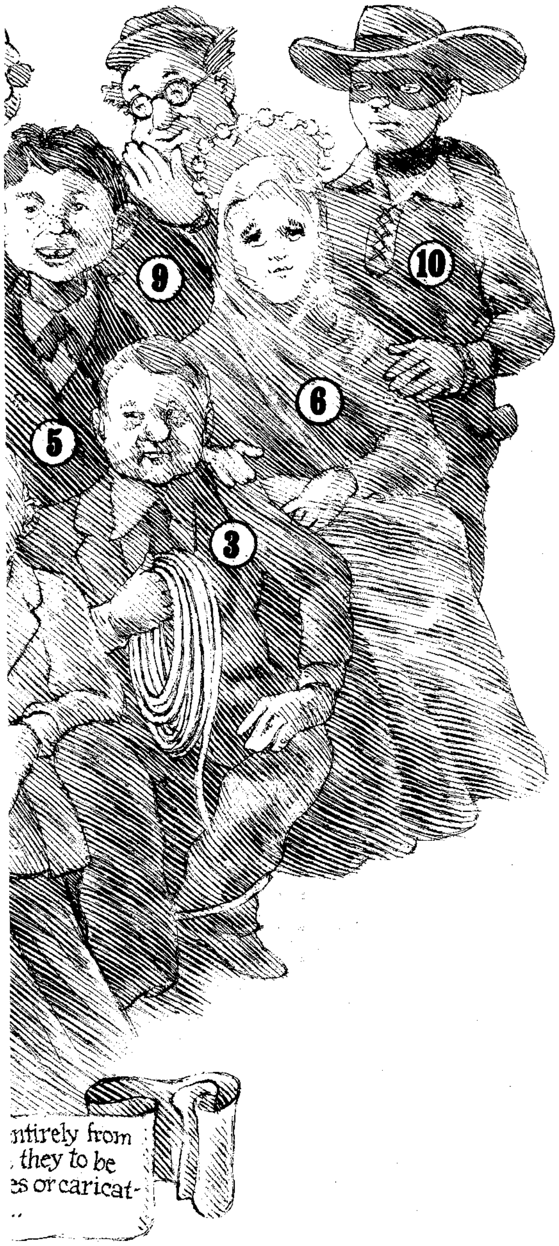
Along with the *bizarrerie* in these pages, however, it is worthy of note that very many of the names included have a distinct poetic or lyrical rhythm, and I can well imagine chanting oneself to sleep by repeating Suparporn Poopattana and Madonna McClung. I note with regret that the chronicler has seen fit to omit a heroine of my youth, Ming Toy Epstein, whose name had the sweet, tinkling purity of temple bells. He has, likewise, neglected to commemorate one Dolores del Schultz whom Dashiell Hammett once disclosed he met while a Pinkerton operative in San Francisco. As is inevitable in all works of scholarship, there are trifling minor errors: Toilet Jacobs was not a student at the Minneapolis School of Art but rather, as Lillian Hellman assured me, a schoolfellow of hers in New York. **—S. J. Perelman**



1 **Charles Adolphe Faux-Pas Bidet**
2 & 3 **Lawless & Lynch, Attorneys**
4 **Welcome Baby Darling**
5 **A. Moron**

Illustrated by chas b slackman

Mr. Train has collected these names and more in the forthcoming Remarkable Names of Real People*, to be published in December.*



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6 Madonna Ghostly
7 Mr. Vice
8 A. Toxen Worm
9 T. Hee
10 I. O. Silver

A. Moron
Commissioner of education,
Virgin Islands

Aristotle Tottle
Pirate, Falmouth, England
"A very timid, feeble Pyrate."
Gosse, A History of Piracy.

Charles Adolphe Faux-Pas Bidet
Commissaire de Police,
Paris, France

A. Toxen Worm
Theatrical press agent,
New York City

Bambina Broccoli
New York City

Cigar Stubbs
Florida Bureau of Statistics

Doctor Doctor
American Medical Directory

Mrs. Friendly Ley
Mission Hills, California

Baroness Gaby von Bagge of Boo

Miss Horsey de Horsey
Intimate friend of
Lord Cardigan

Iona Victory Bond
Victoria, B.C.

Lawless & Lynch, Attorneys
Jamaica, New York

Major Minor
U.S. Army

Mene Mene Tekel Upharsin Pond
Hartford, Connecticut

I. C. Shivers
Iceman

I. O. Silver

Justin Tune
Chorister, Princeton
(class of 1947)

Katz Meow
Hoquiam, Washington

Katz Pajama Company
New York City

Madonna Ghostly
Teacher, Washington, D.C.

Mrs. V. D. Whynot

Gisella Werberserch-Piffel
Actress, Hollywood, California
Perennial victim of prewar Hollywood jokers who liked to telephone from poolside to ask if she was the Gisella Werberserch-Piffel they had met in (e.g.) Monte Carlo the previous summer; on receiving assurance to the contrary they would pronounce grandly, "Ah! then that must have been another Gisella Werberserch-Piffel."

Moon Unit Zappa and
Dweezle Zappa
Hollywood, California

Humperdink Fangboner
Lumber dealer, Sandusky, Ohio

Positive Wassermann Johnson
Evanston, Illinois

Ronald Supena
Lawyer,
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Silence Bellows
Editor

T. Hee
Restaurant employee,
New York City

Mr. Vice
Malefactor, New Orleans,
Louisiana
Arrested 890 times and convicted 421, probably a record. (International Herald Tribune.)

Welcome Baby Darling
Greenwich, Connecticut

Dr. Zoltan Ovary
Gynecologist, New York
Hospital, New York

A. Przybysz
Detroit, Michigan
Changed his name to C. Przybysz

Ave Maria Klinkenberg
Yonkers, New York

Carborundum Petroleum Dobbs
Mayor, Wilmette, Illinois

Colonel Clarence Clapsaddle
U.S. Army (West Point,
class of 1940)

F. G. Vereneseneckockkrockoff
San Francisco, California

Firmin A. Gryp
Banker, Palo Alto, California

Mary Louise Pantzaroff
Huron County, Ohio

Bathsheba Finkelstein
High School of Music and Art
(class of 1957), New York City

Mrs. Belcher Wack Wack
Miss Belcher married Mr. Wack and then married his brother.

Mrs. Screech
Singing teacher, Victoria,
British Columbia

Virginia May Sweatt Strong
Memphis, Tennessee

Toilet Jacobs
Student, Art Instruction School,
Minneapolis, Minnesota

—J. T.

Wine/Alexis Bespaloff

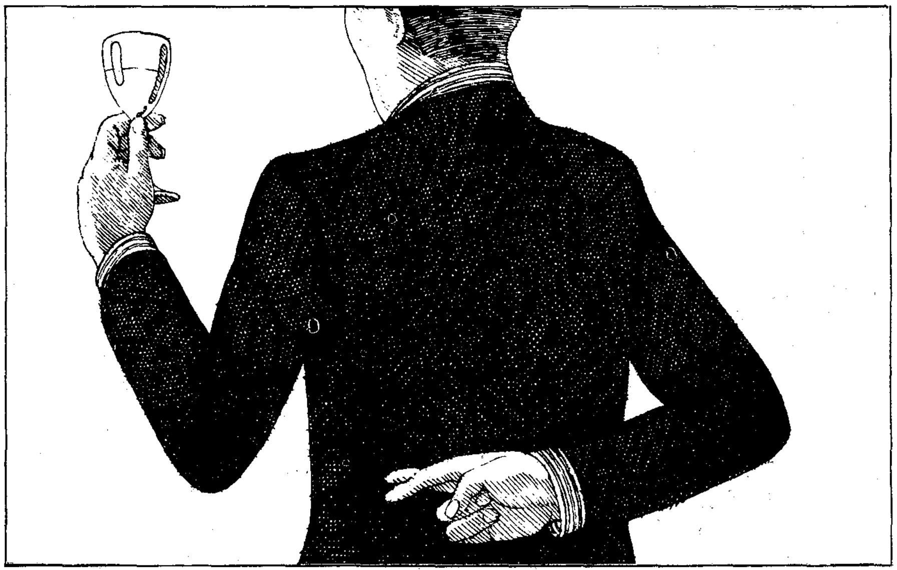
BUYING BORDEAUX TODAY: A GUIDE TO RECENT VINTAGES

"...Drinking a Bordeaux prematurely is a bit like eating an unripe peach—the quality may be there, but not much comes through..."

The present mood in Bordeaux is one of concern about the effect that a short 1977 crop will have on the prices of previous vintages. Many vineyard proprietors have stopped selling whatever 1976 and 1975 wines they still have left until they can determine how much higher prices will climb, and, for the same reason, some New York retailers who were offering 1975s for future delivery are no longer doing so. The time is right, I think, for wine drinkers to review recent vintages of red Bordeaux and decide which ones are the most interesting for present and future drinking.

It is an irony of the wine world that the more significant the vintage year is in determining the quality and personality of a wine, the more difficult it is for the consumer to obtain accurate information about it. It's not simply that most of the vintage reports put out by importers and retailers are misleading and self-serving, but also that, in the case of fine red wines, a variety of factors play a role both in contributing to the success of a particular vintage and in defining its individual style.

For example, despite the regularity with which preharvest bulletins announce that a particular vintage will be excellent, it's almost impossible to evaluate a good vintage in Bordeaux until the wine is made, in October, or even later, in January. It is possible, however, to get an early negative impression if spring frosts reduce the crop, as in 1977, and after the flowering, which usually occurs in mid-June. A bad flowering reduces the crop size; a late flowering means a late harvest in October, with increased chances of rain and cold. And, of course, a rainy summer considerably reduces the possibility of a decent crop. But even if the growing season is excellent, prolonged rains just before the harvest will swell the grapes and dilute the quality of the wine. If the rains continue, gray rot may attack the grapes, and the unhealthy fruit will produce unsound wines. If it rains during the harvest, there may not be enough time for the water in the soil to be sucked up through the roots and swell the grapes, but wet grapes make less good wine, and wine produced from washed grapes tends to have less aromatic complexity.



Varietal balance also affects the personality of a vintage. The vineyards of Bordeaux are planted primarily in three grape varieties—Cabernet Sauvignon, which provides tannin, structure, and breed; Cabernet Franc, which contributes finesse and aroma; and Merlot, which makes more supple and faster-maturing wine. These grape varieties do not flower and mature at the same time, or in the same way each year; therefore, a particular growing season may favor one variety or another, and that will in turn affect the particular style of that year's wines. In difficult years, the Médoc district, with a higher proportion of Cabernet Sauvignon, generally produces better wines than do Saint-Emilion and Pomerol. The latter districts, which are planted primarily in Merlot, produce softer wines, which also age more quickly than those from the Médoc.

But ripeness is not all, since the quantity of wine produced from the same acreage affects the character of a vintage as well. A vine can successfully nourish only a certain number of grapes. Some winemakers say that an acre of soil yields only a fixed amount of quality. If production is increased, as in abundant years, the quality is diluted. In the years since 1970, the quantity of red Bordeaux produced from the same acreage has varied from the equivalent of 13 million cases to a high of 28 million cases.

Finally, there's another reason, peculiar to Bordeaux châteaux, that a wine cannot be fully evaluated even a month or two after the wines are made. It is only in January that the final *assemblage* of all the wines of a particular property is created. Until then the wines produced from each day's picking, and in some cases from each grape variety, are kept separate. The *assemblage* creates, for the first time, the wine that will eventually be bottled by the château after 20 to 24 months in wood. It is also an opportunity for the proprietor to discard whatever portion of his crop he feels should not be bottled under his château label. It is not unusual for a quality-conscious proprietor to discard as much as 40 percent of his crop in certain years; this may be sold off to Bordeaux shippers or bottled by the château under a second label.

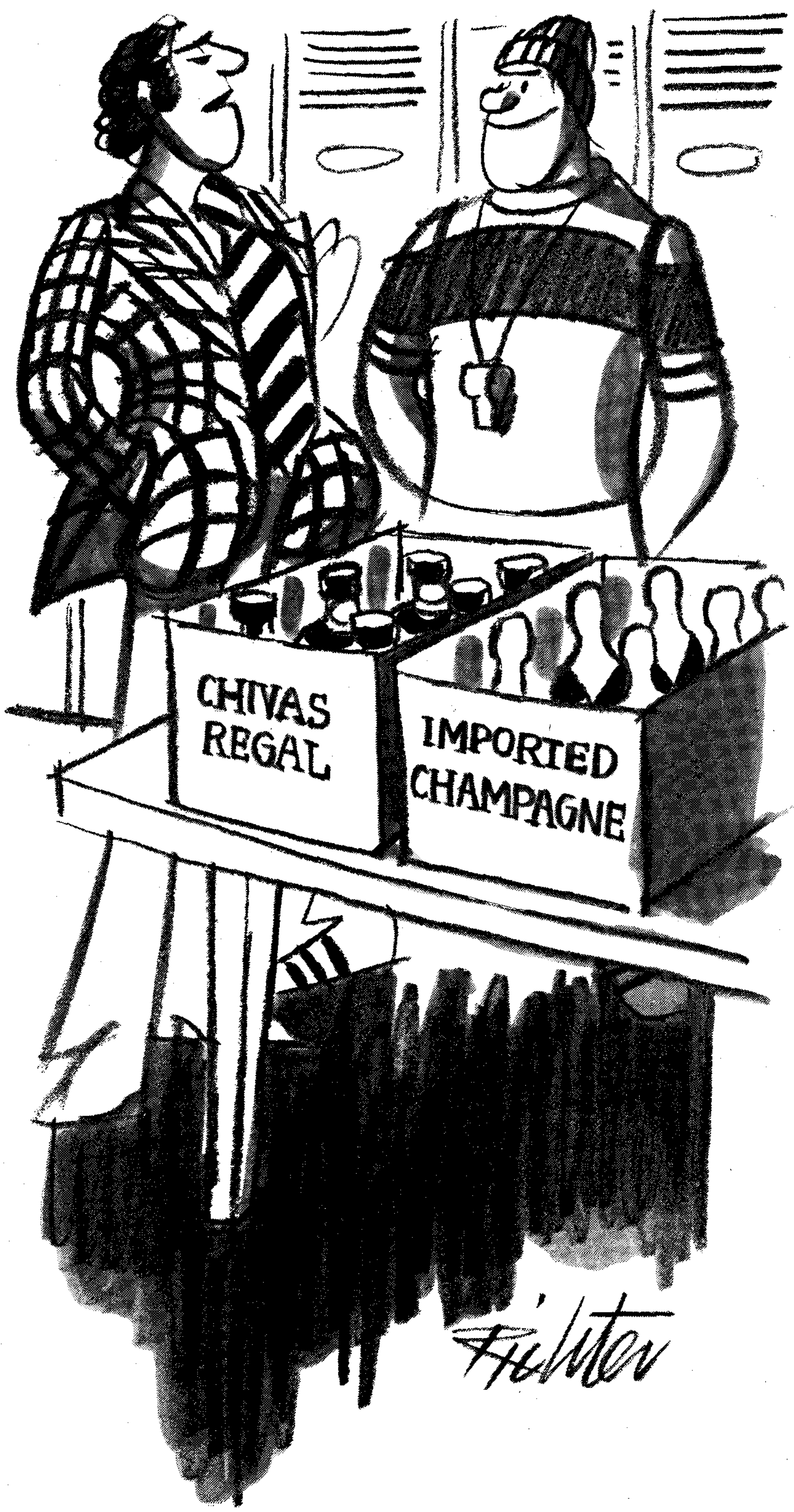
The wines that have created, for most wine drinkers, the image of fine red Bordeaux are those generally referred to as the *crus classés*, or "classed growths." In terms of their availability on the American market, the classed growths consist of about 50

Illustrated by chas b slackman

vineyards, or châteaux, from communes within the Médoc (primarily Margaux, Saint-Julien, Pauillac, and Saint-Estèphe), and a dozen wines each from Saint-Emilion, Pomerol, and Graves. (Actually, the wines of Pomerol have never been officially classified, but the district contains a dozen wines that are of classed-growth stature.) Almost all of these wines show up on wine lists and on retail shelves in a number of vintages, sometimes going back ten or fifteen years. Among the classed growths most often seen here are Ducru-Beaucaillou, Léoville-Lascases, Gruaud-Larose, Lascombes, Rausan-Segla, Pichon-Lalande, Cos d'Estournel, Montrose, Giscours, Palmer, Calon-Ségur, Beychevelle, Prieuré-Lichine, and Lynch-Bages in the Médoc; Figeac, La Gaffelière, Canon, Magdelaine, Pavie, and Clos-Fourtet in Saint-Emilion; La Mission Haut Brion, Haut Bailly, Domaine de Chevalier, Bouscaut, and Pape Clément in Graves; and Vieux Château Certan, Trotanoy, Petit-Village, Nenin, Latour-Pomerol, La Fleur-Pétrus, and l'Evangile in Pomerol.

There are, in addition, eight wines referred to by the Bordeaux trade as the *premiers crus*, or "first growths," which are sold at prices two or three times those of the classed growths: Lafite-Rothschild, Mouton Rothschild, Margaux, Latour, Haut-Brion, Pétrus, Cheval Blanc, and Ausone. The classed growths and first growths produce perhaps a million cases of red wine a year, which may seem a lot, but which amounts to less than 5 percent of all the red wines produced in Bordeaux. Most of the wines of Bordeaux are sold as regional wines labeled only with their appellation of origin, such as "Bordeaux Rouge," "Médoc," and "Saint-Emilion." There are an increasing number of proprietary brands available, such as Mouton-Cadet, La Cour Pavillon, Maitre d'Estournel, and My Cousin's Claret, as well as hundreds of less expensive *petits châteaux*, but it is the classed growths that have created and maintained the prestige of Bordeaux, even among those who only occasionally drink them.

It is technologically possible today to make good wine from ripe grapes grown anywhere in the world. What is rare is to make wines that have the ability to improve with age. The reason classed growths in the best vintages have achieved their prestige is not simply that they start out with a richness of flavor and depth of taste that lesser Bordeaux—and most of the world's red wines—do not possess. They are, above all, able to achieve with time a complexity and finesse that



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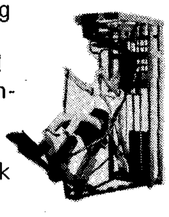

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sets them apart. Since the consumer who buys fine young Bordeaux is paying for what the wine can become, to drink these wines prematurely is a bit like eating a frozen sirloin or an unripe peach—the quality may be there, but not much is coming through. This is even more the case with recent vintages of first growths, which sell for $10 to $20. At their best these wines have an even greater intensity of flavor than the classed growths and take several years longer to mature. To spend $15 for such a wine and drink it too soon seems to me a waste both of money and of the wine.

Even those who recognize the importance of aging fine Bordeaux are often uncertain about the amount of time a particular wine needs in the bottle. The question I am most often asked about Bordeaux is: When will this wine be at its best? Although the answer varies from château to château, certain broad generalizations can be made based on the character of each vintage. For example, the 1976s will mature before the 1975s, the 1973s before the 1970s, the 1967s have matured before the 1966s, and so on. Nevertheless, the question cannot really be answered with the accuracy that many people hope for, not simply because individual wines do not always evolve according to a predictable pattern, but because determining when a wine is ready to drink is to a large extent a matter of personal preference.

A simple way to determine your own preference, and also to appreciate the effect of age on red Bordeaux, is to arrange a tasting of three vintages of the same château. If you were to compare, say, a 1974, 1970, and 1967, you would get an idea of just how old you like your wine to be. You may enjoy a 1970 tasted by itself, but when you have the opportunity to compare it to an older wine you may decide that the 1970 is, in fact, still too tannic and closed in. If you then go from the oldest wine back to the 1974 you will quickly appreciate just how hard and unready a very young Bordeaux really is, and how important time is in bringing out its qualities. This may help you determine your overall buying policy with regard to fine Bordeaux vintages: Are you willing to wait fifteen years for the best 1975s to achieve their full potential, or are you better off buying mature vintages from the 1960s to savor now or lighter vintages from the 1970s to enjoy in the next two or three years? Buying fine vintages of young Bordeaux, unlike buying the best recent vintages of white Burgundy or Beaujolais, for example, only makes sense for those who are prepared to wait.

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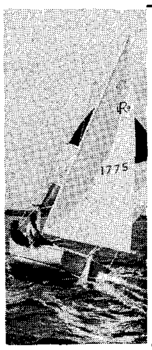

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"...Most *Bordelais* feel that 1975 is the best vintage since 1961, certainly since 1966..."

Another simple tasting that you can arrange based on the vintage notes that follow is to buy two or three vintages of the same château among the four most recent vintages that are currently available, 1971 to 1974 (the 1974s are just arriving here). The characteristics of any wine become much more distinct when it is tasted side by side with another one, and a few such informal comparisons over dinner will enable you to see for yourself the differences among vintages and to settle on one or another recent year whose style and price appeal to you.

Earlier this year, during a visit to Bordeaux, I had occasion to taste about 40 classed growths in the 1976 and 1975 vintages, both of which were then still maturing in wood (most of the 1975s have now been bottled). I also arranged tastings of ten well-known classed growths in every vintage from 1976 back to 1970. These recent evaluations, supported by notes made on another 100 classed growths tasted here in the past year, provided me with the following impressions of recent Bordeaux vintages. I've also indicated a few wines in each vintage that I particularly liked. I haven't included the more expensive first growths among my recommendations, but my own feeling is that although a first growth in an off vintage may be more successful than other, less expensive, Bordeaux, it still isn't worth the $10 or so that it costs. It's better to buy the first growths only in the best vintages, even at $15 or $20, so that you get the very most that they are capable of offering.

1976 This vintage, along with 1973, produced more red wine than any other in the past 40 years. High volume and a few days of September rain during the harvest prevented this vintage from being as fine as had been expected. The wines are very attractive nevertheless, and may turn out to be the best vintage since 1970 (excepting the 1975s). The wines are fleshy and supple, although they lack some tannin and intensity. The opening prices at which the château owners sold their wines to the Bordeaux shippers were higher than those for the 1975s (which have since doubled), and if these wines were offered today for future delivery, they would probably be priced at around $70 a case. If the 1977 vintage is disappointing, these wines will certainly be more expensive after being bottled in the spring and summer of 1978. Good examples that I've tasted are Giscours, Cos d'Estournel, Talbot, Palmer, Pichon-Lalande, Pape Clément, and Trotanoy.

1975 Most *Bordelais* feel that this is the best vintage produced since 1961, and certainly since 1966. The wines are deep in color, quite tannic and closed in, and are generally more powerful, rich, and concentrated than the 1970s. Such wines are difficult to judge when young, especially when they are tasted alongside the 1976s, which are more appealing today. There's no question, however, that these wines will eventually develop into very great bottles. As is usually the case in very successful vintages, even wines produced in lesser châteaux display the characteristics of the vintage. Consequently, you should try some of the $3 to $4 *petits châteaux* that are already starting to appear here, most of which are vinified to mature more quickly. Current retail offerings of classed growths for future delivery range from $70 to $100 a case. Some that I liked are Gruaud-Larose, Léoville-Lascases, Ducru-Beaucaillou, Magdelaine, and the excellent, and more expensive, La Mission Haut Brion.

1974 These wines are well made and have body and structure, but tend to be austere. They are the most tannic vintage since 1971, but many wines lack fruit and elegance. They are admirable Bordeaux, well structured and long-lived, but not charming, although the wines of Saint-Julien, Pomerol, and Graves are less hard than many others. This is a special vintage—not to my taste right now—that you should try for yourself, starting, perhaps, with Pichon-Lalande, Pape Clément, or Cos d'Estournel. The wines are selling for $6 to $7.

1973 The style of this vintage is almost the reverse of the 1974s'. A very big crop produced light-bodied wines, and as in all such vintages, there are wide variations in quality among the classed growths, as well as among the *petits châteaux*. The wines are fruity, graceful, and quite drinkable, but lack body and structure. They have a limited future and a few are already showing signs of age. As in all light-bodied years, the Médoc (with a predominance of tannic Cabernet Sauvignon) produced better wines than did Saint-Emilion. Prieuré-Lichine, Montrose, Gruaud-Larose, and de Pez are better than average examples of this variable vintage. Many are being sold at $5 to $6.

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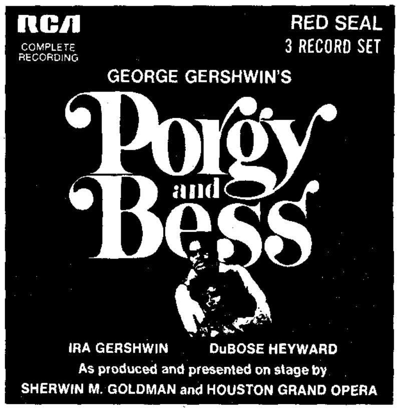

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"...With the 1961s scarce and very expensive, the 1966s represent the oldest classic Bordeaux vintage still in circulation..."

1972 These wines are basically unsound because they were made from unripe grapes. This comes through immediately in the bouquet as well as in the taste, which is green, vegetal, and herbaceous. The wines appear to be high in acid, but they are not; it is their aggressiveness of taste that gives the impression of acidity. Some believe that the best of these wines will improve when they lose their original character and take on the special taste of older wines. And, in fairness, some of the 1972s display a directness and intensity of taste not so evident in richer, fatter, and more tannic wines. The vintage was sold by the proprietors at the highest prices ever achieved for classed growths, and if retail prices reflected cost, classed growths would be selling for $10 to $12 a bottle. In fact, many are selling for $4 to $5 a bottle and are the least expensive of current vintages. This doesn't make them taste any better, but may tempt you to try one or two examples to see if they represent fair value. Ducru-Beaucaillou, Pichon-Lalande, Vieux Château Certan, Trotanoy, de Pez, Giscours, and Cos d'Estournel are among the best examples of this vintage.

1971 Even though these wines came after the excellent 1970s, a situation which often results in the second year's being undervalued (as with 1960 and 1959, 1962 and 1961, and 1967 and 1966), many *Bordelais* liked these wines from the start. They were originally described by a number of experienced tasters as being less fat and rich than the 1970s, but as having more finesse, tannin, and longevity. Today they are regarded as the best vintage between 1970 and 1975, but they have surprised many by evolving more rapidly than anticipated, and many seem older than they are. There are considerable variations among the 1971s; at best they have finesse and style, but lack the size that would have given them a longer life. They were originally sold for almost twice as much as the 1970s, but on today's retail shelves they are, at $6 to $8, a bit less expensive than the 1970s and often a good value. The Médoc and Pomerol were more successful than Saint-Emilion. Ducru-Beaucaillou, Palmer, Talbot, Duhart-Milon-Rothschild, Léoville-Lascases, Montrose, Trotanoy, Vieux Château Certan, La Gaffelière, and Domaine de Chevalier are good examples.

1970 An excellent vintage and good almost everywhere; the common remark at the time was that it would have been difficult not to make a good wine in 1970. The wines are rich, fat, generous, still firm, and need more time to develop their qualities. There are those who feel that because of the large crop, many of the 1970s are a little deficient overall; some say they lack middle body, others say they lack brilliance. Nevertheless, this is the best available vintage since 1966, and although becoming expensive at $7 to $10, the wines are cheaper than the 1966s and five years more evolved than the 1975s. As with the 1975s, even less expensive 1970s are very good indeed. If you can find a few 1970 *petits châ-*

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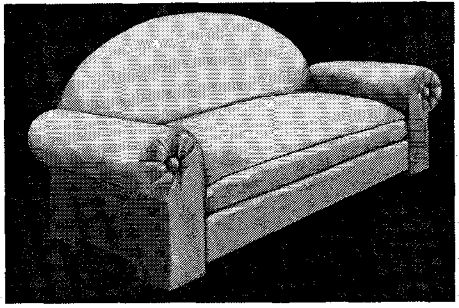

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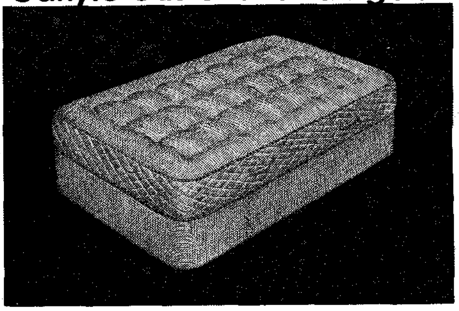

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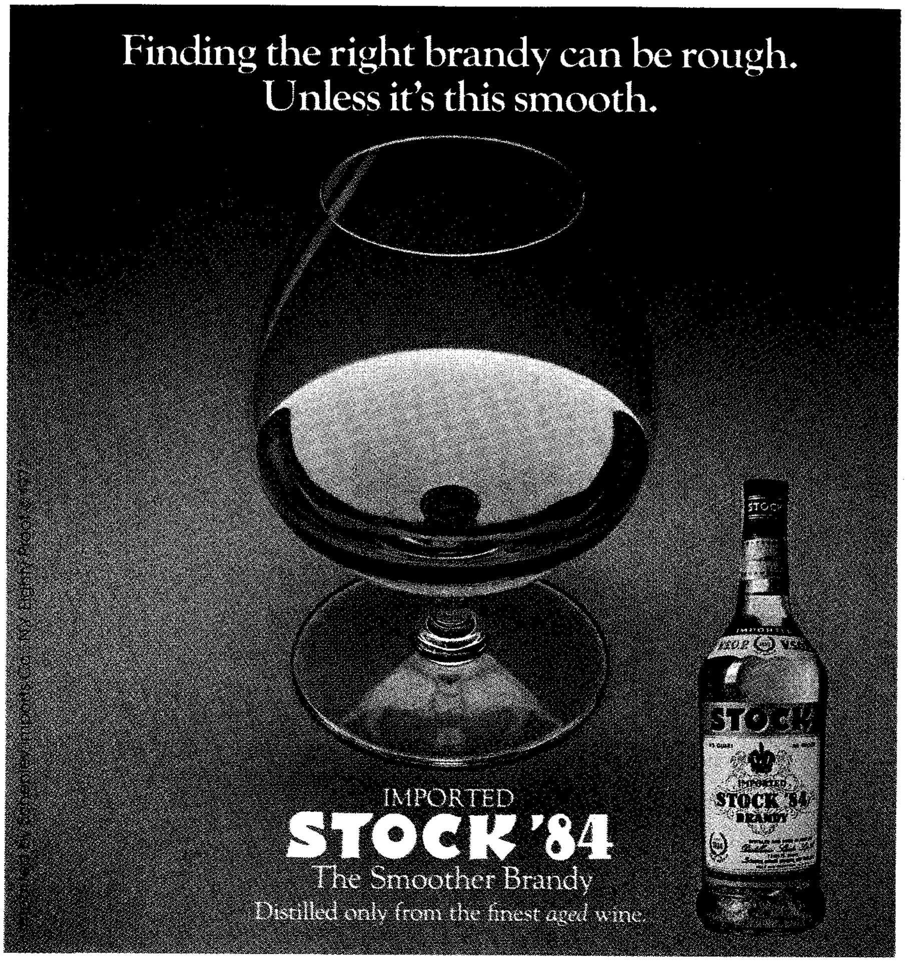
teaux from the Médoc for $4 or less, you may discover that the importance of the vintage is such that those lesser known wines are actually more attractive than higher priced and better known 1972 and 1973 classed growths.

Among older vintages, the 1969s are basically unsound wines made from grapes affected by rot. Most of them reveal an odd vegetal bouquet, similar to that of dead leaves. After six years in the bottle, a few have developed into drinkable wines, but they lack real style. In Bordeaux, your host might surprise you with a fragile but still drinkable 1968, but it's best to forget about them over here, especially as uncertain storage conditions can only diminish a wine that was poor to begin with. The best 1967s are still very attractive today and are the best mature vintage still around. What's more, they are often found at about the same price as the 1970s, and although somewhat less good as a vintage, they are more evolved and ready to be drunk. The 1966s are considered second only to 1961s in that decade. Many are still not ready, and in any case they are difficult to find and expensive, often half again as much as the 1967s. With the 1961s very scarce and expensive, however, the 1966s are the oldest classic Bordeaux vintage still in circulation, and they belong in any cellar of fine wines.

If fine Bordeaux are no longer at the depressed prices that prevailed three years ago, neither are they at the inflated prices that almost destroyed the market five years ago, when classed growths sold for $12 to $15 a bottle and first growths were listed at $30 to $40. The fact is that the major Bordeaux shippers and American importers are still paying for the mistakes they made a few years ago, and 1971s, 1972s, and 1973s are being sold at a loss. The 1974s are priced in terms of their cost, and the price increases occurring in Bordeaux have not yet been passed on to the consumer. As a matter of fact, current quotations in Bordeaux for the 1975 vintage are similar to those at which these wines are still being offered by a few New York retailers. Classic Bordeaux châteaux selling for $4 to $7 cannot be considered overpriced by wine drinkers who see 1976 Beaujolais for $4 to $5, Côtes-du-Rhône for $4 or more, and even regional Médoc and Saint-Emilion for $4 to $5. The variety of styles of recent Bordeaux vintages and the range of prices at which they are available today, along with the probability that prices will increase during the next year, make this a particularly good time for claret drinkers to evaluate these wines for themselves. ■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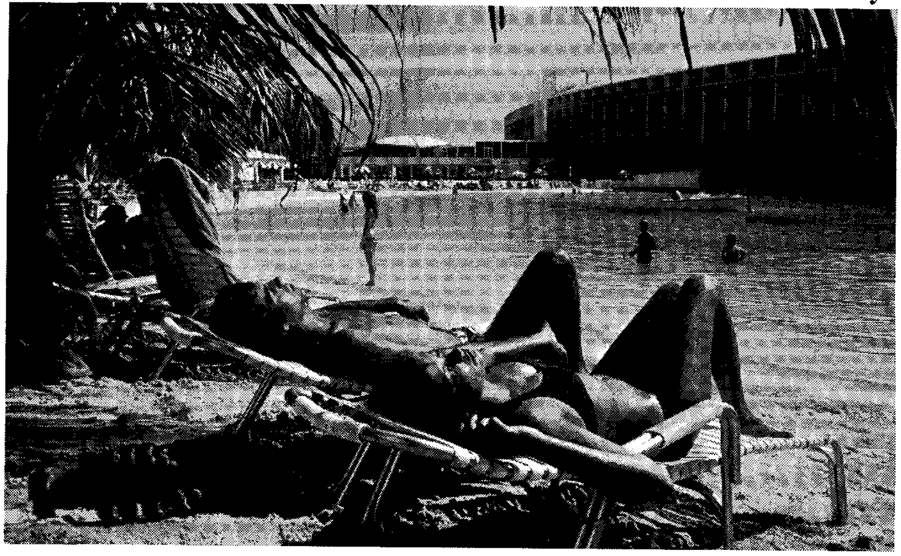

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ROBERTO BROSAN

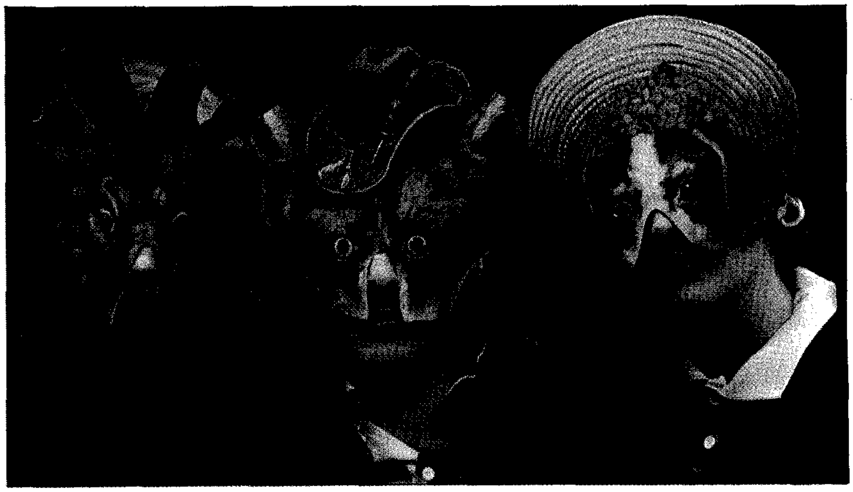
Yours for the Masking

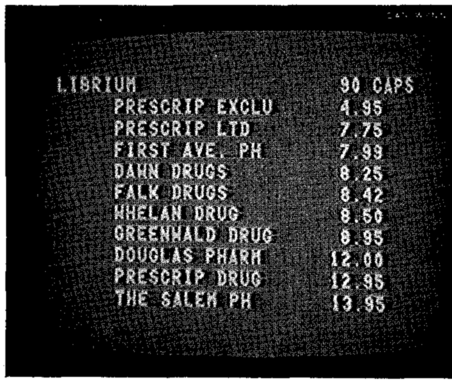
Cover your face or cover the wall. It matters not to Julie, who pays homage this month to the mask. Especially dramatic are Mel Odom's elegant latex masks on satin-ribboned poles (above); Bill Cunningham's feathered fancies that would tickle Ziegfeld; ceramic-and-fur masks from Michael Biello; brass ceremonial half-masks by Anthony Toepfer; Carol Sivin's papier-mâché ones that look carved of stone and marble; J. Pearson's leather masks—or head coverings—that are brave and frightening; and Renie Adams's crocheted and tufted monster. Prices are high, but so are the jinks.

Then there are these: Sideshow's lithographed paper masks (below) from the turn of the century ($10).

JULIE: ARTISAN'S GALLERY/*687 Madison Avenue, near 62nd Street/688-2345*
SIDESHOW/*184 Ninth Avenue, near 21st Street/OR 5-2212*

ULI ROSE





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     PRESCRIP DRUG         12.95
     THE SALEM PH          13.95
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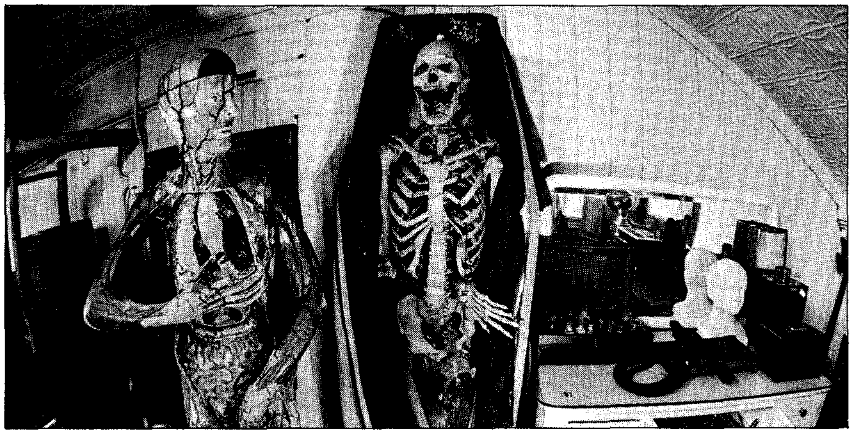
The Cost Guard

Entertaining it is not, but neither is paying through the nose for a pack of moldy tortillas at Sloan's. So God bless Manhattan Cable TV's 24-hour-a-day consumer news. Six shoppers shop regularly for food and household items at chains and supermarkets, for prescription drugs at chain and individual drugstores. Their input changes every Tuesday morning (for food) and the first Tuesday of every month (for drugs); comparative prices run down the screen continuously. Since this service began in March, such features have been added as sales of the week and hints about making rug shampoo and ketchup. Write if you have other suggestions. Somebody really cares.

CONSUMER CHANNEL/*Channel K, 24 hours a day/Manhattan Cable TV*
120 East 23rd Street

BERNARD PIERRE WOLFF

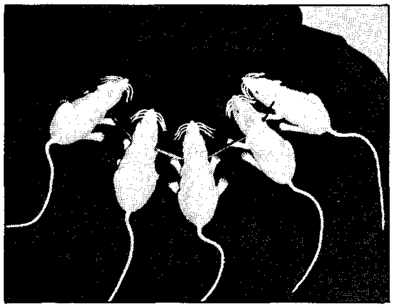


Ghouls Rush In

'Tis the season to be prankish. And what better props than the stuff at Stonehand? An old wicker body basket ($200). A medical-school skeleton in an 1815 coffin ($300). A 1916 tooth-shade guide ($25). A Victorian gynecologist's table ($400). A human thigh bone ($25). Michael Baden of the medical examiner's office has already grabbed the antique autopsy kit.

DR. JEKYLL AT STONEHAND/*245 Centre Street/966-3325*

LARRY WILLIAMS



Worst Bet

It is a necklace ($5). Eeeek!

SHENANIGANS/*384 Bleecker Street, at Perry Street/924-9284*

And Wed All Over

There's nothing at all revolutionary about marriage contracts. For centuries in Persia, they've been kept under the wife's pillow . . . as you will learn in a big show celebrating Jewish weddings. Paraphernalia includes a velvet-and-gold Moroccan bride's gown, an Egyptian ruling on polygamy, a groom's prayer shawl, chuppa scenes painted by Chagall, and an Italian silver wedding ring.

THE JEWISH WEDDING/*October 30–June 8/Yeshiva University Museum*
2520 Amsterdam Avenue, at 185th

Draggle-Taggle Gypsies, Oh!

Boys, girls, ghosts, witches, skeletons (and anyone else who wants to come out of the closet) are cordially invited to parade in the street—and win prizes for it—at the Village Halloween Costume Ball. While inside, at the Theater for the New City: fire-eaters and fortune-tellers, mimes and magicians, Roslyn Drexler singing, puppets playing, apples bobbing, ale flowing, and other devilry.

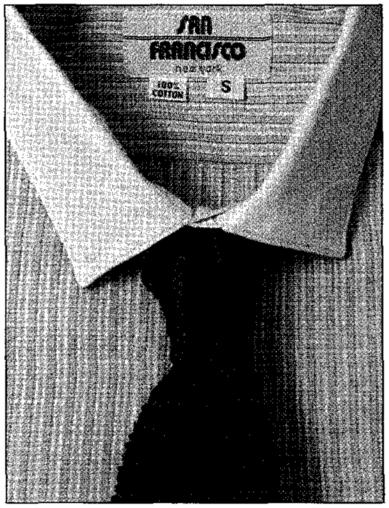
VILLAGE HALLOWEEN COSTUME BALL/*October 31, 9 p.m.–midnight*
Jane Street between Washington and West streets

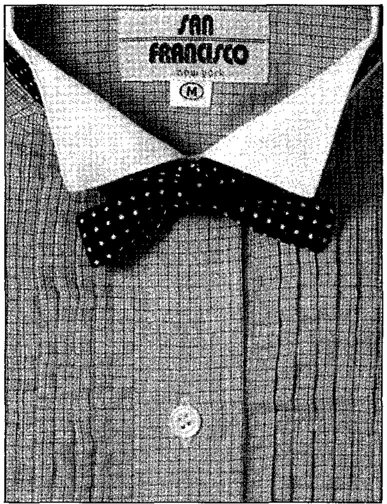
The Tie Line

San Francisco, which has been exploring the finer points of haberdashery for several years, is now into neckties. Polka-dot tie for women ($6) with hand-pleated shirt ($95) comes from a range of silk ties—from $4 for a thin black string to $20 for a sash-long jabot. Men's wool-mohair-alpaca knit ties ($12) are in five stripings to blend with cotton broadcloth shirts ($37.50). **—Priscilla Tucker**

SAN FRANCISCO/*975 Lexington Avenue, near 71st Street/472-8740*

RICARDO SALAS





Have anything you want before dinner.

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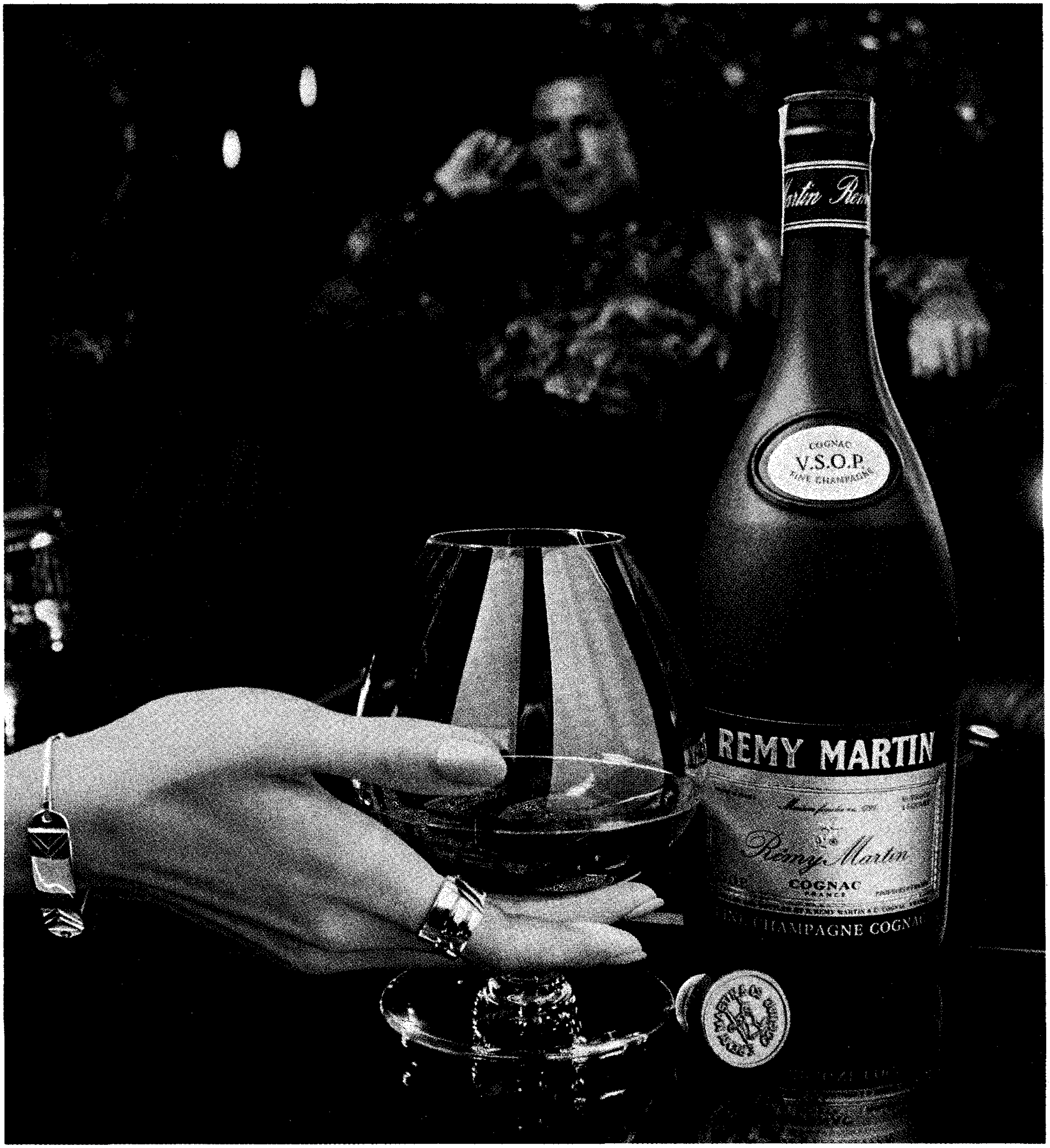
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SALES & BARGAINS

BY LEONORE FLEISCHER

NOTES ON MARKDOWNS, MONEY-SAVERS, AND RIPOFFS

'Twas brillig—This tiny Upper West Side boutique features mostly European fashions for children sizes infant to 10. A clearance of selected winter kids' fashions brings prices down 25–40 percent. French outerwear jackets in various styles, not many left, were $50–$76, now $37.50–$57; corduroy or velvet jeans by New Man, sizes 4–10, were $28–$32, now $19.60–$22.40; Kokomojo California sportswear for girls, mostly dresses and jumpers, of soft brushed cotton/poly, sizes 4–10, were $21–$24, now 40 percent off; a good selection of sweaters and velour tops, usually $16–$24, now 25 percent off; imported dresses, one- and few-of-a-style, sizes infant to 10, were $16.50–$68, now $12.38–$40.80. Master Charge, Visa, checks accepted; exchanges possible. *Slithy Toves, 49 West 72nd St. (799-6688); Mon.–Sat. 10:30 a.m.–6 p.m.; while stock lasts.*

Hang it all—This firm, which manufactures drapes, spreads, and comforters for stores and decorators, opens its factory-warehouse to the public on Saturdays only from October thru February. Using your fabric or theirs, they will make any window and/or bed treatment of your choice at roughly 40–60 percent off store prices. They have a very full line of fabrics and, if you choose a fabric from their closeout bins, prices go even lower. Examples: A king-size outline-quilted bedspread will run you $90–$115, comparable to $240–$275 in the stores, and wall-to-wall triple-width draperies, up to 108 in. long, will be custom made for you for $60–$120, depending on fabric. Master Charge, Visa, checks accepted. *Draperies Direct, Inc., 112 Lincoln Ave., fifth floor, Bronx 10454 (993-5668); Lexington Ave. IRT 6 to Third Ave. and East 138th St.; by car: across Willis Ave. Bridge, left on Bruckner Blvd. two blocks to Lincoln Ave.; Sat. 9 a.m.–4 p.m.*

Trimming—A "pre-holiday shape-up plan" is being offered for the month of November by this exercise salon. For $100 women who sign up during that month will get three months of unlimited visits, plus three additional weeks unlimited for free. You can take as many classes as you want per visit, and begin at any time within a year of your sign-up date. The salon frequently offers two weeks free for three months, so this is a saving of one week. There are classes in exercise, ballet, yoga, and jazz, all taught by professionals. Steam room, sauna, showers, lockers, hair dryers, special ballet room, and, of course, exercise equipment. American Express, Master Charge, checks accepted. *Pretty Body, 681 Fifth Ave., between 53rd and 54th sts., sixth floor (752-2106); call for schedule of classes.*

Send suggestions for Sales & Bargains to Leonore Fleischer, New York *Magazine, 755 Second Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017, a month before the sale. Do not phone.*

Picture this—More than 400 paintings, dating from the eighteenth century to 1965, most restored and some "as is," some as small as 8 in. by 10 in. and others as large as 40 in. by 50 in., most framed, are priced here to clear out at $10–$300, reflecting cost plus labor. Landscapes, seascapes, portraits, florals, genres, nudes, and abstracts in oils, watercolors, and pastels. Checks accepted; no credit cards; exchanges possible. *D'Ambra Art Gallery, 679 Coney Island Ave., at Cortelyou Rd., Brooklyn 11218 (UL 6-8833); IND D (weekends) or M (weekdays) to Cortelyou Rd.; open seven days noon–5 p.m.; thru 11/20.*

Country style—Here is a special purchase of Italian-made French provincial-style wood furniture (reproductions of classic styles). Many items, some in limited quantity, are at lower prices than usual. Finish is a dark walnut. Rolling tea cart, now $160; drop-lid commode desk, $318; writing table/desk with superstructure, $435; folding game table, $235; glass-front two-piece china cabinet, $865; spindle-back rocker, $130; and a baroque three-drawer bureau with a drop-lid desk, $1,050, are now among the items. Master Charge, Visa accepted; no checks; all sales final. Immediate delivery (delivery extra). *Designed Interiors & Trade Workrooms, 40 West 22nd St. (LE 2-7091); Mon.–Wed., Fri., and Sat. 10 a.m.–4 p.m., Thurs. 10 a.m.–8 p.m., Sun. 11 a.m.–3 p.m.; from 10/28; while stock lasts.*

Northern comfort—A factory clearance sale of comforters takes 50 percent off the retail price, but only if you phone ahead for an appointment. Discontinued styles, overruns, etc., are priced according to fabric and filling (most are Dacron-filled) and now run from $50–$150 for twin, $65–$195 for full, $75–$215 for queen, and $100–$300 for king. Or you can have one custom made from discontinued fabrics on hand at the same prices. Fabrics include poly blends, cotton, acrylic, eyelet, etc. Also, if yardage permits, you may have pillow shams and dust ruffles made up at half the retail price. Checks accepted; no credit cards; all sales final. Appointments Mon.–Fri. 9 A.M.–4 P.M. *Call Alicia Comforts, 929-9214 and ask for Mr. Greene; thru 11/4.*

Good pickings—Steel- and nylon-string guitars, made in Japan, are on sale here at ridiculously low prices for a limited time, due to a moving sale. DeMano classic guitars with nylon strings come in two models: spruce top, shina back and sides, rosewood fingerboard and bridge, list price $127, now $35; handmade classic with rosewood back and sides, better marquetry and inlay, list $175, now $55. Appalachian Dreadnaught steel-string guitars come in two models: spruce top, niato back and sides, adjustable neck and pin bridge, list $175, now $42.50, and a better version that lists at $195, now $55 (only eight left). Perfect for beginning students, and even for the more advanced. Cash-and-carry only; all sales final. *Hershman Musical Instrument Co., 51 West 21st St., second floor (255-0709); Mon.–Sat. 9 a.m.–noon only; thru 11/12.*

Consumer Aware

Additives—A handy short guide to additives in food, including dyes, emulsifiers, flavor enhancers, antioxidants, etc., has been prepared by the Department of Consumer Affairs of the City of New York. Take it shopping with you and refer to it as you read the labels. Example: Did you know that the common additive BHT—butylated hydroxytoluene—prohibited for use in food in England but permitted here, can cause allergic reactions? Or that chemical changes in the brain and, subsequently, abnormal behavior patterns were observed in the offspring of laboratory mice fed this additive? For each copy of "Consumer's Guide to Food Additives," send 35 cents in coin, and a stamped, self-addressed No. 10 envelope to *Consumer Education Division, Department of Consumer Affairs, 80 Lafayette St., NYC 10013.* ■

What would you say to a live performance of the Chicago Symphony,* The Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, and The New York City Opera all on the same day, for the third week in a row?

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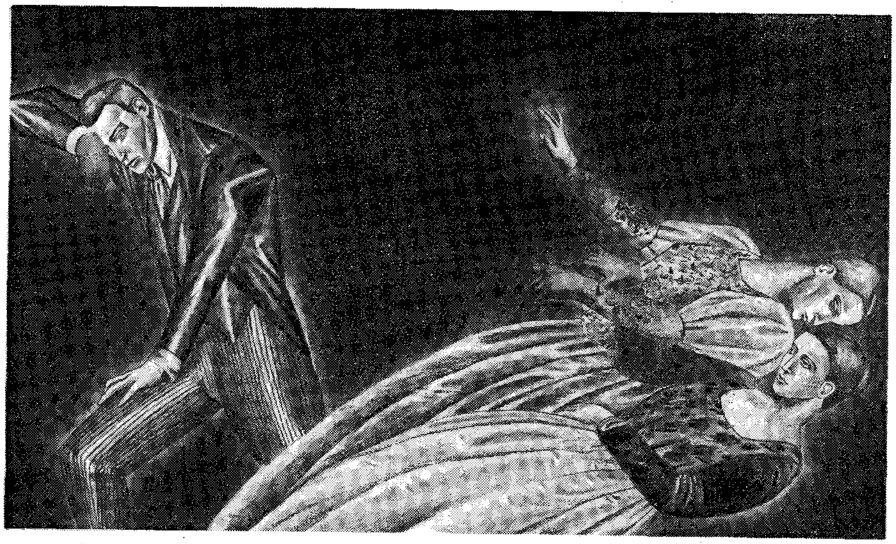
STRINDBERG AGONISTES

"...In *Night of the Tribades* almost superhuman demands are placed on the director, and these Michael Kahn has failed to meet..."

Per Olov Enquist is an outstanding Swedish journalist and very gifted novelist; **The Night of the Tribades** is his first play, and, intelligent and thought-provoking as it is, it does smack a bit too much of his previous specialties. It is full of accurate documentation, even though the particular evening it depicts never took place, and it is much more narrative than it is dramatic. Still, it is a work that makes us think about timely issues, such as feminism, and timeless ones, like marriage between two conflicting artistic temperaments (and, indirectly, any high-strung, independently ambitious people); what other plays on Broadway can claim as much?

On this particular night in 1889, August Strindberg's fortunes, both financial and marital, were at one of their customary low points. Siri von Essen, the playwright's first wife, had conceived of rescuing her acting career, which she had given up for years of rocky marriage and child-raising; Strindberg saw a way of holding on to her and establishing his somewhat shaky reputation by starting his own theater in Denmark. One of several new plays he wrote for the occasion was *The Stronger*, but the theatrical venture was a bust; soon after, August and Siri were divorced. Siri moved in with Marie David, a Danish feminist who was also an alcoholic and presumably a lesbian. The Strindbergs had met her some years before at Grez, where they saw much of one another and had a complex involvement—Strindberg believing Marie and Siri to have become lovers.

Enquist's play imagines a rehearsal of *The Stronger* at the Dagmar Theater in Copenhagen, with Siri playing the talkative Mrs. X. who monologizes at Miss Y. in a tea shop; while the latter says nothing, Mrs. X. nevertheless gradually figures out that Miss Y. has been her husband's mistress, and that the other woman has been a vampirelike presence dominating and draining the marriage. Still, Mrs. X. will keep her husband, and so just who the "stronger" of the title is remains under dispute. Enquist has imagined Siri playing Mrs. X., and (a bold stroke of invention)



Marie the silent Miss Y. Strindberg is directing the rehearsal, and present, too, is Viggo Schiwe, a Danish actor whom the playwright also suspected to be Siri's lover, though Enquist makes him the voice of the public from whom Strindberg expects a favorable verdict in his case against Siri and Marie.

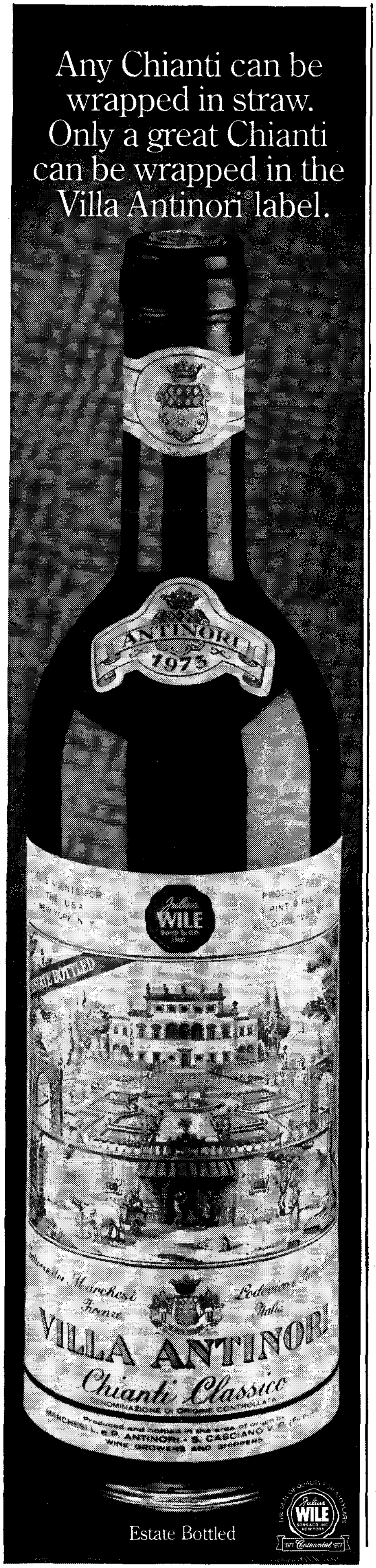
What the play is meant to be is a night of infighting between August and the women; it works up to a magnificent climax, the enacting of *The Stronger* in a way entirely and significantly different from Strindberg's invention. This *coup de théâtre* is as fine as anything on the contemporary stage; but what leads up to and away from it is, I'm afraid, rather less so. Enquist has carefully studied Strindberg's letters and other writings, incorporated chunks of them in the play, altered others somewhat to suit his purposes, and invented the rest. Some of this is fascinating, and it is to the author's credit that one is not aware of where Strindberg leaves off and Enquist begins.

However, much of the play is one giant rehashing of what happened at Grez and elsewhere before this particular night of the tribades (a Greek word for lesbians that Strindberg hurled at Marie and Siri), making it possibly the longest exposition ever foisted on a stage work. It is very able journalistic-novelistic retelling, but it is not dramatic enacting, showing, living. While it goes on, nothing happens—even in the special theatrical sense of the word: a situation between people (who may only be talking) developing and changing, growing or deteriorating. We know pretty much what is going to happen here—or, rather, not happen—and, except for that one glorious climax, the play holds few surprises. There is even a final exposition of what was to happen in the future: The play has every tense but the present.

In other words, what Enquist has denied us is genuine conflict: combat between equally matched partners that one watches like a prizefight or a play by Strindberg. The problem may be, in part, that August is fighting two opponents, Siri and Marie, in turn, so that neither is fully developed, neither a sufficiently weighty opponent. Moreover, Enquist has reduced much of the play to monologues and, especially, duologues between any two of his characters, during which the other two are left idling on the sidelines, not only not contributing to the action but actually detracting from it by awkwardly not joining in. There is a further difficulty: Material that Strindberg could very well have confided in a private letter rings rather untrue in this kind of public airing.

Under the circumstances, almost superhuman demands are placed on the director, and these Michael Kahn has,

Illustrated by Gina Freschet



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for all his commendable efforts, failed to meet. Even his blocking does not come off at times; thus August's semicircular pacing around the back of the stage during one of the most bristling tirades proves to be a trip not worth taking. And Kahn has not solved the problem of those eternal watchers from the periphery; moreover, in an attempt at comic relief, he has forced the humorous moments into farce.

His work was not made easier by the presence of two big international stars. Max von Sydow is a film actor I revere almost to the point of worship. Of his extensive work on the stage, I have seen only a Henry IV (Pirandello) in Stockholm, and now this. Here, at any rate, the actor seems uncomfortable in the part; often not even in, but outside it. There are moments of sheer inspiration, but there are also long stretches of marking time. This may have to do with the lack of someone to play against, of Enquist not supplying enough of a counterweight to his heavy hero. As for Bibi Andersson, one of cinema's greatest charmers, she is, alas, hell-bent on charming us as Siri, instead of arousing also our horror and compassion. We are always forced to love this Siri, instead of being alternately struck by the rightness of her cause and wanting to strike her for pursuing it with such taunting ruthlessness.

As Marie, Eileen Atkins gives the most controlled and finely modulated performance, but it is also the easiest of the three main roles. As the trivial Viggo, Werner Klemperer seems to be pushed into comic exaggeration. This he does very skillfully; nevertheless, it is too much. The translation, by Ross Shideler, is generally fluent and vigorous but has its curious lapses, e.g., "to be publicly scandalized and insulted," where "scandalized" does not mean "made a scandal of"; or "month in, month out," which, unlike "day in, day out" is unidiomatic. Jane Greenwood's costumes work, but Lawrence King's décor and John McLain's lighting try for atmosphere at too great a cost.

So, both in the writing and the production, things do not hang together as well as they should; still, *The Night of the Tribades* is far more deserving of a night out than anything else the supposedly serious theater on Broadway can currently offer.

Landscape of the Body, at Papp's Public Theater, is an imaginary landscape overrich in second-rate imagination and grievously undernourished in body. Before I go on, I must state honestly that I have no notion of what John Guare is really trying to say in his latest play, which may disqualify me

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from intelligent comment; but, then, there is also a 50-50 chance that it is Guare who is not conveying anything. I say "conveying," because I sincerely hope that he has something in mind, as his earlier, and theatrically very effective, plays certainly did. All along, though, Guare has had difficulty disciplining himself; his more recent works, *Rich and Famous* and *Marco Polo Sings a Solo*, have indeed gone much too far in several directions, all of them, unfortunately, at the same time. Still, in those plays, one could see a main thrust, however darkly and intermittently; in *Landscape*, not only is there no clear purpose discernible, there is not even much evidence of that wild and slightly fetid fantasy of Guare's, which kept us at least sporadically laughing and shaking our heads in not quite unpleasant dismay.

I cannot summarize a plot that makes no sense to me, though it does deal with Betty, a woman from Maine, arriving in New York, where she takes over the two equally fishy jobs her just-dead sister has vacated. While off in the South hoping to marry a mad suitor of hers, her teenage boy, who has become, unknown to her, quite a juvenile delinquent, gets killed by a young accomplice. The police, in the person of Captain Marvin Holahan (note the last pale reflections of Guare's wit in that oxymoronic name), suspect and grill Betty. There is also a prologue and epilogue, more metaphysical in nature, not to mention confrontations with the dead sister, as well as odd bits of philosophizing about all the dead people in the play abetting the boy's death, and about what two young sisters might be saying to each other on a front stoop in Bangor. Along the way, we get the stuff of four or five separate plays, all undeveloped and much the worse for being thrown together.

John Pasquin has directed as if he knew what he was directing, and there are some good performances, notably from Shirley Knight, and some bad ones, notably from Peg Murray. The scenery by Santo Loquasto lumbers in and out, and the program sports an epigraph from Wallace Stevens that compounds the confusion. Somebody in the cast mispronounces "heinous" as hee-nous, which is the sort of thing one is made painfully aware of when everything else is even more painful.

The main trouble with a play like *Landscape of the Body* is that it seems to be written out of no other inner compulsion than to write yet another play, and that, generally speaking, is not enough. The work comes across as a five-finger exercise, of which fingers at least four are thumbs. ■

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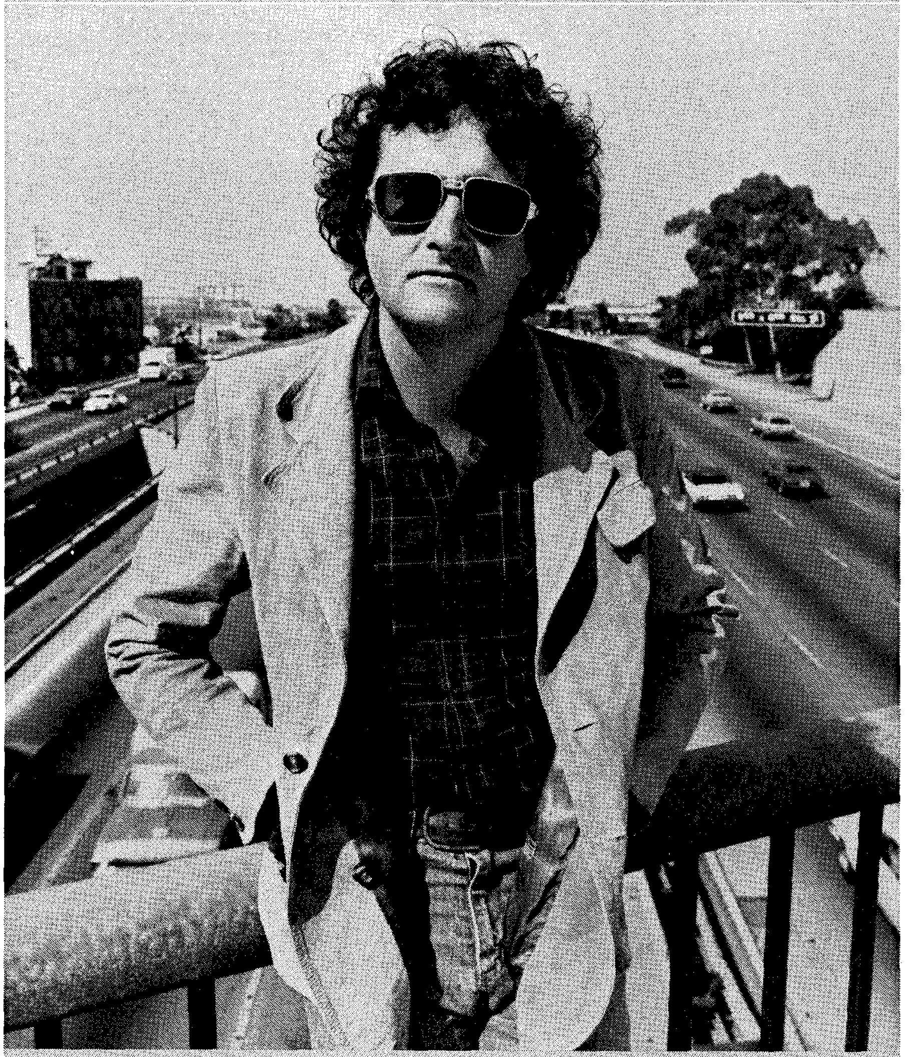

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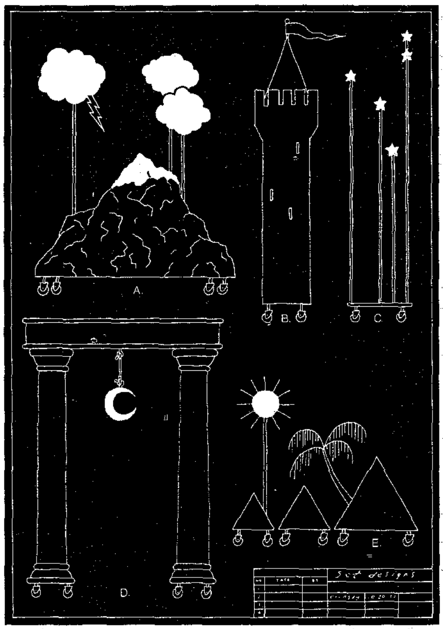
OPERATIC TRAVELS, TRAVELING OPERAS

"... We've come some distance from the time when opera companies took notice of one another only in order to swap insults ..."

No opera company is an island. Two of this season's new productions at the Metropolitan—*Thaïs* and *La Favorita*—are actually on loan from the San Francisco Opera, as was last season's *Esclarmonde*. The Met's current *La Bohème* comes from the Chicago Lyric Opera. San Francisco is currently enjoying—if that's the word—the Met's *Adriana Lecouvreur*, which then comes back to New York for later in the season. (Wouldn't it be nice if it got lost in transit?) Chicago now has our *Meistersinger*. The City Opera's new *Fanciulla del West* is a loan from the Greater Miami Opera. Two weeks ago, I saw the San Diego Opera's new *Merry Widow*, which now travels to the Houston Grand Opera, and then comes here for the City Opera's spring season. There are negotiations under way to bring Houston's 1975 production of Handel's *Rinaldo*, Marilyn Horne and all, to the City Opera. Set builders of the future will probably be asked to put everything on wheels.

We've come some distance, in other words, from the time when opera companies took notice of one another only to swap insults (Mr. Bing of the Met versus Mr. Adler of San Francisco, to cite one famous case). Last week, in Houston, I sat in on some of the Central Opera Service's annual convention. The COS is an affiliation of America's professional opera companies; it services these companies with all kinds of important information, and brings their managers together once a year to show-and-tell their shared or unique problems. Understandably, money ranks highest among these problems. Not far behind, however, is the matter of maintaining individuality. How can a modest but ambitious company, operating in Albuquerque, Tulsa, or Bangor, offer a brand of entertainment that can compete with the Saturday broadcasts from the Met, or, indeed, with the increasing amount of operatic fare now available on television?



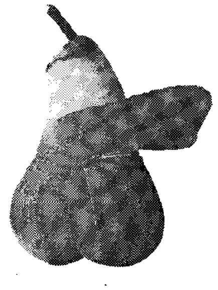
One would think that this matter of sharing productions would cut down on the process of maintaining a company's individuality; the ideal would be for every opera company in the land—and there is a staggering number that the COS lists as "professional," something like 115!—to maintain its own corps of stage personnel to design, build, and direct its own productions. Yet, the advantages of sharing should be obvious, considering the cost of labor and materials these days. By building productions for "national" use, a company can also tap national funding far more easily; the San Diego *Merry Widow* and the Miami *Fanciulla* were both backed by the noble Gramma Fisher Foundation of Marshalltown, Iowa, which would surely have been more reluctant if these sets and costumes were merely headed for San Diego or Miami warehouses after two or three performances.

This pooling of resources isn't enough, of course, to pull any American opera company out of the red, but every little bit helps. San Diego and Houston, two opera companies whose opening nights I've attended in the past couple of weeks, have come to rank close to the very top of this country's vast operatic network, immediately below the "international" companies (the Met, Chicago, and San Francisco), and right up there with the New York City Opera. They haven't forgotten the box-office value of importing big-time stars—Beverly Sills for San Diego's *Merry Widow*, Marilyn Horne for Houston's *Tancredi*—but they treat these stars with more musical consideration than "out-of-town opera" used to suggest. The old days, when a Tucker or a Steber would fly in the day of the performance, walk across the set once, and then go on in the evening, are gone. The operas I heard "out there" were well-rehearsed, staged with imagination, and intelligently received. If this is the working level of smaller opera companies in America today, the "operatic explosion" is more than just a press agent's fantasy.

San Diego's company has been going since 1965, founded by the late Walter Herbert (who had also built the companies in Houston and New Orleans) and currently run by Tito Capobianco, who also directed **The Merry Widow**. The company works in a huge and ugly barn of a place, the Civic Theater, whose acoustics are so bad that the audience couldn't hear the orchestra in "The Star-Spangled Banner" and finished several beats ahead. Yet, the hall's 3,200 seats are sold out for all 24 performances of six operas, and the waiting list for subscriptions is several blocks long. Capobianco, whom we know well as a brilliant stage director, is also no slouch at market research; he has shrewdly gauged tastes in a city whose conservatism is legendary, and inched ahead in his repertory choices with admirable caution.

Even so, his new *Merry Widow* has neatly avoided the easy way out. Capobianco and his staff have actually gone to the trouble of compiling a scholarly *Widow*, clearing away the shtik and musical perversions that have cheapened Lehar's original confection, and turning the results over to a conductor (Theo Alcantara) who paced the score with the care and affection that another might lavish on a Mozart opera. A new translation (book by Ursula Eggers and Joseph De Rugeriis, lyrics by Sheldon Harnick) was commissioned, and it turned out to be a beauty. England's Carl Toms came on to design handsome, elegant sets and some

Illustrated by Frank Olinsky



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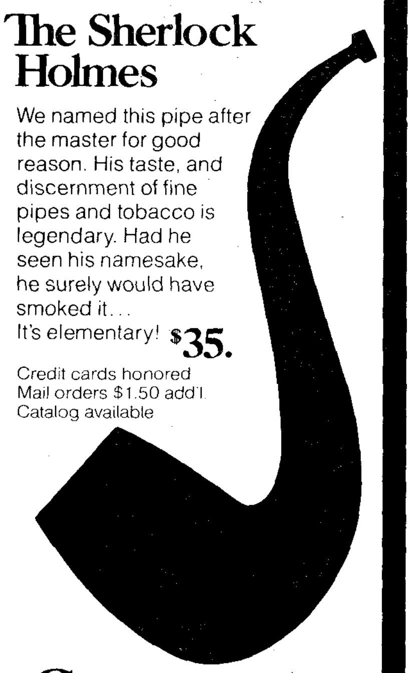

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ball costumes (including three miracles for Sills herself) that will knock your eyes out. Barring her usual faulty English diction, Sills was close to perfection; her Danilo, Alan Titus, was even closer. The production was taped for PBS under a grant from Atlantic Richfield; it will be televised on November 28. (You surely must have noticed of late how the oil companies, whatever Jimmy Carter may say about their finances, have gone into the opera business.)

Houston was somewhat more daring for its opening night, although the presence of Marilyn Horne in the lead cut down the risk considerably. The opera was Rossini's **Tancredi**, the composer's first large-scale serious opera, immensely popular in its day (1813) but not heard in the United States since 1825. This, too, was something of a musicological event. The work was performed in the new scholarly edition by Philip Gossett, a big Rossini man at the University of Chicago. Gossett had even located an alternative ending that Rossini had composed for one performance. In this ending the hero, finally learning that his sweetheart's intercepted letter had been intended for him and not for his rival, dies reticently in C major; in Rossini's first version he revives in time for a big comic-opera finale. I tell you this, not because the information is in any way important, but specifically because it isn't. *Tancredi* is a colossal bore, full of ball-breaking vocal stuff for soprano and mezzo—the hero is a trouser role—but utterly unmemorable in melodic profile. For an opera by a composer just past his fourth birthday it's impressive enough, and I'm glad to have heard it once. But the event did, once again, drive home some obvious truths about forgotten operas.

Nevertheless, the piece was attractively staged, nicely directed by John Cox, with modest, workaday costumes by John Stoddart against his fragmentary sets. Horne was, I need not tell you, stupendous; so was a young Australian soprano, Joan Carden, as the ladylove. The male roles, which contain nothing in particular, were sung by nobody in particular. Nicola Rescigno conducted a staunch, properly regretful performance. The opera, tragic—and, I must say, inconclusive—ending and all, will be given in concert form at Carnegie Hall next March conducted by Eve Queler, again with Horne.

Other companies also opened—the Met, which I'll tell you about now, and the New York Lyric, which I'll save for next week because it is not polite to write in anger's full flame. There was less news than usual in the Met's first-

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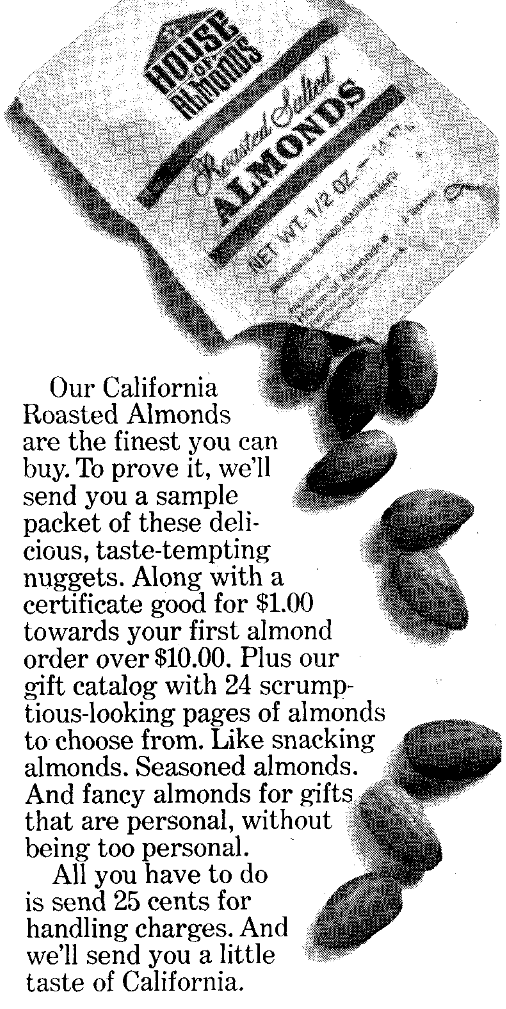

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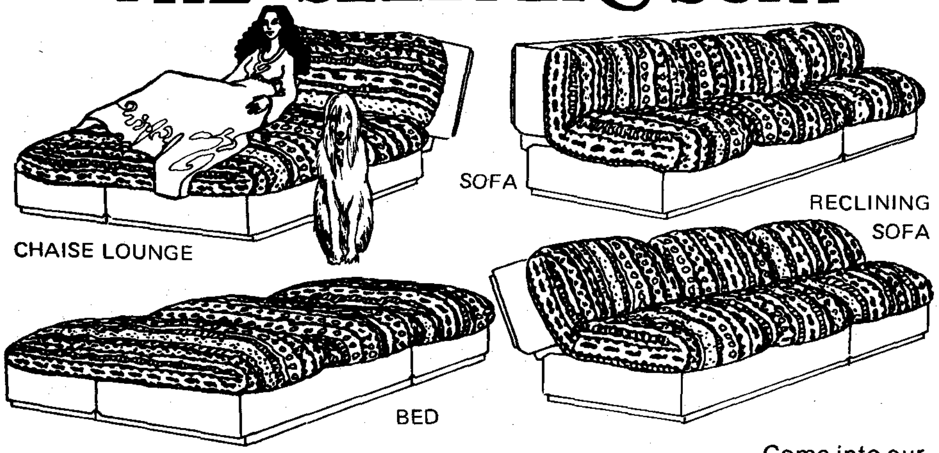

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night **Boris Godunov**, except that I found it generally more enjoyable than I had two years ago. I suspect that the reason lies in the superior lighting of Ming Cho Lee's sets, although no lighting designer was listed in the program. The look of the whole, however, did have a ruddy, barbaric glow that I don't remember seeing before. The Boris, Martti Talvela, was, as expected, tremendously moving; I also found much to admire in the bright, forthright Grigori of Wieslaw Ochman, a tenor I had not previously encountered.

Talvela was somewhat disappointing a few nights later, however, in the Russian-language revival of **Eugene Onegin**, but so was virtually everyone. James Levine's conducting moved the opera unevenly; "slow" and "soft" seemed constantly linked. As Onegin, Sherrill Milnes ought to have been better; he tended at times to brutalize the line, which is not his custom. Teresa Zylis-Gara, the Tatiana, sang prettily, but without much life. Rolf Gérard's ancient sets remain drab and tawdry even by Gérard standards; Ray Diffen's new costumes—handsome Empire gowns for the ladies, but, curiously, 1960s creased bell-bottoms for the men—do distract the attention somewhat.

Earlier the same day, I had heard a **Bohème** at the Met that was a miracle—for the eloquence of Renata Scotto and Placido Domingo as the lovers, and for the wonderfully rich, probing work of James Conlon and an orchestra that played for him as if possessed. Fabrizio Melano has restaged his production since last year, simplifying much, bringing the drama forward as if newly minted. I wept copiously, anyone's criterion for a successful performance of this opera.

The City Opera's **Fanciulla del West** is a great and joyous hoot, which I urge you to see even if you share my estimate of this extended and overwritten work. Give or take a raw top note, Maralin Niska's Minnie is pure gold, a dramatic creation of great power and considerable wit. Ermanno Mauro's Dick Johnson is plenty loud, his acting that of a stuffed gunnysack. Frank Corsaro's direction is prevailingly cheery and clever, with nary a false move. Best of all is the extraordinarily supple, large-scale conducting of Sergiu Commissiona, which drew out of the undersized orchestra some genuine prodigies of sound. Robert O'Hearn's sets are all they need to be. As usual, the horses stole the show; at the end, Niska's horse even stole the star. He took a wrong turn, the only one by anybody in an evening far more exciting than the opera deserved. ■

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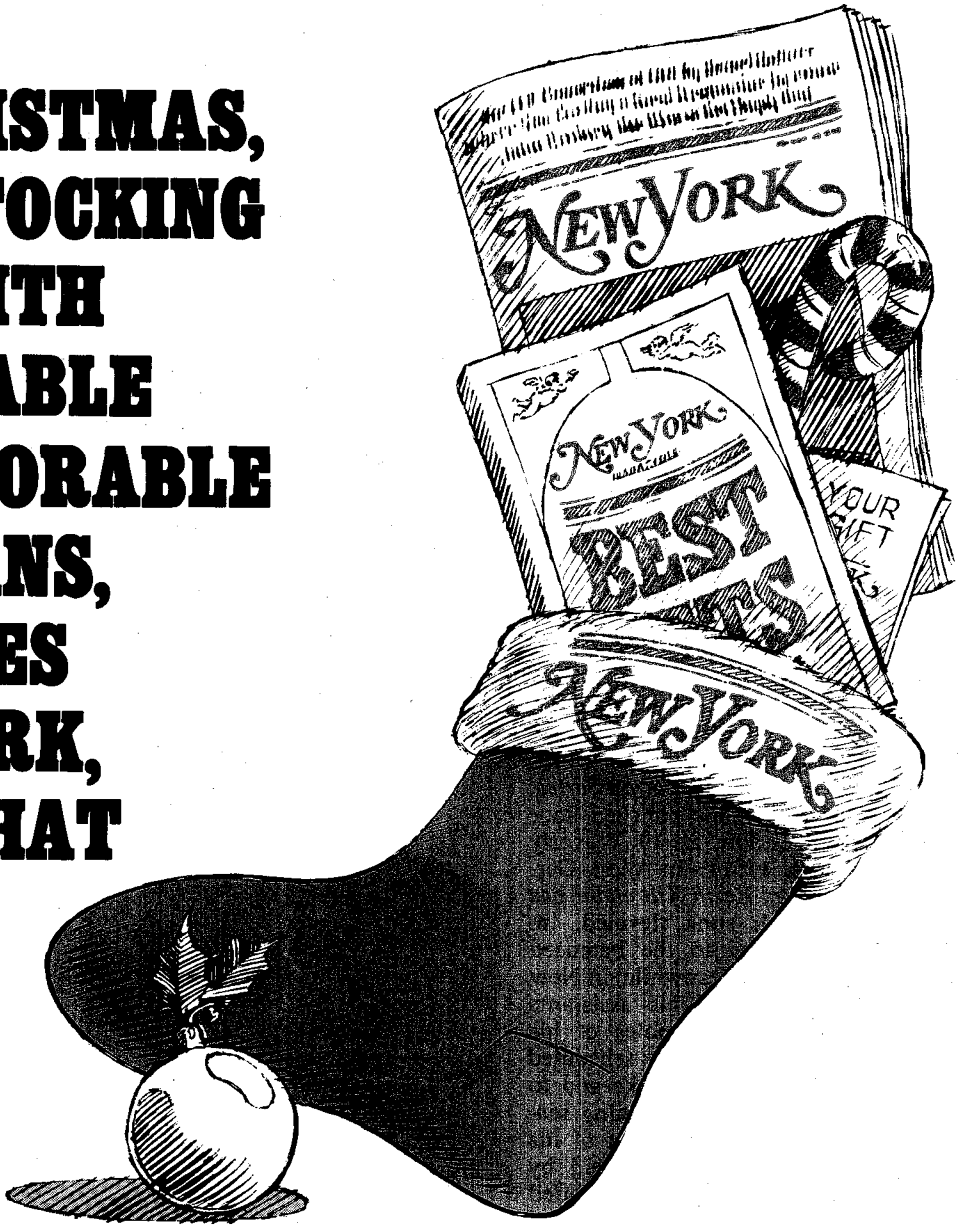

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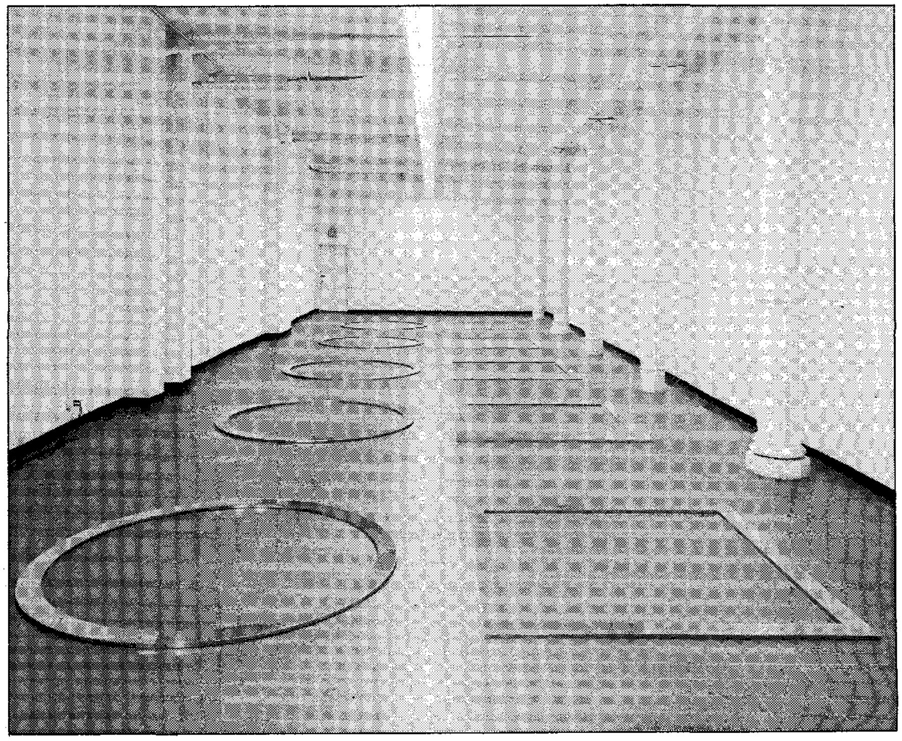
WALTER DE MARIA, OR THE EMPEROR'S NEW CAT BOX

"...There's heraldic loveliness to steel skins spotted leopardlike in gold and silver. You think of some banker's blazon..."

For the last time—for a final flea-bitten farewell appearance—please welcome back the story of "The Emperor's New Clothes." No artist is a readier butt of its fairy-tale poppycock than **Walter de Maria**, who, usually, is one of the more elusive, slightly mysterious absences from the New York scene, and who, this month, has become vividly present. His *New York Earth Room*, 1977, fills the Heiner Friedrich gallery with wall-to-wall earth (141 Wooster Street, through 11/5). His *Equal Area Series*, 1976–77, gleams on the polished floor of a street-level loft at 19 Waverly Place (through 1/31). In West Germany, his *Vertical Earth Kilometer* has just been drilled, sunk, leveled, inscribed, and offered to the bemused citizenry of Kassel. Meanwhile, in New Mexico, the artist and his assistants are setting up the last poles of his *Mile-Long Lightning Field*, scheduled to be finished in a few weeks and to open in June when the lightning season returns to the desert. Most of his recent efforts have been financed by the Dia Foundation, which is headed by Philippa Pellizzi of the de Menil family—for almost a generation the most enlightened if idiosyncratic patronate of international avant-garde art. Dia has spun off the Lone Star Foundation in whose quarters, off Varick Street, is a recent major acquisition—de Maria's sixteen-part *Gold and Silver Meters*, 1976. Finally, if you're interested in some slightly earlier pieces, his *Three Squares*, 1974, is in the New York School exhibition in Albany (through 11/27).



Square circles: *Walter de Maria's* Equal Area Series, *at 19 Waverly Place.*

Consider the *Earth Room* at Heiner Friedrich. It's the third version of a piece for which the artist orders enough tons of raw material (in this case peat and bark) to fill a gallery from floor to bottom windowsill, then spreads it around, rakes it evenly as if for seeding, and leaves a Plexiglas panel across the door to testify that it's solid knee-high earth and not a thin layer on top of a false bottom. What confronts you in Heiner Friedrich's elegantly *dégagé* whitewashed shop is a manure-brown mass that prohibits you from entering the premises; it keeps art from being shown or bought there and in general claims all the attention, like a spoiled child in a roomful of adults. It's infantile behavior, and of course the earth suggests anal eroticism, while in the background lurks the manly little chap who, to universal acclaim, pipes up, "Look, look, the emperor has no clothes."

I've always thought that the kid in Hans Christian Andersen's story was a pervert. Some unfortunate "Oedipal" fantasy made him see a naked male in every father figure. Obviously, the crowd was embarrassed when he blurted the unblurtable, and in the nervous giggling that followed, a rationale of swindling tailors was spun, so to speak, out of cloth holes. At any event, the art writers who are attracted so persistently to the sheepish parable always have undeclared vested interests in discrediting modernist art. They're the wits who laughed at Matisse's drawing and van Gogh's color. Usually they represent entrenched styles and feel imperiled by any fresh vision. Sometimes they are happy in the grip of prejudice. "I've got a little girl eight years old at home who could do as good," they say in front of Paul Klee or Joan Miro or Jackson Pollock. "The artist is laughing at us," they insist. "It's all a hoax; we have been had."

It's sad but true that eight-year-old daughters of art haters don't cuddle next to their parents on Christmas Eve and proceed to draw like Matisse or invent shapes like Miro. The sense of will, of liberated imagination, of originality and tradition are missing. Nor can it be emphasized too often that artists don't sacrifice the best years of their lives—often working under painful hardship—to make a joke or to fool anybody, much less an art critic. A good tease might last for a few months, a year maybe. Walter de Maria has been concentrating on sculptures and Earthworks (he prefers to call them "Land Art") for about twenty years. He has taken endless pains with each piece. He is serious—you could say

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The figures are arranged on the floor so that the smaller ones are farther away from you as you enter the square room, emphasizing a diminishing perspective (that is, the smallest piece seems noticeably smaller), while in the narrow gallery the largest pieces are placed in the back, flattening the perspective and increasing the illusion that all the parts are the same size.

The closeness of the dimensions sharpens your eye for distinctions, just as a long rest in music alerts you to the faintest sounds. Once you grasp de Maria's serial scheme, you can try to visualize the 6-foot square nesting with machined precision inside the 6-foot 10-inch one. When this most obvious of interrelationships is clarified, your eye scans the floor for more subtle ones. You begin to watch circles being squared—the dream of Pythagoras. You approach the mystery of pi, eternally uneven standard that somehow finds resolution among de Maria's steel propositions.

Everything develops like clockwork—or, better, like a sonata—from stated theme, through an allegro of increments, to a finale of equilibriums (the equivalent areas). There's a hint of fatality—of inevitabilities. The sheen of the metal, its 1-inch battleship-plate thickness, its 5-inch width, seem precisely correct—although de Maria admits that such decisions were arrived at intuitively, from wood mock-ups, in about nine months of trial-and-error tinkering. There's a longing for Platonic ultimates in these proportions that fit one another to a "tee." In the fit, some simple, classic truths are suggested—the relationship of numbers, the density of matter, the reflection of light. In short, de Maria is concerned with inventing new elements, personal absolutes—a new magic.

You can judge the amount of care he gives to detail from accounts of the installations in *Lightning Field.* The "field" is a plot of land 1 mile by 1 kilometer; 400 poles have been planted on it 210 feet apart in an equidistant grid—like the five-of-hearts layout in classic French gardening which opens to a fan of eight perspectives as you walk by.

De Maria had the station for each pole surveyed for elevation as well as location. Prior to implanting, each pole is taken to its site and given a final hand polishing (each point has been honed so sharp that it will disappear into the brightness of the sky). After the elevation has been rechecked, the pole is cut to a precise height so that its point will be part of a flat plane connecting all the other points. Below, the land gently dips and rises. Above is a taut, metaphysical ceiling, parallel to the curvature of the Earth.

On the floor of the Lone Star Foundation offices, sixteen square meters of stainless steel are aligned in two neat rows. Eight of them contain one pound of gold apiece; the other eight, one pound of silver. The precious metals are inserted with conic plugs about ¾ inch wide. There are four of them in the first square, nine in the second, sixteen in the third, and so forth (i.e., the squares of two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, and nine). Each plug in the first square meter weighs three troy ounces (¼ pound); the plugs are made increasingly shallow until in the last square they weigh 1/81 of a pound. They are set in a grid about 2¾ inches from the edge and fill the central space equidistantly in a format like the lightning poles.

There's a heraldic loveliness to these steel skins spotted leopardlike in gold and silver. You think of some banker's blazon, a latter-day Medici perhaps (the Medicis had balls). Too, there's a certain financial drama involved—pounds of precious metal, a part of the world economy no matter how minuscule, have assumed the mask of art. A force is being kept secret—secreted. Just as, in Kassel, a 2-inch brass rod a kilometer long, weighing twenty tons, has been secreted into the earth. The only evidence of its presence is its tip—or "eye"—a sunny brass circle flush on a meter-wide sandstone square plate. The art is literally underground. It's also buried in the memories of the citizens of Kassel, who were pretty upset by so conspicuous a display of wasted energy and wealth.

The single brass circle in Kassel was the cue to the gold plugs in the *Gold and Silver Meters.* It's the number one from which follow the squares of two through nine.

De Maria's dramas are involuted and self-referring; his stainless steel doubles as Narcissus's mirror. Sometimes, however, the subject matter is outgoing, explosive. When the lightning season comes to New Mexico, you can expect quite a display among the 400 poles. As in Mark Twain's story about an irresistible lightning-rod salesman, bolts probably will be conjured from clear blue skies; the whole field will jump like Bald Mountain at night. Will spectators be incinerated? De Maria's not sure. He plans some warning or PROCEED AT YOUR OWN RISK signs, like those he posted in his show of wickedly pointed spike-beds in 1969.

Often there's an aspect of aggression or hostility in de Maria's precise formulations and exquisite details. It's not anti-art or neo-Dada. His shapes have a deadpan seriousness that reminds you the artist comes from the West Coast (he was born in Albany, California, in 1935 and has a B.A. and an M.A. from Berkeley). There's nothing devil-may-care or insolent to his stance (as there is with Rauschenberg, for example, or Warhol). De Maria is intently intense; if anything, his squares tend to the square. Which brings you back to Heiner Friedrich's gallery, packed with earth, carefully raked, evened, like, in the dainty language of the New York *Times,* "the world's largest cat box."

Earth, says de Maria, is as precious as gold; it catches the sun's energies, transforms them into growing life. Earth is a prime value. Brought into the contexts and under the controls of art, it becomes a symbolizing icon as well as a vital force. It regains dignity, presence, magic. An extensive system of interpretations and insights replaces the first impression of banality or assault. The emperor reappears, so to speak, clothed as befits a noble ruler in procession before his admiring people; his cloak is of spun gold and silver with rare gems, as any normal person, with goodwill and imagination and a capacity for poetry, can plainly see. ■

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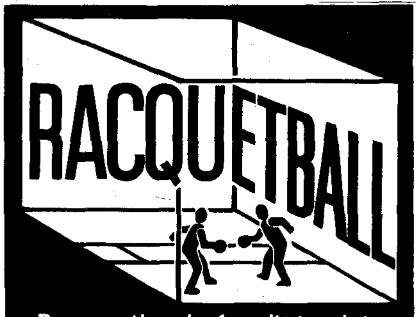

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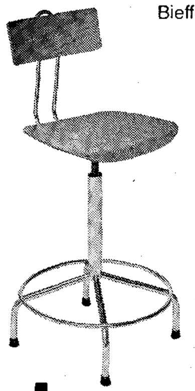
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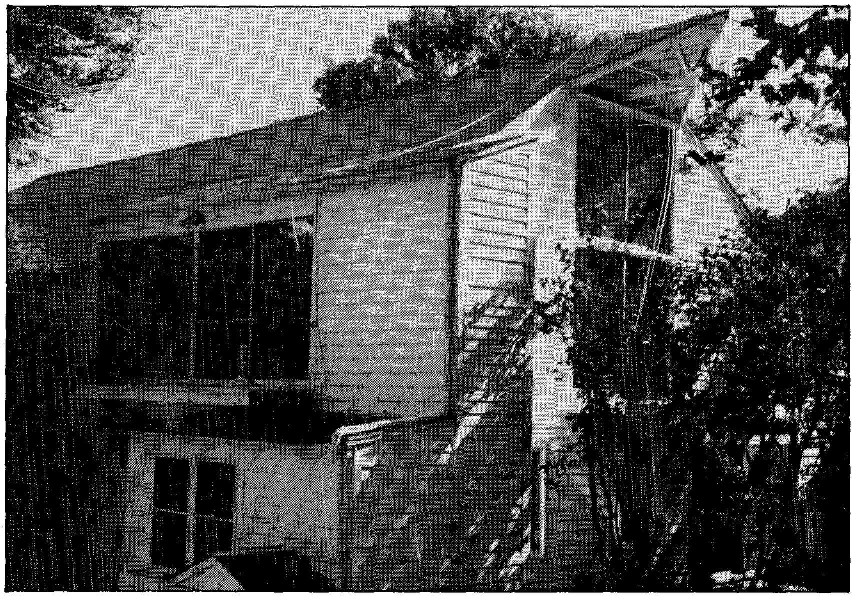

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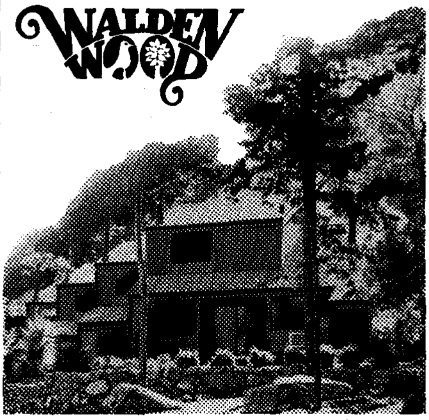

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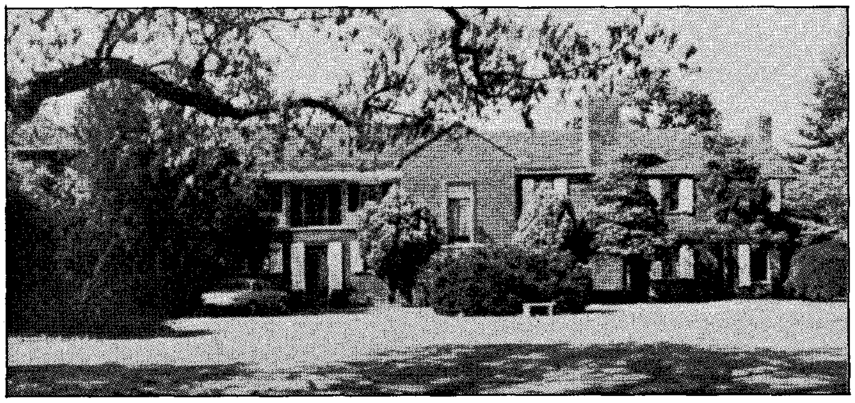

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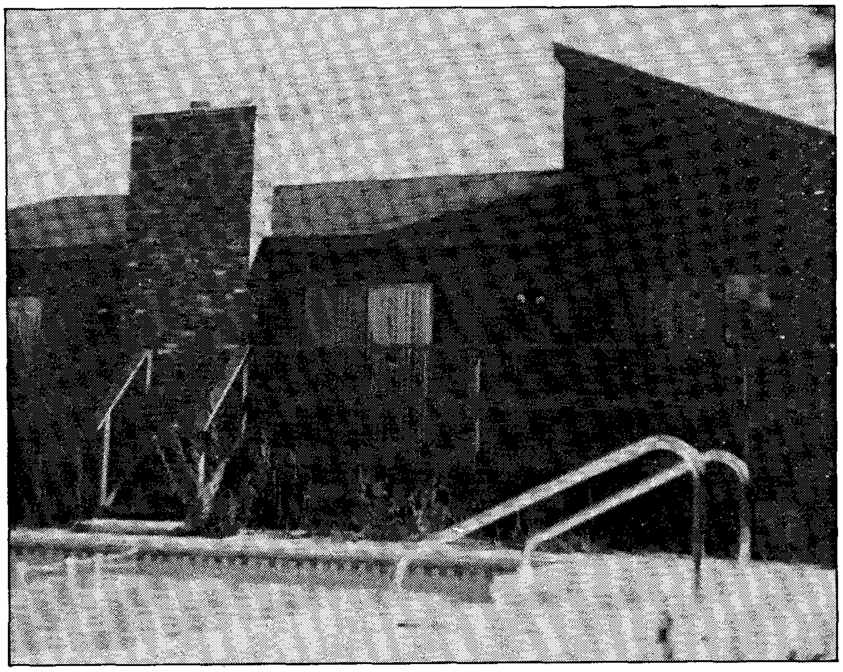

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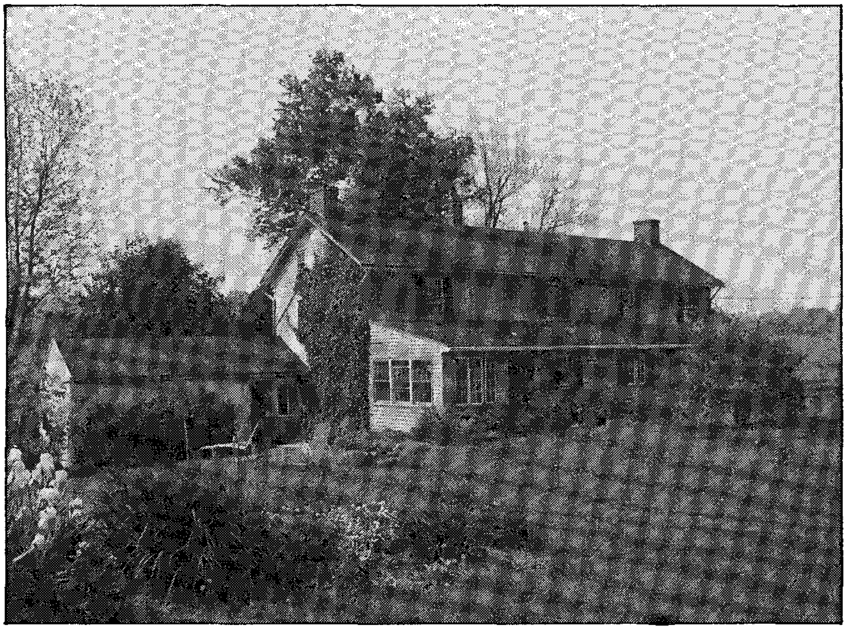

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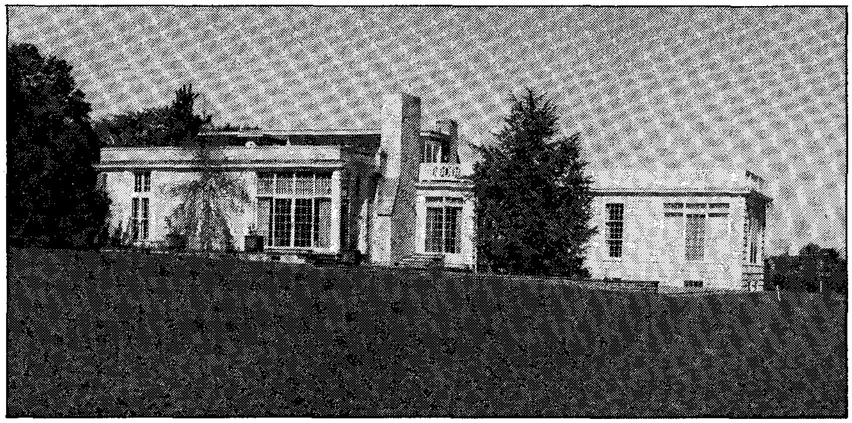

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Movies / Molly Haskell

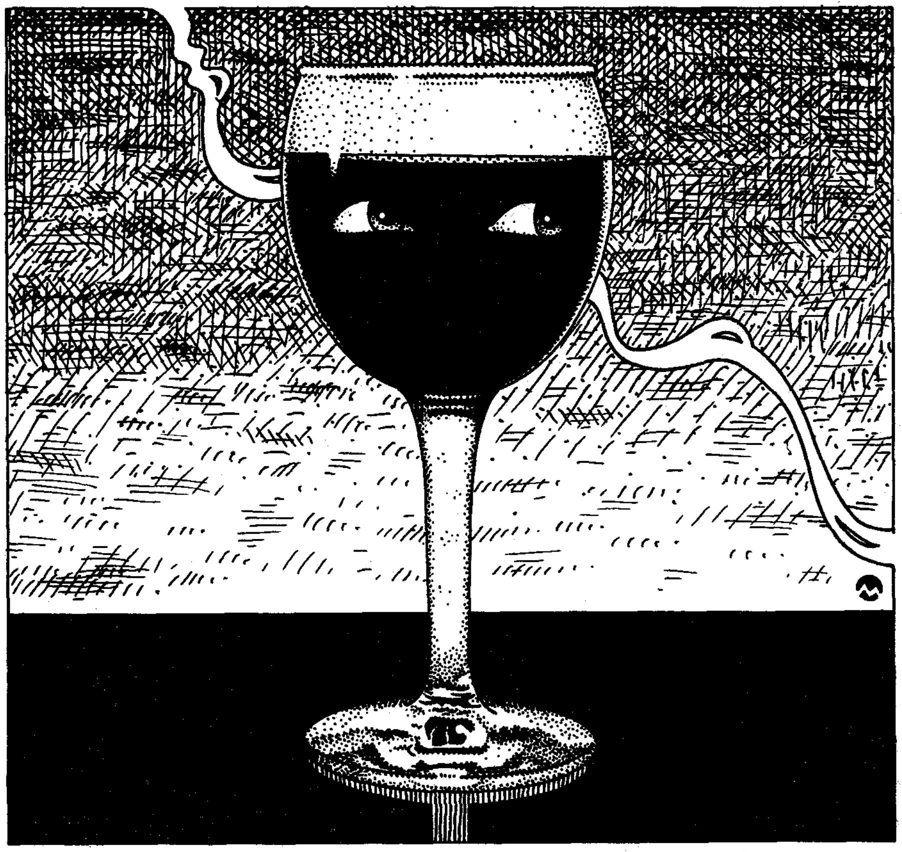
EXPOSING A NERVE

"...*Looking for Mr. Goodbar* is Brooks's best film. It is harrowing, powerful, and appalling. It may even be an important film..."

In **Looking for Mr. Goodbar** Diane Keaton gives the performance of a lifetime, yet I can't in all conscience urge you to see the film unless you are already so inclined. Even if you have read Judith Rossner's novel or otherwise know that the heroine will be brutally murdered by one of the human roaches with whom she shares her sordid sex life, nothing can quite prepare you for the shattering experience that Diane Keaton, under the direction of Richard Brooks, has made of it.

The tension between Brooks's bluntness and Keaton's instinctual delicacy has produced the ideal chemistry. Leaving aside for the moment the question of whether or not the world needs a film version of Judith Rossner's grisly socio-sexual thriller, Brooks has made the best possible film such depressing material could yield. As the author of the screenplay as well as the director, he has chosen—wisely, I think—to spare us nothing. His aggressive, unflinching approach to the sexual theme forces Keaton to expose herself, but her nudity, shocking at first, acquires a strange transparency. By holding firmly to her own point of view, she carries us through the transitions from sexual awkwardness to ecstasy and out the other side, through the barrier of the senses to her innermost being. Amidst the garish horrors with which Brooks surrounds her, she creates a sanctuary, a circle of intimacy.

If she were less fine, less generous in exposing the very depths of a woman's needs, the film would be easier to take . . . and to recommend. But she is so much more complete a character than is the heroine of the novel, so much more the agent of her own destruction, that we begin to dread the ending about halfway through the film and we hate it utterly when it comes. Rossner's Theresa was little more than a demographic construct, a drab mediocrity in a fictionalized newspaper item. Her vocation as perpetual victim was more infuriating than pitiable. Brooks's Theresa, in a brilliant improvement on the novel, has a rewarding job teaching deaf children. Her sensitivity—her ability to listen and to communicate—gives her a life force that is a welcome relief from the squalor of the other half of her double life, but it makes her death doubly unbearable, like watching a friend commit suicide. She has an inner light that is the brightest thing on the screen, and when that goes out we feel that truly the world must come to an end.



This is far and away Richard Brooks's best film. It is harrowing, powerful, appalling. It may even be an important film, particularly for the media gurus who propound the glories of swinging singlehood and sex-on-demand without ever setting foot in the bars, and who remain comfortably immune from the demons that the rhetoric of liberation has unleashed. Never has the gap between the rhetoric, the exhortations to "control our bodies," and the out-of-control reality been drawn more clearly. And yet I still wonder if *Looking for Mr. Goodbar* can be called a great film; can any work that leaves us feeling dead inside at the end be called great?

Keaton is a revelation, a contemporary anti-heroine with the sexual ambiguity of such early-thirties goddesses as Garbo and Dietrich. Like them, she can suffer indignities, seek out degradation, while her spirit remains magically inviolate. I confess that despite the widespread conspiracy to crown her movie goddess of the seventies, Keaton took me by surprise. But then, she took me by surprise in *Annie Hall* too. There she blossomed into something more than just another kooky dame—she put the finishing touches on a type, the anti-goddess, the golden shiksa from the provinces who *looks* cool and together, who looks as if she must have a date on Saturday night, but has only to open her mouth or gulp or dart spastically sideways to reveal herself as the inse-

Illustrated by Marvin Mattelson

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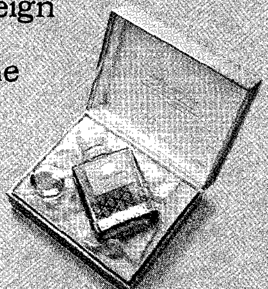

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cure bungler she is, as complete a social disaster in her own way as Allen's horny West Side intellectual is in his. A fit of misfits, a pair of compatible insecurities, they are the romantic couple of the seventies. Far from being a throwback to the fifties, they are ultramodern in that they give the lie not only to the cool couples of the past, but to the current myth of sexual liberation and come-easy couplings. But how would Keaton, reflected so large in her lover's eyes, fare outside the sheltered precincts of Woodyland in a straight role?

The answer is, very well indeed. Just as Allen's humor has proved durable outside the borscht-circuit Big Apple, so Keaton makes the transition to a star role—and an extremely difficult one—without a false step, expanding her talent without sacrificing the valued characteristics of Annie Hall. She drops the manic-comic gestures, but the essence of her Theresa, as of her Annie Hall, is a vulnerability that is extreme, and subversive, because it is concealed beneath an attractive and self-possessed façade. From the repressed Catholic virgin, who is ripe for humiliation by her arrogant English professor, to the taunting, self-anesthetized bitch at the end, the transformation is believable. It is also, in its early stages—and this is part of the film's horror—welcome. We want to see this woman toughen up, develop protective layers against the ravages of men, until gradually we realize that in rejecting love she is making a pact with the devil, and in the name of sexual freedom she is more exposed, more vulnerable than before.

Brooks has altered the book's locale, creating an atmosphere of relentless carnality, of drugs, disco, and self-display joined interchangeably in an unidentified sexual ghetto which might be any American city. The grinding impersonality extends from the city college reached by subway to the disco bars where people are relieved of the task of touching or conversing. The Catholic family from which Keaton flees is as oppressive as the roach-infested apartment in which she begins digging her grave. The characters around her—Richard Kiley as the odious father, Tuesday Weld as the stewardess sister—are drawn broadly but without caricature. There are many—perhaps too many—reasons why Theresa might go nuts. She still bears the scars, mental and physical, from infant polio, but the men, in a bit of symbolism that is obvious but justified are similarly scarred. We have the feeling that any of them might go berserk and kill her: Richard Gere as the hopped-up ethnic punk, William Atherton as the pathetically doting, bleary-eyed liberal, and Tom Berenger as the fence-straddling gay who finally plunges the knife in.

They are all part of a social nightmare in which there are no mutually understood signals, no rituals, no codes for deciphering the intentions of another individual. It is *Klute* ten years and many horror stories later. The desire to flee from the emotional entanglements of family or lovers has led an army of singles into a no-man's-land in which the game of salvaging one's ego is played at another's expense and with potentially disastrous consequences. It would be a mistake to read the movie as a simple anti-feminist parable of woman as perpetual victim, engaged in a drama of retribution for her sexual transgression. But certainly sexual politics enters into it and *Looking for Mr. Goodbar* takes into account, as almost no other American film has, the necessarily antagonistic points of view in the sexual commodities exchange. Women who are no longer "good girls" or "bad girls" and who are without the protection that such categories offer are more exposed than ever; men, sexually insecure and without even the titular power once conferred on their sex, are no longer in the driver's seat. The two sexes are locked in mortal combat and Brooks has captured both the numbness and the frenzied, murderous rage that lies just below the surface.

The film can also be read as a dramatization of the split sensibility that exists in all women. The more highly developed our sense of propriety, presumably, the more deeply we feel the urge for a degradation. But this urge has generally remained safely within the realm of fantasy. The woman who must experience degradation is atypical, pathological. There is a certain point at which the politically oppressed individual—woman, gay, black—leaves the generalities of victimization and seeks out, in the netherworld of after-hours bars and crime, an extraordinary fate, for which he or she is responsible.

To merely record, to show such horrors, can become an act of complicity, but Brooks has rendered his *Walpurgisnacht* more loathsome than alluring. Theresa's death lacks the redemptive power we demand of tragedy, but perhaps merely to have given birth to such an extraordinarily complex and compelling female character is an act of regeneration for which we can be thankful. ■

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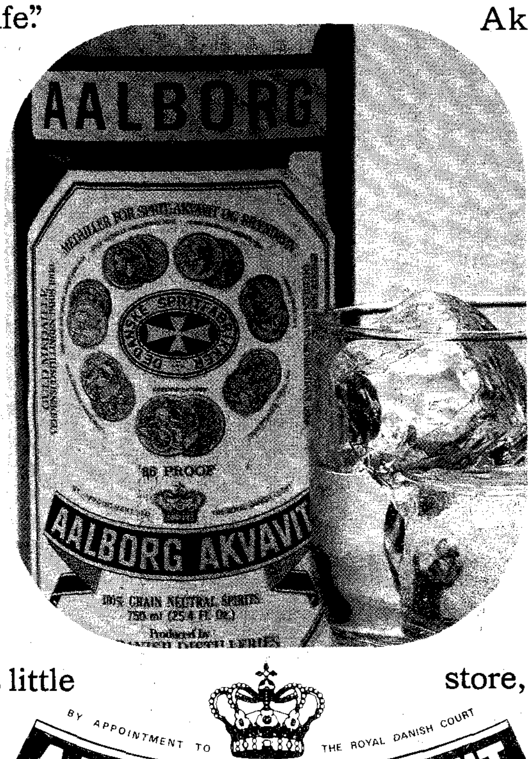
But the classic way to enjoy Akvavit is to combine it with another of life's enjoyments—good beer.

Both Akvavit and beer should be chilled. Sip some Akvavit, then follow it with a sip of beer. Repeat. You'll discover the beer tastes deliciously different from any beer you've ever had.

You'll agree with the Danes. Akvavit's flavor is down right lip-smacking.

And what's more, you'll even begin to feel a bit Danish in your outlook on life.



Copenhagen is just around the corner.

You don't have to go all the way to Denmark for Akvavit. It's at your neighborhood package store, in the green bottle with the red, white and gold label. Why not take some home and drink a toast on Inge.

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NEW YORK MAGAZINE COMPETITION

COMPETITION NUMBER 300

BY MARY ANN MADDEN

1. "To be or not to be. That is the question."
2. May I have the envelope, please?

1. "Bobby Shaftoe's gone to sea./Silver buckles on his knee."
2. He's very popular on the ship.

Above, familiar lines and flawed follow-ups. Competitors are invited to provide a brief quotation—a line from a book, play, song, or what you will—and invent a suitably shabby second line.

Results of Competition 297, in which you were asked for windup dolls.

Report: The competition editor doll: Wind it up and it lists the repeats. Wind it up and it lists the repeats. Wind it up and—uh—sorry. The repeats: The Henny Youngman doll: Wind it up, please. The Zsa Zsa doll: Wind it up, it says "I do." Further dolls: Perry Como: It unwinds. Harold Stassen: keeps running. Oedipus: says "Mama." King Tut: says "Mummy." Marcel Duchamp: says "Dada." Idi Amin: Don't wind it up! Gerry Ford: walks and chews gum, but not at the same time. Gallo Brothers: They wine you up. Farrah Fawcett: It walks away. Rose Mary Woods: loses 18 and a half minutes unwinding. G. Gordon Liddy: It says nothing. Ralph Nader: recalls itself. Timothy Leary: turns itself on. Norman Lear: spins off. Anita Bryant: walks straight ahead. Elizabeth Ray: helps you unwind. And the competition editor doll: wind it up and it lists the repeats.

First Prizes of two-year subscriptions to "New York" to:

The Margaret Trudeau doll: Wind it up and it will follow you anywhere.
Priscilla Shannon, Flushing, N.Y.

The Grandpa Larkin (Fernwood Flasher) doll: anatomically correct.
Lenore Greenberg, NYC

The Ezio Pinza doll: Once you have wound it, never let it go. Once you have wound it . . .
Mel Rosen, Stanfordville, N.Y.

Runner-up Prizes of one-year subscriptions to "New York" to:

The Daniel Schorr doll: Wind it up and it tells Time.
Charles Phalen, NYC

The Norman Mailer doll: Wind it up and it takes your wife and your inflatable Barbie doll hostage and demands an ego, passage to a neutral doll country, and an apology from Lee Majors as a condition for their release.
Paul Zachos, Valatie, N.Y.

The New York Dolls doll: self-winding, AC/DC.
Dan McInerney, West Lafayette, Ind.
also prize to:
Ben Patterson, San Diego, Calif.

And Honorable Mention to:

The Robert Haldeman doll: Wind it up and it goes to jail, goes directly to jail, does not pass Go, does not collect $200.
Carol V. Dance, Warwick, R.I.

The Uri Geller doll: You can't wind it up because the key is bent.
K. B. Robinson, NYC
similarly: Jack Paul, Brooklyn

The Charles Luce doll: (batteries not included).
Gregory Greenberg, NYC
sp. ment.: Don Lessem, Cambridge, Mass.
Jerry Lesch, Portland, Ore.

The Anita Bryant doll: Wind it up and it checks up on G.I. Joe and Ken.
Bunny Mateosian, Closter, N.J.

The Mary Hartman doll: You wind it up, you wind it up.
Susan Amin, Flushing, N.Y.

The Scarlett O'Hara doll: Wind it up and it doesn't do anything until the next day.
Margaux McMillan, Orinda, Calif.

The Rhett Butler doll: Wind it up and it carries the Scarlett O'Hara doll upstairs.
Angelo Papa, Trenton, N.J.

The Norman Lear doll: Wind it up and it syndicates a half-hour sitcom called *Winding Up*—the story of the Doll family and how they unwind.
Lydia H. Wilen, NYC

The Frank Sinatra doll: Wind it up and Jilly Rizzo slugs you.
Walter Bossert, Chatham, N.J.

The Chevy Chase doll: Wind it up and it's all wound up and you're not.
Robert M. Hunt, Cambridge, Mass.

The Redd Foxx doll: Wind it up and it asks for a window in its box.
Lillian Hecht, Bronx

The Don Rickles doll: Wind it up and it asks why you're still playing with dolls.
Mark Sherman, New Paltz, N.Y.
similarly: Raymond C. Benenson, Niskayuna, N.Y.

The Bert Lance doll: Wind it up and it loses its balance.
Kitty Yancey, Knoxville, Tenn.

The E. F. Hutton doll: Wind it up and all the other dolls listen.
Howard Adler, Staten Island, N.Y.
special mention: Archie G. Allen, Jr. Pfafftown, N.C.

The Greer Garson doll: Wind it up and it says "thank you" for 20 minutes.
Carl Wolfson, Spring Valley, N.Y.

The Steve Martin doll: Wind it up and it gets small.
David J. Mactas, Providence, R.I.

The Kip Keino doll: Wind it up and it's winded.
Betsy Padnos, NYC
special mention: Msgr. A.V. McLees St. Albans, N.Y.

The Lucy doll: Wind it up and it reruns and reruns and reruns.
Eleanore Padnos, Woodmere, N.Y.

The Ronald Reagan doll: Wind it up and it turns right.
John B. Rockwell, NYC
sp. mention: Richard S. Rosenthal, NYC

The Arlene Dahl doll: Wind it up and it doesn't do anything, but it has a nice name.
Richard Manichello, NYC

The Anthony Newley doll: Wind it up and it searches for someone to turn to.
Alan D. Kerner, Island Park, N.Y.

The Richard Pryor doll: Wind it up and it insults you (replaces Model B7319, the Lenny Bruce doll).
L. Soth, Northfield, Minn.

The John Cameron Swayze doll: Takes a licking and keeps on ticking.
Rita Adler, Staten Island, N.Y.
similarly: Joel Darrow, White Plains, N.Y.

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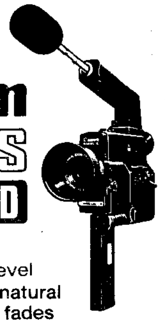

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The Earl Butz doll: You no winda da doll, it no tella da joke.
David Lipman, Silver Spring, Md.

The Ilie Nastase doll: Wind it up and it refuses to shake hands.
Henry J. Ricardo, Tappan, N.Y.
similarly: Grace Katz, Rutland, Vt.

The Georges Seurat doll: Wind it up and it points.
Michael Trossman, NYC

The Jimmy Connors doll: Wind it up and its mother comes too.
Ellie Irwin, Wilmington, Del.

The Timothy Leary doll: Wind it up and it trips.
Richard V. Coppolino, Brooklyn

The Farrah Fawcett-Majors doll: Wind her up and she walks, she talks, she even wets.
Marianna Beck, Madison, Wis.

The Alex Haley doll: Wind it up (counterclockwise).
Dorothy Green, Yonkers, N.Y.

The Sigmund Freud doll: Wind it up and it doesn't do anything for 50 minutes unless you try to leave the room, in which case it wakes up and says, "Please to begin, and what do you feel about that?"
Paul Walker, Cambridge, Mass.

The Jerry Herman dolly: Wind it up and it sings, "Hello, yourself."
Karl Levett, NYC

The Billy Carter doll: Wind it up and it will say hello to your children, autograph their foreheads, and drink their Kool-Aid for a personal-appearance fee.
Judith A. David, Cambridge, Mass.

The Jackie Gleason doll: Wind it up and *away* it goes.
Pete McGovern, Westport, Conn.

The Robert J. Ringer doll: It can wind itself, thank you.
Robert Follek, Bronx

The Jewish mother doll: Wind it up and it orders slipcovers.
Larry Laiken, Bayside, N.Y.

The Twyla Tharp doll: Wind it up and it goes in the opposite direction.
Bill Hinkley, Washington, D.C.

The competition editor doll: Wind it up and it says "Postcards, PLEASE."
P. Howard Lyons, Toronto, Ont., Canada
Larry Laiken Fan Club, Zap, N. D.

Contest Rules: One entry only should be sent to Competition Number 300, *New York* Magazine, 755 Second Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017. It must be received by November 4. Editor's decisions are final and all entries become the property of *New York*. First-prize winners will receive two-year subscriptions to *New York* and runners-up will receive one-year subscriptions. Results will appear in the issue of November 28. Out-of-town postmarks are given three days' grace. **Postcards, PLEASE.**

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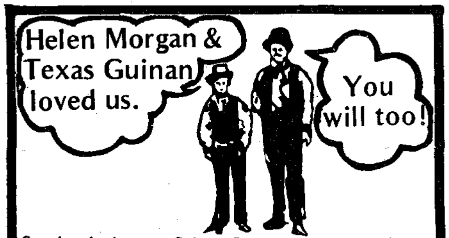
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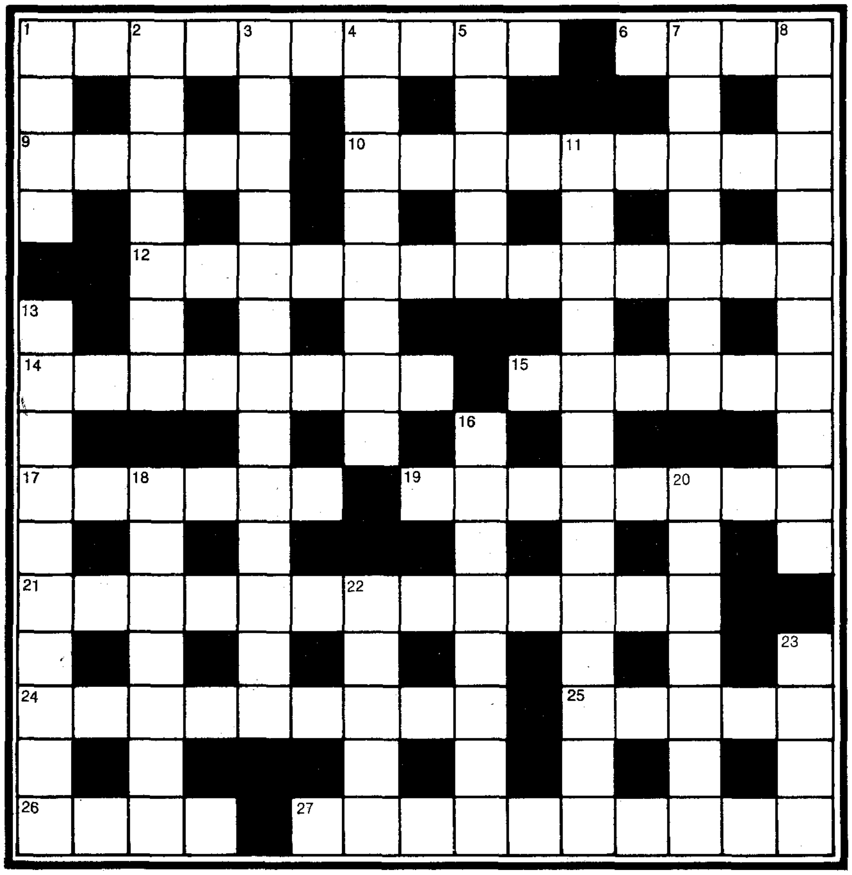

Solution to last issue's puzzle:

A	L	L	R	O	U	N	D	A	T	H	L	E	T	E
S		E		P		O		N		E		X		N
H	E	A	V	E	T	O		T	O	A	D	I	E	D
E		S		N		N		W		R		T		U
S	I	T	E		A	D	V	E	R	T	I	S	E	R
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S		O		E		A		T		C		T		R
H	O	L	I	D	A	Y	B	Y	T	H	E	S	E	A

Clues

ACROSS

1 Teacher falls for holiday outings. (5, 5)

6 Nymph in the choir. (4)

9 Heat in another marathon race. (5)

10 Chief couple may be spliced. (9)

12 Encounter showing the movement of limbs. (7, 2, 4)

14 12 ft. 6 in. seen in a ring. (8)

15 Bachelor about to bring tears to a woman. (6)

17 Where the result is obscure. (6)

19 Tea and chips being consumed is not original. (8)

21 His work is partly stopping. (6, 7)

24 Circles on a greater one. (9)

25 "Love sounds the ——— and fear is a Flying" (Gay). (5)

26 Wise, but kind of green. (4)

27 The clerics conceal troops and hide. (10)

DOWN

1 Animal love for a Roman. (4)

2 Helen's mother goes up with a letter for the theatre. (7)

3 Politician who keeps me hidden in an ancient setting. (4, 9)

4 Rushed about wildly as a swindle on the elderly. (8)

5 You get food for a penny less than this amount. (5)

7 Annoyance makes one look cheerful after tea. (7)

8 Exaggerates about countries. (10)

11 Possibly be the master of the place for sailors. (6, 3, 4)

13 Villains improperly scorn duels. (10)

16 Game which makes a mark among the French. (8)

18 Wreck of the devil? (7)

20 Can vote corruptly for a little money. (7)

22 Part of a house so a household god is needed. (5)

23 Not on the edges of the motorway in our time. (4)

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The Urban Strategist / Elin Schoen

ON PLANTING A NEW YORK TREE

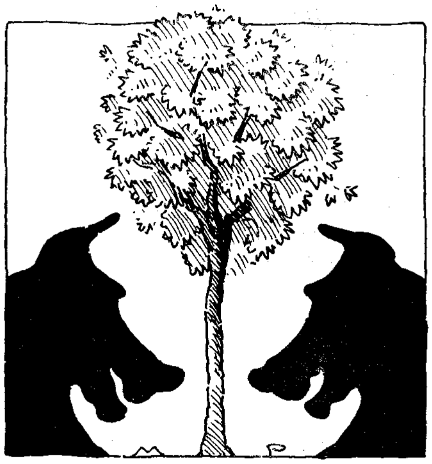
"...I asked the horticulturist which areas of New York were in especially desperate need of trees. 'All of them,' he said..."

"New York could stand another 90,000 trees," says philanthropist Mary Lasker, who has planted over 3,000 herself. "That would make all the difference between the city's being livable or unlivable."

Trees are not all this city needs, of course. But they would help. Unfortunately, tree planting is low in the municipal budget. (The Department of Parks and Recreation used to plant about 10,000 trees a year, but in 1977 it will plant fewer than 2,000.) And so, as more and more New Yorkers hover solicitously over the basil in their window boxes and cultivate every avocado pit that comes their way, the streets remain glaringly devoid of greenery. Now, however, the fall tree-planting season is upon us, and you have until early December to do something about this dismal situation.

I asked Michael McNamara, chief horticulturist of the Department of Parks and Recreation, which areas of New York were in especially desperate need of some trees. "All of them," he said. Trees combat noise pollution by absorbing sound; they reduce air pollution by drinking up carbon dioxide and filtering out dirty little particles of dust and other irritants. They cool the environment by giving off moisture and providing shade. They block strong winds. And, of course, they look great.

The cash and time outlays required to "green up" your block are surprisingly small, particularly when you think about what that tree can do for your psyche and for the city. Do-it-yourselfers who want to go to a nursery and pick out a tree, dig a comfortable curbside home for it, and install it therein will, of course, be spending considerably more time than the rest of us. This sort of initiative is permitted by the Parks Department in every borough but Manhattan (where underground utility paraphernalia creates problems for the layman). But even outside Manhattan it's not recommended, because, as Mike McNamara points out, "A young tree with a 28-inch ball of earth under it weighs much more than you would think. You could break your back."



What McNamara recommends, therefore, is that you leave the logistics up to the Parks Department, and let a landscape contractor do the actual labor. Your job is to pay the bill. This is how it works: Any individual or group interested in planting a tree (or trees) must write a letter to his or her borough's branch of the Division of Forestry and Horticulture of the Department of Parks and Recreation (*Manhattan:* 655 Madison Avenue, New York City 10021; *Queens:* Administration Building, Park Lane South and Union Turnpike, Kew Gardens 11415; *Brooklyn:* Litchfield Mansion, West 5th Street and Prospect Park West, Brooklyn 11215; *Bronx:* Administration Building, Bronx Park East and Birchall Avenue, Bronx 10462; *Richmond:* 1150 Clove Road, Staten Island 10301).

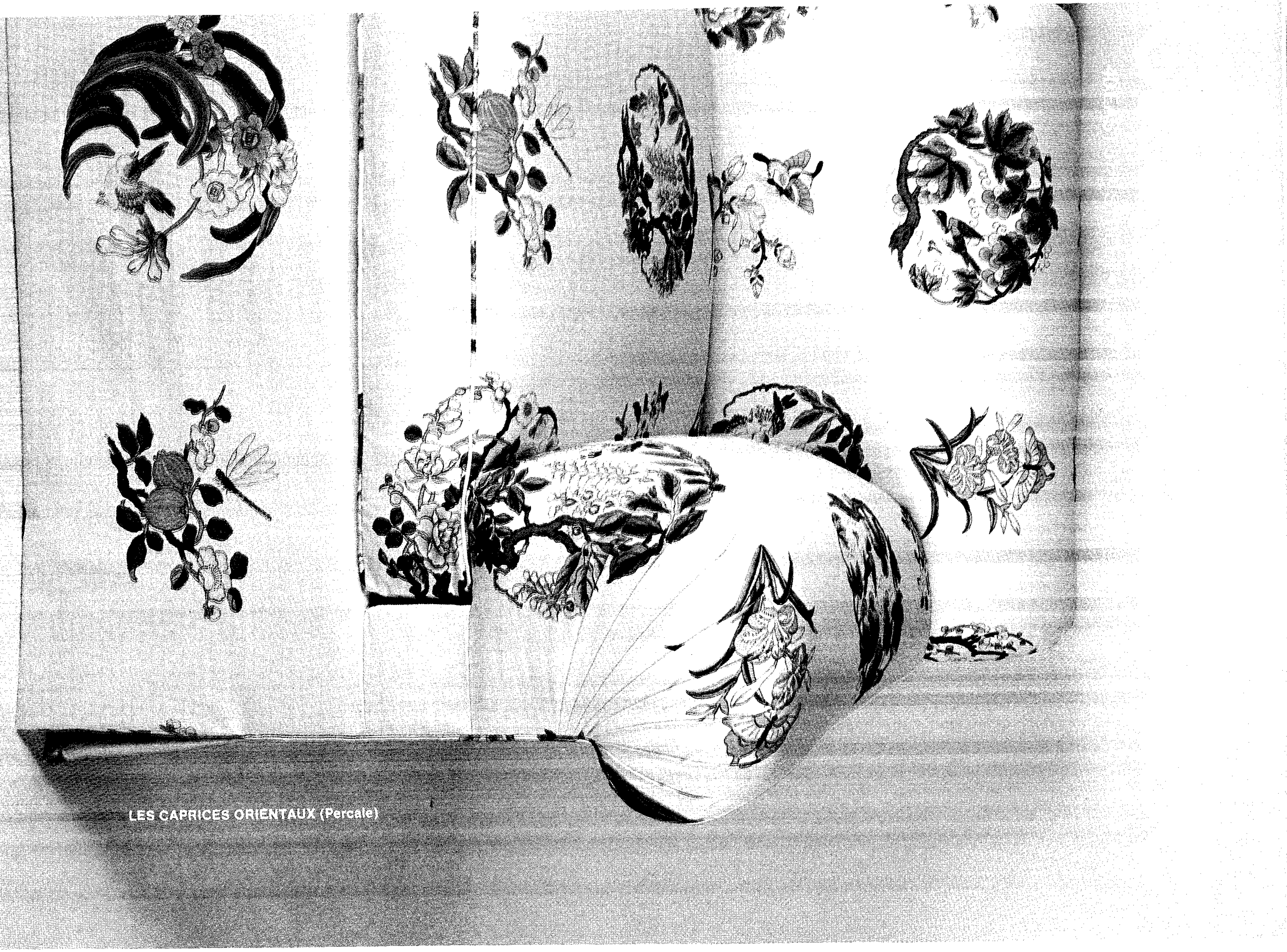
The gist of the letter should be a request that the Parks Department send an inspector to size up the site you have chosen for your tree. The inspector will look for possible planting hazards and survey the condition of the block. He'll note what, if any, trees live there (for aesthetic, as well as maintenance, reasons, it is not a good idea to mix the species); how windy the area is; how much light the tree will get. He will then recommend one or more tree species that would do well on your site. Finding a contractor is up to you (city specifications are very firm, and the Parks Department advises you not to pay for the work until after the tree has been planted and the department has made its inspection). Then, after you let the department know which tree and contractor you have chosen, the parks people will issue a tree-planting permit to the contractor (you'll get a copy). They'll also obtain a permit from the Highways Department if you are not using an existing tree pit and it is necessary to cut the sidewalk. (For a copy of *Trees for New York City,* the City Planning Department's booklet describing all trees that grow well in New York, and giving instructions on their care, send $3.50—or $2.50 over the counter—to the New York Department of City Planning, Room 1616, 2 Lafayette Street, New York 10007.)

The price of planting any tree in New York is between $175 and $200, depending on the variety of tree, whether or not there will be sidewalk excavation, the caliber of the tree, and which borough you live in. This price (you pay the contractor directly) includes the tree itself, plus the work and materials required in any given situation—and a one-year guarantee. Once the tree is planted, the Parks Department makes an "approval inspection," making sure that the tree is healthy and supported by two stakes, with its trunk wrapped in burlap, a metal shield around its base to protect it from dogs, and cobblestones in the pit to protect people from tripping. You then receive a "certificate of approval." One year after the tree is planted, a Parks Department inspector checks it out again, and if it is ailing, the contractor must replace it, free.

Maintenance of the tree, during that first year, is up to you (the Parks Department only provides pointers and life-or-death medical care). But the tree technically belongs to the city, and after that the department is, in theory, responsible for its well-being. In reality, the Parks Department can rarely spare the manpower for routine tree maintenance, and you remain in charge.

One final word of advice from Mike McNamara: Resist the impulse to plant begonia or ivy beneath your tree. "It may have aesthetic value and be a psychological deterrent to dog owners," he told me, "but it takes nourishment and moisture from trees and is not in their best interest. That's my position, not the agency's." ■

Illustrated by Merle Peek



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